THE

SATIRES

OF

JUVENAL

TRANSLATED:

WITH

EXPLANATORY and CLASSICAL

NOTES,

RELATING TO

The LAWS and CUSTOMS of the GREEKS and ROMANS.

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se? Quis iniquæ

SAT. I.

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Who made this Poor Translation?
It is well done =
See also = Drydens
Poetical Translation of Juvenal

THE

PREFACE.

I HAVE attempted a Juſt and Intelligible Tranſlation of JUVENAL's SATIRES, and offered them to be read, without the alluring Jingle of Poetic Trappings, in a plain and ſimple Dreſs, with nothing beſides their own native Worth and Excellency to recommend them.

This Writer has juſtly had his Admirers in all Ages among the Learned, but thoſe alone have hitherto had the Advantage of his inimitable Reflections, and the Benefit of improving under the Influence of his Divine Sentiments; and truly, his Writings are ſo compleat a Syſtem of Morality, and ſo perfect a Body of uſeful Philoſophy, they

 expreſs

expreſs ſo juſt a Rage and Reſentment againſt the unnatural and ſhocking Vices of the Age in which he lived, that he has ſcarce left any Thing unſaid upon the Subjects he made choice of, and may ſerve as a Pattern to ſucceeding Times, in what Manner the monſtrous Enormities of a debauched and corrupt Court, of a ſtarving, ſharking and depending Nobility, of a ſlaviſh, beggarly and mercenary Set of Commons, may be expoſed, and laſhed, and reformed; and at the ſame Time, with great Judgment, and an admirable Inſight into Human Nature, he gives Advice, and offers proper Inſtructions to guard the riſing Generations againſt ſuch fatal and ſcandalous Abuſes, and ſecure Poſterity from making ſhipwreck of their Virtue, by pointing plainly to the Examples of their unworthy and abominable Predeceſſors. Indeed the Jealouſy and the High Guilt of the Times, obliged him often to draw Characters, and repreſent Crimes under the Names of Perſons who had been long dead; for the Corruption was too great and univerſal, and the Power of the Vicious too formidable, to be openly attacked without Danger; and this wary Method of his has been followed ſucceſsfully by ſucceeding Satiriſts, in many States and Countries,

Countries, who have laboured under the ſame Misfortunes.

But, as I ſaid, the genuine Beauties and Uſefulneſs of this Poet are known only to Men of Letters, who underſtand and can read him in the Original: The Verſions extant in the ENGLISH Language do in no meaſure repreſent him in a juſt Light, or exhibit him to his Honour. STAPYLTON is ſo dull, ſo tedious and inſipid, that he is not to be read. HOLYDAY is ſo barbarous, ſo crouded and ſtiff, as not to be underſtood; and DRYDEN (not to mention the Omiſſion of twenty Lines at once) confeſſes in his Preface, with great Ingenuity, "If we give not the whole Senſe "of JUVENAL, yet we give the moſt con-"ſiderable Part of it, we make our Au-"thor appear at leaſt in a Poetique Dreſs, "we have actually made him more ſound-"ing and more elegant than he was before "in ENGLISH, and have endeavoured to "make him ſpeak that Kind of ENGLISH, "which he would have ſpoken had he lived "in ENGLAND, and had written to this "Age." And this is not obſerved with that mean and ungenerous View of raiſing a Credit to this Deſign upon the Ruin of thoſe Heroick Names that have gone before,

but it is a real Truth that has been often lamented, and must be obvious to any one that will be at the Trouble to read and compare, and without Prejudice deliver his Opinion upon this Subject. However, let these Poetical Taanslations enjoy undisturbed the Glory they have acquired; it will be Fame and Reward sufficient for me to render this Great Author more familiar, to shew him as he really is, and endeavour that the ENGLISH Readers of both Sexes may not continue unacquainted with the true Value and the just undisguised Merit of JUVENAL's Satires. The Loftiness perhaps, the Fervour and Impetuosity of this Poet may possibly sink a little, and grow somewhat languid under the Simplicity and Flatness of a Prosaic Style; but with all its Disadvantages, you may undoubtedly in this Way arrive at his true Sense, and comprehend his whole Design; and I believe it is universally allowed, that a Version cramped with a set Number of Syllables, and the tinkling Cadence of Rhyme, was never yet known to prove a just Translation; and indeed it is impossible it ever should.

The most Learned, I confess, and the most quick-sighted Editors of this Author have found many strange Difficulties, and irreconcileable

concileable Lines in many Paſſages of his Works, and have no more in various Places than Gueſs and Conjecture to ſupport the Conſtruction and Senſe of his Expreſſion; I have upon all Occaſions conſulted the moſt valuable Helps and Comments, and where I may ſeem to differ from the general Opinion, I am always countenanced by the Authority of my Betters; and if I have erred, my Miſtakes have been made in very good Company. After all, I have undertaken to interpret a very intricate and obſcure Work, and have ſtill ſo modeſt an Opinion of this Performance, that the Poet, I am afraid, has ſuffered conſiderably by myſelf as well as by former Tranſlators. I am not able to diſcover my own Wants and Failings, I ſhould deſerve no Mercy if I could, and let them paſs from me unamended, and without Correction.

Some perhaps may conceive, that JUVENAL is an Author of too free a Character, and too looſe a Manner to appear in a plain and natural Tranſlation; but to cenſure the moſt ſevere and pungent Satires againſt Vice, as the ſtrongeſt Incentives to the Commiſſion of it, betrays a Narrowneſs of Mind, which I think deſerves no Anſwer.

And

And here I might, according to Cuſtom, enter into a long and tedious Detail of the Nature and Origin of Satire, and draw particular and ill-natured Compariſons between the Excellencies and Defects of the great Triumvirs, HORACE, JUVENAL, and PERSIUS; but not being perſuaded of the Neceſſity of ſuch an Enquiry at preſent, which is to be met with in the moſt common Editions of theſe Poets: And reſolving to allow to each his ſeveral Merit, and eſpecially, being unwilling to be thought partial upon ſo nice a Subject, I rather chooſe to give a ſhort Account of what we have received of the Life and Quality of our Author; for the Memoirs of Antiquity have delivered to us but a very ſmall and unſatisfactory Information concerning him or his Writings. 13 JY 63

THE

LIFE

OF

JUVENAL.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born about the Beginning of the Reign of the Emperor Claudius, at Aquinum, a Town belonging to the Territory of the ancient Volſci, and ſince celebrated for having given birth to Thomas Aquinas, the famous Father of Scholaſtic Philoſophy. Our Poet's Father was a rich Freedman, who gave him a liberal Education; and, agreeable to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, bred him up to the Bar, and to the Study of Eloquence, in which he made a very great Progreſs. He ſtudied firſt under Fronto the Grammarian, and afterwards, as it is generally conjectured,

under Quintilian, who is thought to have ſeen ſome of his Satires. He never conſidered himſelf among the rich and wealthy, yet in the Eleventh Satire he deſcribes his Country Houſe, his Entertainment, and his Attendants, which argue a ſufficient Plenty and Competency for ſo wiſe a Mind.

Beſides his Acquaintance with Umbritius a famous Aruſpex, mentioned in his third Satire, he was ſingularly beloved and eſteemed among his chief Friends, by Martial the Poet, who addreſſes three ſeveral Epigrams to him, (Lib. 7. Ep. 23, and 91. and Lib. 12. Ep. 18.) where he gives him the Title of the Eloquent, and proves that JUVENAL followed the Bar. The laſt was written by Martial, after he was retired to Bilboa, which was under Trajan; he ſpeaks of our Author as a Man yet in full Vigour, and as if he had written but few Satires yet. The greateſt Part of his Works came out very late in Life, and he had long diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Eloquence at the Bar, and improved his Fortune and Intereſt at Rome, before he thought of Poetry; the very Style of which, in his Satires, ſpeaks a long Habit of Declaiming.

We

We are told, he recited his first Essay which he made, being above Forty, to a small Audience of his Friends; and being encouraged by their Applause, he hazarded a greater Publication: which reaching the Ear of Paris, Domitian's chief Favourite at that time, though but a Pantomime Player, whom he had severely insulted, that Minion made his complaint to the Emperor, who banished the offending Poet into Egypt, (to Pentapolis, a City of Libya, says Suidas) though he was eighty Years old, (as Gyraldus observes in his Account of the Latin Poets) under the Pretence of giving him the Præfecture of a Cohort. He was not idle during his Stay there, but made such Observations upon the Superstition and Religious Differences of that blind People, as he afterwards wrought up into a Satire, which is the Fifteenth, in the Order they are commonly published.

After Domitian's Death, Juvenal returned to Rome, sufficiently cautioned not only against attacking the Characters of those in Power, under arbitrary Princes, but against all personal Reflections upon the Great Men living; and therefore he thus wisely concludes the Debate he is

* Juvenal in Egypt 345

supposed

ſuppoſed to have maintained with a Friend, in the Firſt Satire, which ſeems to be the firſt he wrote after his Return from Baniſhment, *Experiar quid concedatur*, *&c.* He is ſuppoſed to have died about the Eleventh of Adrian's Reign: That he lived to be an old Man, we may conclude from the Eleventh Satire, where he ſays of himſelf, and of Perſius to whom he writes,

Noſtra bibat vernum contracta cuticula ſolem,
Effugiatque Togam

As to his Perſon, we are told that he was of a large Stature, which made ſome think him to have been of Gallic Extraction; we meet with nothing relating to his moral Character or Way of Life; but both from the Manner of his Puniſhment by Domitian, and the whole Tenor of his Writings, he ſeems to have been a real Friend to Sobriety and Virtue. There is no mention that he ever was married, nor is it at all probable, if we conſider the Opinion he had of the Women of thoſe Times, whom he bitterly, and with extravagant Acrimony, laſhes in his Sixth Satire.

13 JY 63

JUVENAL's

SATIRES,

TRANSLATED.

DEC. JUNII JUVENALIS SATIRÆ.

SATIRA I.

SEMPER ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus totiès rauci Theseïde Cedri?
Impunè ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic Elegos? impunè diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus? aut summi plenâ jam margine libri
Scriptus & in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?
Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quàm mihi lucus
Martis, & Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani:

JUVENAL's SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

MUST I for ever hear? and ne'er reply? ſtunn'd as I've been ſo oft with the hoarſe Voice of [a] Codrus, bawling out his Theſeïs? Muſt this Man read me o'er his Comedies, and That his Elegies, unpuniſh'd? Shall the huge Tragedy of [b] Telephus murder me a long Day ſcot-free? Plagued with the Furies of [c] Oreſtes too, with Margin and both Sides ſtuffed cloſe, and ſtill unfiniſh'd?

No Man's Houſe is more familiar to him than are to me ſuch Themes, the Grove of [d] Mars, or

a A poor wretched Poet, who wrote an heroic Poem, and choſe for his Subject the Exploits of Theſeus.

b Telephus, a baſe Son of Hercules, by Auge, the Daughter of Aleus. He attempted to hinder the March of the Grecians towards Troy, through his Kingdom of Myſia, but was mortally wounded by Achilles; he afterwards made Peace, and was cured by the Ruſt of the Spear that gave him the Wound

c The Tragedy of Oreſtes, Son to Agamemnon and Clytemneſtra. He ſlew his own Mother, and Ægiſthus her Adulterer, who had murdered his Father. He alſo ſlew Pyrrhus the Son of Achilles, in the Temple of Apollo, for which the God ſent Furies to haunt him for the Profanation of his Temple, and forced him to expiate his Crimes at the Altar of Diana Taurica.

d Mars, the God of War, the Son of Jupiter and Juno, had ſeveral Groves conſecrated to him, particularly (which is here meant) one at Alba, where Rhea brought forth Romulus and Remus.

Vulcani! Quid agant venti; quas torqueat umbras
Æacus; unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum
Pelliculæ: quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos:
Frontonis platani, convulsaque marmora clamant
Semper, & assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ.
Expectes eadem à summo, minimoque poëtâ.
Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus: & nos
Consilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum

Dormiret.

e Vulcan's Cave near the Æolian Rocks. The Porticos of f Fronto, shaded with Plane-Trees, the Marble-Pillars shaken with the Noise, g the Statues broken with the frequent Blasts of these Repeaters, ring with common Tales, such as the Roaring of the Winds, what guilty Souls are torturing by h Æacus, whence i Jason stole the Golden Fleece, what monstrous Mountain Ash-Trees were flung by k Monychus engaged in Fight. These are the Topicks you are to expect from Poets of all Sizes, best and worst.

l I fear no Ferule now, I've pass'd the Rules of School, and in an Exercise advised m Sylla to drop

e Vulcan was the Son of Jupiter and Juno, or as some feign, of Juno alone. He was Jupiter's Founder, and with his Servants the Cyclops forged his Bolts. His Cave was the Hollow on the Top of Mount Ætna, where, because of the constant Eruptions of Fire, the Poets supposed that Vulcan made Jove's Thunderbolts; and therefore, in Strongyle, the nearest of the Liparæan or Æolian Islands, they placed Æolus the God of the Winds, the more conveniently to blow the God of Fire's Bellows.

f Fronto, a noble Roman, famous for his Learning, who used to lend his stately Portico to the Poets of his Time, to recite their Verses. These Porticos were shaded with Plane-Trees, supported with Marble-Pillars, and adorned with Statues.

g Our Author might well be offended at the Recitations of these Poetasters, at whose horrid Noise and Yellings, even the Statues, as in strong Convulsions, shrunk up together, and seemed to tremble for fear.

h Æacus was one of the three Judges of Hell, his Office was to execute Judgment.

i Jason, the Son of Æson, King of Thessaly, and Polymela. His Father dying, left his Brother Pelias his Son's Guardian, who sent his Nephew on a desperate Enterprize, to fetch the Golden Fleece, in Hopes he might not return. He married the Ship Argos with the Flower of Thessaly, and arriving at Colchos, the King's Daughter Medea fell in love with him, taught him to tame the brazen footed Bulls, and cast the watchful Dragon asleep that kept the Fleece, and carried it and Medea along with him.

k Monychus, one of the Centaurs, who, in the Fight with the Lapithæ, plucked up Trees by the Roots, and flung them at the Enemy.

l He was no longer a School Boy, he had declaimed upon the common Topicks, such as advising Sylla to resign the sovereign Power.

m Sylla, a noble Roman, who after many remarkable Victories Abroad, returned to Rome, and got the Government into his Hands, which he administred with the greatest Cruelty. He publickly fixed up Tables of Proscription or Outlawry, put Some thousands of Romans to

Dormiret. Stulta eſt clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere chartæ.
Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tenor uxorem ducat ſpado: Mævia Tuſcum
Figat aprum & nudâ teneat venabula mammâ:
Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba ſonabat:
Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi
Criſpinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet æſtivum digitis ſudantibus aurum,
Nec ſufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ:
Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere. Nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe?

Satire

Cauſidici

the Sword, and to return to private Life, and sleep at ease till Noon. Shall I then fear to write? 'Tis foolish Pity, in such swarms of Poets, to spare the Paper they are sure to spoil.

But why we chuse to [n] traverse o'er the Plain where great Lucilius' Muse had run before, if you have Time, and please to hear, I'll tell you.

To see a smock-faced Eunuch wed; when [o] Mævia fights in the [p] Circus with a Tuscan Boar, and shakes the Boar-spear with her Breasts all bare; to see a Fellow vie with a whole Senate in Wealth, whose [q] Scissars snip'd my youthful Beard, grown somewhat long: to see the Scum of [r] Nile, Crispinus, once a vile [s] Canopian Slave (his [t] Shoulders shifting wantonly his Cloak of purple Dye) cool his Fingers, sweating under the Weight of a thin Summer's ring, not able to endure a heavier Gem; 'tis hard to hold from Writing. Where's the Man so unconcern'd in this licentious Town, so ribb'd with Iron, to be restrained from flying out?

See the new Chair of Lawyer [u] Matho comes crammed

to death, tho' unarmed, and desiring Quarter; and so filled Rome with Blood. At length laying down his Dictatorship, he fell into a general Contempt, and retiring to Puteoli, died of the lousy Disease.

n He means, to write Satires, as Lucilius did, a Latin Poet, and an eminent Satirist, born at Aurunca, a City of the Rutilians in Italy.

o A Woman that had the Impudence to fight in the Circus with a Tuscan Boar remarkable for Fierceness.

p A large Place in Rome between Mount Aventine and Palatine, walled about by Tarquinius Priscus, wherein the People sat and saw the Games called Circenses, in Imitation of the Olimpick Games.

q Cynarmus, a Barber, who raised himself by his Wiles to the Quality of a Roman Knight.

r The greatest River in all Africa, to which the Egyptians deservedly paid divine Honours, because the Fruitfulness of their Country depended upon its Overflowings. It discharges itself by seven Mouths into the Mediterranean Sea.

s A City of Egypt, addicted to all Sorts of Riot and Effeminacy, built by Menelaus in Memory of his Pilot Canopus, who died there.

t Crispinus, a Freedman of Nero, born at Canopus, who wantonly wore his Cloak loose, it being the Roman Custom to fasten the Lacerna about their Neck. The Romans became so delicate, as to wear large Rings in Winter, and lighter in Summer.

u A pitiful Advocate, who grew so rich and opulent by informing, that he kept his Chair or Seat, and filled it.

Causidici nova cùm veniat lectica Mathonis
Plena ipso: & post hunc magni delator amici,
Et citò rapturus de nobilitate comesâ
Quod superest: quem Massa timet; quem munere palpat
Carus; & a trepido Thymele summissa Latino:
Cum te summoveant, qui testamenta merentur
Noctibus, in cœlum quos evehit optima summi
Nunc via processûs, vetulæ vesica beatæ.
Unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem:
Partes quisque suas, ad mensuram inguinis hæres;
Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, & sic
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.
Quid referam? quantâ siccum jecur ardeat irâ,
Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
Pupilli prostantis? & hic damnatus inani
Judicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis?)

Exul

crammed with his own fat Guts, and after him the [x] Villain that inform'd againſt his Patron, one that will ſoon devour the poor Remains left to the half-ſtarv'd Nobles; one that [y] Maſſa fears, and Carus ſmooths with Preſents, vile Informers; and [z] Latinus trembling ſoftens with the Charms of his lov'd Thymele. See the ſtrong-back'd Stallions defeat thee of thy right, and earn their Legacies by Night-work; the high Road to Preferment, to raiſe them to the Pinacle of Wealth, lies thro' the Channel of thy Grandame's Luſt: Each has his Share according to his Meaſure; [a] Proculeius gains an Ounce, Gillo eleven. Let him enjoy the Price of his thin Blood, and look as pale, as if he preſs'd a Snake with naked Feet, [b] or play'd the Rhetor's Prize at Lyons, at the Hazard of his Life.

What ſhall I ſay? what Rage inflames my Breaſt, to ſee a Plunderer of the Orphan, now a Proſtitute, choak up the Streets with Throngs of his Attendants? [c] Marius, an Exile now, condemned in vain for pillaging

x Helidorus, a Stoic Philoſopher, a great Favourite of the Emperor Domitian.

y Maſſa and Carus, common Informers of lower Rank.

z Latinus and Thymele, two famous Mimicks, who had often upon the Stage played the Parts of an Adulterer and an Adultreſs, in which the Adulterer had either been taken or ſuſpected by the Huſband of the Adultereſs; ſhe, by the Advice of her Lover, applies to her Huſband with much Flattery and Careſſing, to ſoften the Matter; which Stage Device was generally known in Rome; by way of Alluſion, the Poet introduces a female Advocate, interceding by her Beauty and other Allurements, with ſome Informer of Note, to ſave her Friend, who had offended, from Puniſhment.

a Proculeius and Gillo, famous Adulterers. An Heir to an Ounce had only one Part, an Heir to eleven Ounces carried away eleven Parts of the Eſtate.

b Caligula the Emperor inſtituted Exerciſes for Rhetoricians at Lyons in France, where was a famous Altar dedicated to Auguſtus Cæſar: He that was overcome was to write the Praiſes of the Conqueror, and beſtow a Reward upon him, or to lick out his Oration with his Tongue, unleſs he choſe rather to be puniſhed with a Ferula, and ducked deſperately over Head and Ears in the next River.

c Marius Priſcus, Proconſul of Africa, was proſecuted by the Africans for pillaging the Province, and was caſt; but the Plaintiffs could never recover the Charges of the Suit, tho' the Fine was paid into the Treaſury

Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit, & fruitur Dis
Iratis: at tu victrix provincia ploras.
Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna lucernâ?
Hæc ego non agitem? sed quid magis Heracleas,
Aut Diomedeas, aut mugitum labyrinthi,
Et mare percussum puero, fabrumque volantem?
Cum leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus & ad calicem vigilante sternere naso:

laging his Province, (for what avails the Shame to ſave the Pence?) begins to drink at two, carouſes in ſpite of all the Gods; the poor prevailing Province weeps in vain. Are not ſuch Crimes as theſe worthy the piercing Eye of [d] Horace, to be laſh'd? And laſh'd by me? What? ſhould I rather write Poetic Tales, Fables of [e] Hercules, or [f] Diomede, how loud the [g] Labyrinth roar'd in Crete, or how the Architect flew ſafe, the Boy with broken Wings daſh'd in the Sea? Where the Man, Pandar to his Wife, enjoys ([h] ſhe ſtands excluded by Domitian's Law) the Adulterer's Eſtate bequeathed by Will; he knew when to wink hard, gaze at the Cieling, and nodding o'er his Glaſs pretend a Sleep, ſnoaring aloud.

Treaſury at Rome. He was baniſhed, but with the Money he had reſerved, he lived in great Riot; and inſtead of bathing and ſupping at the ninth Hour, after the Roman Cuſtom, he began at the eighth (which anſwered to two o'Clock in the Afternoon) which was reckoned the higheſt Luxury.

d Horace, the Prince of the Roman Lyric Poets, and a ſevere Satiriſt; he was born at Venuſium, a City of Apulia: he ſtudied Philoſophy at Athens, was admitted afterwards into the Friendſhip of Mecænas, and by him recommended to the Favour of Auguſtus Cæſar.

e The Son of Jupiter by Alcmena: The twelve Labours impoſed upon him by Juno, was a Subject much handled by the Roman Poets.

f Diomedes, King of Ætolia, the Son of Tydeus and Deipyle, an eminent Captain among the Grecians, who went to the Trojan War. Engaging Æneas, he wounded Venus, who aſſiſted her Son. Returning from Troy, he was aſhamed to go home, becauſe of the Lewdneſs of his Wife Ægiale, but went to Italy, and there ſettled.

g Paſiphae, the Wife of Minos King of Crete, fell in love with a Bull; and by the Art of Dædalus, an ingenious Artificer of Athens, was incloſed in a Cow of Wood, and ſo atts ned her Deſire. She conceived, and was delivered of the Minotaur, a fierce Monſter, half Man, half Bull; for which Dædalus built a Labyrinth, with inextricable Turnings and Windings to ſecure him. But Minos diſcovering the Inſtruments of his Wife's Wickedneſs, ſhut up the Builder and his Son in that very Labyrinth, from whence they eſcaped by artificial Wings; the Father flew ſafe into Sardinia, and from thence to Cumæ; but Icarus the Son, neglecting his Father's Advice, flew too high, whereby the Wax of his Wings melted, and he fell into that Part of the Sea, which is between Mycon and Gyaros, from him called the Icarian Sea.

h Such infamous Women were incapable of Legacies, by a Law of the Emperor Domitian; but the Force of it was evaded, by making their Huſbands Pandars to their Luſts, and ſo cauſin the Legacies to be given to them

Cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis,
Qui bona donavit præsepibus, & caret omni
Majorum censu, dùm pervolat axe citato
Flaminiam: puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,
Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ.
Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio? cum jam sextâ cervice feratur
Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ penè cathedrâ,
Et multùm referens de Mecænante supino
Signator falso, qui se lautum, atque beatum
Exiguis tabulis, & gemmâ fecerat udâ.
Occurrit matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum
Porrectura viro miscet sitiente rubetam,
Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas,
Per famam, & populum nigros efferre maritos.
Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis: Probitas laudatur, & alget.
Criminibus debent hortus, prætoria, mensas,
Argentum vetus, & stantem extra pocula caprum,
Quem patitur dormire nurûs corruptor avaræ?
Quem sponsa turpet, et prætentatus adulter.

aloud. [i] Another has the Modesty to hope for a Commission, all his Fortune consumed on Race-Horses, his Ancestor's Estate squandered and gone, he drives full speed o'er the [k] Flaminian Way, to Court; where, when a Boy, he lov'd to hold the Reins, and drove his Master, when with Lust inflam'd he kissed his Sporus in a Soldier's Cloak.

Who dares not, thus provok'd, fill a whole Volume, write in the open Streets? To see a Villain, [l] Forger of Wills, borne by six lusty Slaves, fond of being seen alone in his Sedan, affect the lolling Posture of Mecænas, raise himself into Luxury and Riches by short Codicils, then apply the Seal, first wet, to make the Impression beautiful.

Next the rich Lady comes, her Husband's Thirst to ease, instead of the soft Wine of [m] Cales, she squeez'd a filthy Toad into the Cup: More skilful than [n] Locusta, she instructs her harmless neighbouring Gossips to behold (in spite of Fame, and what the Town says of 'em) their Husbands spotted Corps upon the Bier. Would'st thou be great? then dare some monstrous Crimes, that calls for Fetters or for Banishment. Honesty is prais'd, but starves. 'Tis to their Crimes they owe their Gardens, Palaces, rich Tables, their antique Silver Plate, their Cups emboss'd with a Goat brouting the Vine. Who can sleep at Ease, to see the Father-in-law corrupt the Daughter, a mercenary Prostitute? To

C see

i He means Fuscus, a young Nobleman, whom he calls Automedon, who was Coachman to Achilles; [g] of d to drive Nero with his Boy Sporus, who was castrated in order to make a Woman of. This Passage has given great Trouble to Expositors; but this Construction seems the most plausible.

k A Road made by Caius Flaminius from Rome to Ariminum, a Town in Italy, near the River Rubicon.

l Tigellinus, who poisoned three of his Uncles (as appears in the End of this Satire) and by forging their Wills, made himself Heir to all they had.

m Cales, a Town of Campania in Italy, famous for excellent Wine.

n An infamous Woman retained by Nero, exceedingly skilled in the Art of Poisoning.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio verſum,
Qualemcunque poteſt: quales ego, vel Cluvienus.
Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus æquor,
Navigio montem aſcendit, ſorteſque poposcit,
Paulatimque animâ caluerunt mollia ſaxa,
Et maribus nudas oſtendit Pyrrha puellas:
Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit ſinus? alea quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad caſum tabulæ, poſitâ ſed luditur arcâ.
Prælia quanta illic diſpenſatore videbis
Armigero! ſimplexne furor ſeſtertia centum
Perdere, & horrenti tunicam non reddere ſervo?
Quis totidem erexit villas? quis ſercula ſeptem
Secretò cænavit avus? nunc ſpartula primo

Poeta

Limin

ſee He-wives, and unfledg'd Boys of noble Blood debauch'd? Even againſt Nature, Rage would dictate Verſes ſuch as they are, much ſuch as I or o Cluvienus write.

E'er ſince p Deucalion (the Sea toſſed by Storms) moored his ſmall Veſſel on Parnaſſus Top, implored the Oracle, and by Degrees the ſoftened Stones grew warm with vital Heat, and Pyrrha ſhew'd her naked Maids, juſt formed, to their fond Lovers; whatever Men ſince did, Vows, Fear, Anger, Pleaſure, Joys, Inconſtancy, ſhall be the medley Subject of this Book.

And when had Villainy a richer Harveſt? When did Avarice ſpread her Poiſon wider? When were the Dice thrown with ſuch a Spirit? The green Purſe is not enough to riſque upon the Chance, but all the dirty Acres muſt be ſet. What hot Words paſs between the Lord and Steward, forc'd to attend him with the Box and Dice? Is it not more than Madneſs at one Throw to loſe q an hundred Seſtertia, and not to leave your Footman, ſtarv'd with Cold, his Livery? Who of our Anceſtors raiſed ſo many Villas? Who on ſeven Diſhes ever ſupp'd alone? r Clients of old were feaſted, now the

o Such another ſorry Poet as Codrus.

p The Son of Prometheus King of Theſſaly, and Huſband to Pyrrha Daughter to Epimetheus. In his Time happened a Deluge which drowned a great Part of Greece; only he and his Wife got into a ſmall Ship, which ſettled on Parnaſſus, a Mountain of Phocis. Conſulting with the Oracle how Mankind might be repaired, he was anſwered, If he caſt his great Mother's Bones behind his Back; whereupon he and his Wife caſt Stones over their Shoulders; his became Men, and her's Women.

q The Romans had their Seſtertium and Seſtertius; the firſt is here meant, and contains a thouſand of the latter; a Seſtertius is about a Penny, Halfpenny, and the fourth Part of a Farthing.

r A Client depended upon ſome Nobleman as his Patron. The Patron was obliged to protect his Client, the Client, beſides his Attendance in publick, was bound by Law to contribute towards his Patron's Taxes, and the Marriage of his Daughters. If any Client could be proved unfaithful to his Patron, to have informed, made Oath, or given his Vote againſt him, or for his Enemy, he was for ſuch Diſloyalty devoted to the infernal Gods, and not only accurſed by the Prieſt,

Limine parva ſedet, turbæ rapienda togatæ.
Ille tamen faciem priùs inſpicit, & trepidat, ne
Suppoſitus venias, ac falſo nomine poſcas:
Agnitus accipies, jubet à præcone vocari
Ipſos Trojugenas: nam vexant limen & ipſi 100
Nobiſcum: da Prætori, da deinde Tribuno.
Sed libertinus prior eſt: prior, inquit, ego adſum,
Cur timeam, dubitemve, locum defendere? quamvis
Natus ad Euphratem, molles quod in aure feneſtræ
Arguerint, licet ipſe negem, ſed quinque taberna 105
Quadrigenta parant: quid conſert purpura majus
Optandum, ſi Laurenti cuſtodit in agro
Conductas Corvinus oves? Ego poſſideo plus

Pallanti,

Sportula, a little Basket for the scrambling Poor, hangs at the outward Gate. The Porter first surveys their Faces; he quakes lest one should use another's Name, and carry off the Dole unjustly: If you're known, you are serv'd; the Crier calls aloud, The noble Sons of Troy; (the very Nobles submit to dance Attendance at the Door as well as we) I am a [t] Prætor, Sir, and I a [u] Tribune, let me be serv'd; hold, says the Freedmen, I am first, first come, first serv'd; why should I fear to claim my Turn, tho' born upon Euphrates' Banks; which if I should deny, my soft Ears, bored through, would call me Liar: but then I have five Houses, worth full four-hundred Sestertia, a Knight's Estate; what greater Honours can the Purple give? [x] Corvinus, with his noble Blood, is forc'd to watch the Sheep in the Laurentian Plains; nor [y] Pallas, nor the Licini had my

 Wealth:

Priest, but outlawed by the criminal Judge, so that it was lawful for any Man to kill him.

s It was the Roman Custom at first to admit their Clients to their Table, and give them a good Supper, after they had greeted them with their Attendance; but their Luxury and Pride encreasing, instead of a Supper, they were received by the Porter at the Gate, who gave them the Sportula or Dole, put up in a little Basket, and consisting of about a hundred Farthings, tho' sometimes they were entertained with Meat.

t After the Expulsion of the Kings, the Consul was called Prætor, as having kingly Power both for Civil and Military Affairs; afterwards the Consuls being employed abroad in War, there was an Officer constituted, with Power to judge Matters of Law between Citizen and Citizen, called Prætor Urbanus, like our Lord-Mayor; and because there was a great Company of Strangers at Rome, another was appointed to judge Cases between them, called therefore Peregrinus, like our Sheriff of Middlesex: At last, as the Empire became extended, and Causes increased, there were eight Prætors made, and so continued till Julius Cæsar made them ten.

u The Tribunes, at their first Institution, were two, but afterwards came to be ten; they were Keepers of the Liberties of the People against the Encroachments of the Senate.

x One of the noble Family of the Corvini, but so wretchedly poor, that he was obliged to keep Sheep near the Town of Laurentum, in his own native Country. He is therefore insulted by this enfranchised Slave. A Roman Knight was obliged to have an Estate worth four hundred Sestertia; and a Freedman worth so much, might claim the Privilege of a Knight.

y Pallas was a Freedman of Claudius Cæsar; one Licinus was a Freedman of Augustus; I suppose there were more of the same Name: Fellows immensely rich.

Pallante, & Licinis: expectent ergo Tribuni.
Vincant divitiæ; sacro nec cedat honori,
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis:
Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum
Majestas: etsi, funesta Pecunia, templo
Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
Quæque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.
Sed cum summus honor finito computet anno,
Sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat:
Quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est,
Et panis, fumusque domi? densissima centum
Quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
Languida, vel prægnans, & circumducitur uxor.
Hic petit absenti, notâ jam callidus arte,
Ostendens vacuam, & clausum pro conjuge sellam:
Galla mea est, inquit; citiùs dimitte: moraris?
Profer, Galla, caput: Noli vexare, quiescit.
Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum;
Sportula, deinde Forum, jurisque peritus Apollo,
Atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
Nescio quis titulos Ægyptius, atque Arabarches;
Cujus ad effigiem non tantùm meiere fas est.
Vestibulis abeunt veteres, lassique clientes,
Vetaque depenunt, quanquam longissima carnæ
Spes homini: caules miseris, atque ignis emendus.

Optima

Wealth; then let the Tribunes wait, let Riches bear the Bell; I'll not give way to these most [a] sacred Beggars, tho' I trudg'd up to Town with [a] chalked Feet. The Majesty of Money here is held most sacred, though, thou cursed Gold, we build no Temples to thee yet, nor Altars raise, such as we consecrate to Peace, to Faith, to Victory, Virtue, Concord, where the Stork builds, and is welcomed by her creaking Young.

But since our begging Senators compute at the Year's End, how much the Sportula has brought them in, in what a wretched Case stand the poor Clients, who from hence provide their Clothes, their Shoes, their Bread, and Houshold Fire? This Largess, a poor hundred Farthings, is attended by a long Train of Chairs; here the Husband lugs his sick breeding Wife, and claims her Dole. Another (who often with Success had play'd this Trick) begs for the Absent, shews a close empty Chair. Here, Mr. Porter, is my Wife, my Galla, don't let her wait; why this Delay? Pray, Madam Galla, put out your Head; don't fright her, she's asleep.

Such are the choice Employments of the Day pursued in order: First the Sportula, and then the [b] Forum; next [c] Apollo's Temple, where the Lawyers wrangle; then the noisy Rostra, where the Triumphal Statues stand; and in the Row, I know not what Egyptian Tax-gatherer has the Impudence to have his placed, inscribed with pompous Titles, fit to be piss'd against, or something worse.

Old Clients now must leave their Patron's Gate, out of all Hope, tho' they had waited long expecting their Dole; now the despairing Wretches must buy their

a The Tribunitial Power was esteemed sacred

a Slaves exposed to Sale, had their Feet marked with Chalk, and their Ears bored

b The great Roman Piazza, where the Courts of Justice sat, to which the Client waited upon his Patron.

c A Library of Civil Law Books, made by Augustus Cæsar in the Temple of Apollo Palatinus, where the Judges also heard Causes.

Optima ſylvarum interea, pelagique vorabit
Rex horum, vacuiſque toris tantùm ipſe jacebit:
Nam de tot pulchris, & latis orbibus, & tam
Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonia menſâ.
Nullus jam paraſitus erit: ſed quis ferat iſtas
Luxuriæ ſordes? quanta eſt gula, quæ ſibi totos
Ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum?
Pœna tamen præſens, cum tu depenis amictus
Turgidus, & crudum pavonem in balnea portas:
Hinc ſubitæ mortes, atque inteſtata ſenectus.
At Nova, nec triſtis per cunctas fabula cœnas:
Ducitur iratis plaudendum ſunus amicis.
Nil erit ulterius, quod noſtris moribus addat
Poſteritas: eadem cupient, facientque minores.
Omne in præcipiti vitium ſtetit: *utere velis,*
Totos pande ſinus: dicas hic ſæpiùs, undè
Ingenium par materiæ? undè illa priorum
Scribendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen?
Quid refert dictis ignoſcat Mucius, an non?
Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ,

Qui

their own Herbs and Fire, or else must starve. Mean time their Lord devours the Raraties ransack'd from Woods and Seas, lies lolling alone on spacious Couches; from so many Tables, fair, large, of antique Form, he chooses one, where he crams down his Throat his whole Estate. The Parasite finds no Admittance here. But who can bear such sordid Luxury? Prodigious Gullet! that alone requires whole Boars to swallow at a Meal, a Creature by Nature form'd to furnish out a Feast. Yet present Pains pursue thee, when undress'd to bathe, and surfeited, [d] the Peacock in thy Maw, hard of Digestion, broils; the Consequence is sudden Death, old Age without a Will. The strange but unlamented Story of thy End, furnishes Table-talk all o'er the Town; thy Friends, mad at their Disappointment, yet laugh out to see thy Body carried to the Pile.

There's nothing left for the succeeding Age to add to the Iniquity of ours. Posterity must act the same Part o'er again: All Crimes are at the Heighth. Then, Satire, hoist thy Sail, spread all thy Canvas: 'Hold, sweet Sir, not too fast; where can you find 'a Muse sufficient for so wide a Field? Can you ex-'pect that Freedom of the Pen, enjoy'd by Satirists 'of old, when fir'd with Rage, they lash'd the reign-'ing Vices of the Times, a Freedom, which but to 'mention now is Death? What cared Lucilius 'whether [e] Mutius, whom he severely scourg'd, was 'pleas'd or not? Now touch Tigellinus, and you're 'sure [f] to burn in a pitched Shirt, like those that 'standing

[d] Hortensius the Augur was the first that introduced the eating of this Fowl, at his Installation-Feast; it is said the Flesh of it never putrifies, and consequently must be very hard of Digestion.

[e] A poor Rascal; for in a Cause of Defamation against Lucilius, who published his Recovery, he had not Money to see an Advocate.

[f] It is confessed by learned Commentators, that this Passage is very perverse, and also it incorrigible, and that no Place in Juvenal can less grammatically be understood; however, it is generally supposed to allude to the Barbarity of the Romans practised against the Christians, which was to put on them a pitched Shirt, and then drag them to a Stake, where they were set on fire, to serve for Lights by Night.

Quâ ſtantes ardent, quo fixo gutture fumant,
Et latum medâ ſulcum deducit arenâ.
Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vebetur.
Penſilibus plumis, atque illinc deſpiciet nos?
Cùm veniet contrà, digito compeſce labellum:
Accuſator erit, qui verbum dixerit, hic eſt.
Securus licet Æneam, Rutilumque ferocem
Committas: nulli gravis eſt percuſſus Achilles,
Aut multùm quæſitus Hylas, urnamque ſecutus.
Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Inſremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacitâ ſudant præcordia culpâ.
Inde iræ, & lachrymæ. Tecum prius ergo voluta
Hæc animo ante tubas; galeatum ſerò duelli
Pœnitet. Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ.

SATIRA

'standing ſmoke tied to a Stake, their Chin ſupported by a Fork, and dragg'd by Hooks made 'Furrows in the Sand.'

Shall he that poiſon'd his three Uncles, loll high-mounted in his Eaſy-Chair, thence caſt diſdainful Glances upon us below him? 'If in the Street you 'meet him, clap your Finger cloſe to your Lips; 'to point, or cry That's he, brings the Informer on 'your Back. You might indeed with Safety introduce [g] Æneas, and the fierce Rutilian Hero engaging; no Offence to ſhew [h] Achilles wounded, or [i] Hylas, long ſought after, with his Pitcher, drown'd: But when Lucilius, raging, brandiſhes 'his killing Pen, like a drawn Sword, the Hearer 'reddens; conſcious of its Crimes the Heart is 'frozen, a cold Sweat betrays the hidden Guilt; 'then Rage and Tears ſucceed. Theſe Things conſider well, before you ſound the Alarm; the Soldier once engaged repents too late.' Since then I dare not laſh the Living, I'll try what can be ſaid about the Dead, [k] buried long ſince in the Flaminian or in the Latin Way.

g The Son of Anchiſes by the Goddeſs Venus. When Troy was on fire, he carried his Father through the Flames upon his Shoulders; and after many Dangers arrived in Italy, where he engaged in ſingle Fight with Turnus General of the Rutilians.

h The Son of Peleus and Thetis, a valiant Grecian, without whom Troy could not have been taken; he was ſhot into the Heel with an Arrow by Paris, the only Place capable of being wounded.

i The Son of Theodamas, beloved by Hercules, and waited on him; but ſtooping with his Pitcher for Water out of the River Aſcanius, he fell in, was drowned, and was ſought by Hercules with great Lamentation. *Littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonabat.* Virg. Eclog. 6.

k The Romans were forbidden by their Laws to bury within the City; the Rich were buried, and had ſtately Monuments over them, on the Sides of the publick Roads, ſuch as the Flaminian, &c.

SATIRE

SATIRA II.

ULtra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glacialem
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent
Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.
Indocti primùm: quanquam plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum est,
Si quis Aristotelem simîlem, vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthis.
Fronti nulla fides: *quis enim non vicus abundat*

Tristibus

SATIRE II.

I COULD wish to fly [a] beyond Sarmatia and the Frozen Sea, when I hear Lectures of Morality from those who pretend to the Virtues [b] of the Curian Family, yet live like the Votaries of [c] Bacchus. A Set of Pedants, who have no other Pretence to Learning, than by filling every Corner of their Studies with Bustos [d] of Chrysippus. He among them is the best Scholar who has purchased the Statue of [e] Aristotle or [f] Pittacus done to the Life; or has in his Library an Original of [g] Cleanthes. There is no judging by the Outside; for you meet in every Street

D with

a Beyond the Tartars, and the most barbarous Nations, to pass the River Tanais, and fly over the frozen Sea; which was then thought to be innavigable; but the Hollanders have sailed so far as within twelve Degrees of the North Pole.

b The Curian Family was honoured in Rome upon the account of Marcus Curius Dentatus. The Ambassadors of the Samnites, finding him at Supper roasting of Roots, and eating out of an earthen Dish, offered him a great Sum of Money, which he refused; and answered he chose to eat out of Earth, and to command the Samnites who were served in Gold.

c The Son of Jupiter by Semele. His Feasts were celebrated with monstrous Debauchery, Virtue was punished with Death, and they that refused to sacrify to Lust, were torn to Pieces by the Fury of the Bacchanals, his Votaries.

d A Stoic Philosopher, Scholar to Zeno, and an excellent Logician.

e The Son of Nicomachus the Physician, born at Stagyra, a City of Thrace, seated upon the River Strimon. He was Scholar to Plato, and studied at Athens; he became Tutor afterwards to Alexander the Great, and the Founder of the Peripatetic Philosophy.

f A Philosopher of Mitylene, one of the seven Wise Men of Greece.

g A Stoic Philosopher, Scholar to Crates, and Successor to Zeno; for his excessive Pains in improving Knowledge, he was called another Hercules. He was so poor, that he was used at Nights to get his Living by drawing Water for the Gardens, that he might apply himself to the Study of Philosophy by Day. He wrote the Doctrine of his Master upon Ox-bones, and broken Tiles, for want of Money to buy Paper.

1 Cleanthes 2 Chrysippus Pittacus
Aristotle

Triſtibus obſcœnis? caſtigas turpia, cùm ſis
Inter Socraticos notiſſima foſſa cinædos?
Hiſpida membra quidem, & duræ per brachia ſetæ
Promittunt atrocem animum: ſed podice lævi
Cæduntur tumidæ, medico ridente, mariſcæ.
Rarus ſermo illis, & magna libido tacendi
Atque ſupercilio brevior coma; veriùs ergo,
Et magis ingenùè Peribonius: hunc ego ſatis
Imputo, qui vultu morbum, inceſſuque fatetur.
Horum ſimplicitas miſerabilis, his furor ipſe
Dat veniam: ſed pejores, qui talia verbis
Herculis invadunt, & de virtute locuti
Clunem agitant: ego te ceventem, Sexte, verebor,
Infamis Varillus ait? quo deterior te?
Loripedem rectus derideat, Æthiopem albus.
Quis tulerit Gracchos de ſeditione querentes?
Quis cœlum terris non miſceat, & mare cœlo,

with the moſt obſcene Vices under the moſt formal Appearances. Have you the Face to cenſure the Crimes of others, when thou are the moſt noted Sink of Sodomy, a Catamite with the Gravity of a Philoſopher? Indeed the Complexion of your Body, your rough Limbs, your Arms with Hair like Briſtles, ſeem to promiſe a vigorous and a manly Mind; but ſee how your Surgeon ſmiles, when he launces the ſwell'd Piles from your ſmooth Poſteriors. Theſe Saints are ſeldom heard to ſpeak, they affect a wonderful Taciturnity, they wear their Hair ſhorter than their Eye-brows; but commend me to the Frankneſs of [h] Peribonius, who acts openly and above-board: I aſcribe this Man's Vices to his Deſtiny, you may know the Part he plays by his Face and his Step; the Plain-dealing of theſe Wretches is really to be pitied, the Madneſs of their Conduct pleads in their Excuſe. Much worſe are thoſe venerable Sinners, who are always thundering their Cenſures againſt Crimes of this ſort, are ever preaching up Virtue, and yet vilely proſtitute themſelves, and wag the Tail. Shall I, ſaid the infamous [i] Varillus, be afraid of Sextus, whoſe Haunches are the common Sink of the Town, in what am I worſe than he? Indeed a ſtraight-limb'd Fellow may be allow'd to play upon his bandy-legg'd Companion, and a fair ſkinn'd European deride the Blackneſs of an Æthiop; but for Vice to correct Sin! Who can bear the factious [k] Gracchi railing againſt Sedition? Who would not ſwear the Planets from their Spheres, when [l] Verres falls out with Thieving,

h Suppoſed to be the Chief Prieſt of Cybele, Principal of an Order of Rogues, ſo ſcandalous for Drunkenneſs and Debauchery, that it was not lawful for a free-born Roman to be one of the Number.

i A poor infamous Fellow, that would own no Difference between himſelf and Sextus, as vicious as he, but very rich.

k Two factious Brothers, who affecting too much Popularity were killed; Tiberius, as he was making a Speech to the People, was ſlain by Publius Naſica, and Caius by the Command of the Conſul Opimius

l He was made Prætor of Sicily, which Province he miſerably plundered and robbed, for which he was condemned and baniſhed.

Si fur displiceat Verri, aut homicida Miloni?
Clodius accuset mœchos, Catilina Cethegum?
In tabulam Sullæ si dicant discipuli tres?
Qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
Concubitu: qui tunc leges revocabat amaras
Omnibus, atque ipsis Veneri, Martique timendas:
Cùm tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, & patruo similes effunderet offas.
Nonne igitur jure, ac meritò, vitia ultima fictos
Contemnunt Scauros, & castigata remordent?
Non tulit en illis tervum Laronia quendam
Clamantem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia? dormis?
Atque ita subridens: felicia tempora quæ te
Moribus opponunt: habeat jam Roma pudorem;

Tertius

or [m] Milo with Murder? To hear [n] Clodius preaching againſt Adulterers, or [o] Catiline impeach [p] Cethegus for plotting? Or the Triumvirs [q] Auguſtus, Lepidus, and Antonius, the Diſciples of Sylla, condemn the cruel Proſcriptions of their Maſter? Such was the Imperial Lecher [r] (Domitian,) polluted with the impious Marriage of his Niece, who reviv'd the rigid Laws dreaded by all, (terrible even to [s] Mars, and Venus) at that very time when the fruitful Julia, by force of Drugs, had ſo often miſcarried by him of crude Births, Abortives the very Picture of the Uncle. May not the laſt of Vices, juſtly and deſervedly contemn theſe falſe [t] Scauri, thoſe counterfeit Reformers, and when cenſured turn again and recriminate? Laronia the Curteſan could not bear one of theſe ſupercilious Hypocrites, who was always crying out, What is become of the [u] Julian Law? Is it aſleep? She with a diſdainful Smile retorts, 'Happy Days 'indeed that made thee Cenſor of the Age! Rome 'muſt reform now for Shame. [x] Cato the third is 'dropped

m He murdered Clodius, Tribune of the People.

n An impudent and ſacrilegious Adulterer. He came to the Solemnity of the Good Goddeſs, where no Man ought to be preſent, in the Habit of a ſinging Woman, to meet Julius Cæſar's Wife.

o A dangerous Conſpirator, whoſe Plots were defeated by Cicero; he was a Perſon ſo infamous for a debauched Life, that his Name is frequently uſed to denote the vileſt of Men.

p A Fellow-Conſpirator with Catiline.

q Auguſtus, Lepidus, and M. Antonius, three famous Romans, who by Agreement divided the Empire between them. In the Beginning of the Triumvirate, they followed the Example of Sylla that bloody Tyrant, who proſcribed ſo many thouſand noble Romans, put them to Death, and ſeized upon their Eſtates.

r A Roman Emperor, who corrupted many Men's Wives. He took away Domitia Longina from her Huſband Ælius Lamia, and defiled Julia Daughter to his Brother Titus, when ſhe was Wife to another; yet he made a Law againſt Inceſt, revived the Scantinian Law againſt unnatural Luſt, and another againſt the Violation of the Veſtal Virgins.

s Mars play'd the Adulterer with Venus, and was ſurpriſed in a Net by Vulcan.

t Æmilius Scaurus was a factious and daring Roman, but had the Art of concealing his Vices.

u This Law was made upon the account of Clodius and Julius Cæſar's Wife, which puniſhed Adultery with Death.

x There were two eminent Perſons of that Name, Cato Cenſorius,

Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. *Sed tamen unde*
Hæc emis, hirſuto ſpirant opobalſama collo
Quæ tibi? ne pudeat dominum monſtrare taberna:
Quòd ſi vexantur leges, ac jura, citari
Ante omnes debet Scantinia; reſpice primùm
Et ſcrutare viros: faciunt hi plura; ſed illos
Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Magna inter molles concordia: non erit ullum
Exemplum in noſtro tam deteſtabile ſexu;
Tædia non lambit Cluviam, nec Flora Catullam:
Hippo ſubit juvenes, & morbo pallet utroque.
Nunquid nos agimus cauſas? civilia jura
Novimus? aut ullo ſtrepitu fora veſtra movemus?
Luctantur paucæ, comedunt coliphia paucæ.
Vos lanam trahitis, calathiſque peracta refertis
Vellera: Vos tenui prægnantem ſtamine ſuſum
Penelope meliùs, leviùs torquetis Arachne,
Horrida quale facit reſidens in codice pellex.
Notum eſt, cur ſolo tabulas impleverit Hiſter
Liberto; dederit vivus cur multa puellæ.
Dives erit, magno quæ dormit tertia lecto.

(ulo -

Tu

'dropped from the Clouds! But, grave Sir, where
'did you buy this Balsam that so sweetly perfumes
'your hairy Neck? Don't be asham'd to tell me the
'Master of the Shop's Name. If old Laws and Pro-
'ceedings are to be reviv'd, pray let y the Scantinian
'against Pathicks be one. Look at home, examine
'your own Sex, they outdo us in Wickedness, but
'their Numbers and united Force secure them.
'There is a wonderful Love and Fellow-feeling
'among these Catamites. You will find no such
'unnatural Practices committed by us. z Tædia
'never caresses Cluvia, nor Flora Catulla. Hippo
'acts the Part of both Sexes, and grows pale by un-
'natural Prostitutions. Do we invade your Pro-
'vince? do we offer to plead Causes, to study the
'Law, or to disturb the Courts with our noisy
'Bawlings? Some few of us indeed will fight a Prize
'upon the Stage, and one now and then you will
'find dieting herself for a Wrestling Match; but
'you Men submit to spin Wool, to carry your
'Work home in Baskets, you load the Spindle with
'as fine a Thread as [a] Penelope, and twist more
'nimbly than [b] Arachne, or the [c] dirty Harlot that
'spins tied to a Clog at her Master's Door. It is
'well known why Hister left his whole Estate to his
'Freedman, why he made so many noble Presents
'to his young Wife while he lived; she must needs
'be rich that can submit to make a Third in Bed.
'Then

nus, remarkable for his Gravity and strict Discipline when he was Censor. Cato Uticensis, his Great-grandchild, a severe Moralist, who slew himself at Utica, after Cæsar had conquered Pompey; our rigid Stoic here, it seems, was the third.

y Caius Scantinius was prosecuted by Caius Marcellus, for an unnatural Attempt upon his Son, which occasioned a Law that fined him in a very large Sum, which he was to pay or forfeit his Life.

z Tædia, Cluvia, Flora, Catulla, famous Roman Courtezans in Juvenal's Time.

a The Wife of Ulysses, noted for Spinning and Weaving.

b A Lydian Maid turned into a Spider by Pallas, whom she had challenged to weave with her.

c The Wife suspecting the Familiarity of the Husband with the Maid, used, in his Absence, or after his Death, to expose her, by tying her to a Clog, and setting her to spin before the Door.

Tu nube, atque tace: donant arcano cylindros.
De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur:
Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.
Fugerunt trepidi vera, ac manifesta canentem
Stoïcidæ: quid enim falsi Laronia? sed quid
Non facient alii, cùm tu multitia sumas,
Cretice, & hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas, & Pollineas? est mœcha Fabulla:
Damnetur si vis, etiam Carfinia: talem
Non sumet damnata togam. Sed Julius ardet,
Æstuo: nudus agas; minùs est insania turpis.
En habitum! quo te leges, ac jura ferentem
Vulneribus crudus populus modò victor, & illud
Montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris?
Quid non proclames, in corpore Judicis ista
Si videas? quæro an deceant multitia testem.
Acer, & indomitus, libertatisque magister,
Cretice pelluces! Dedit hanc contagio labem,
Et dabit in plures: sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, & porrigine porci;
Unaque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.
Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu:
Nemo repentè fuit turpissimus, *accipient te*

Paulatim,

'Then marry my Girls, hold your Tongues, keep 'Counsel, and you'll sparkle in Diamonds. Yet for 'all this the Julian Law must be revived, forsooth, 'against us. Censure acquits the Crow, condemns 'the Dove.' The effeminate [d] Stoicks, with all their Philosophy, could not stand this true and open Charge, they fled trembling with Guilt; for what had Laronia said that could possibly be denied?

What will not others dare, when thou, [e] Metellus Creticus, triest Causes in Taffeta, a cobweb Vest that shews the Skin? When thou harangueſt against Whores and Adultereſſes before a wondring Audience? Fabulla you say is a Bawd, let her suffer the Law, and Carfinia too, if you please; yet these Prostitutes have not the Impudence to do Penance in so thin a Veil. 'But July is raging hot, I burn.' Then go naked, to be thought mad would not be half the Scandal. See here a Gown Judicial! What would our Ancestors, with Conqueſt crowned, and their Wounds green, those old Mountaineers, leaving their Plough to come to Rome, what would they have said to hear a silken Judge explaining their Laws and Liberties? Heavens! that a Judge should sit so lewdly dreſſed. Tell me, would such a Robe become a Witneſs? Metellus, fierce and implacable to Vice, the Patron of Liberty, lolls wantonly transparent on the Bench. Thy Example is infectious, the Plague spreads wider every Day; so one scabbed Sheep corrupts a Flock: Swine catch the Measles the same way; and one Grape touching another that is tainted, sucks the Poison, and rots.

But it will not end here, you'll soon attempt a Habit more scandalous than this; for no Man becomes completely infamous at once. You'll soon be Company for those lewd Prieſts, who in their loose Retire-

[d] Philosophers so called from Στοὰ, a Portico in Athens, where they used to meet and to dispute; they affected to preach up Moral Virtue, and to be distinguish'd by the Severity of their Manners.

[e] Descended from the Family of that Metellus, who was called Creticus, from his Conqueſt of Crete.

Paulatim, qui longa domi redimicula ſumunt
Frontibus, & toto poſuêre monilia collo,
Atque Bonam teneræ placant abdomine porcæ,
Et magno cratere Deam: ſed more ſiniſtro
Exagitata procul non intrat fœmina limen.
Solis ara Deæ maribus patet: ite profanæ,
Clamatur: nullo gemit hîc tibicinia cornu.
Talia ſecretâ coluerunt Orgia tædâ
Cecropiam ſoliti Baptæ laſſare Cotyttô.
Ille ſupercilium madidâ fuligine tactum
Obliquâ producit acu, pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos; vitreo bibit ille Priapo,
Reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
Cærulea indutus ſcutulata, aut galbana roſa;
Et per Junonem domini jurante miniſtro.
Ille tenet ſpeculum, pathici geſtamen Othonis,
Alteris Aruncî ſpolium, quo ſe ille videbat
Armatum, cùm jam tolli vexilla juberet.
Res memoranda novis annalibus, atque recenti

Hiſtoriâ;

Retirements, like female Votaries, bind their Foreheads with long Fillets, and their Necks surrounded with a String of Jewels, appease the [f] Good Goddess with a Sacrifice of a young Sow's Belly, and a large Goblet of Wine for a Libation; but contrary to antient Rites, Women find no Admittance here, they are kept aloof, Men only are the Votaries of this Goddess. Be gone, unholy Females, hence, they cry; we'll have no Minstrel with her Cornet here. So celebrated were the Orgies of the Baptæ by private Torch-light at Athens, when they used to tire the lewd [g] Cotytto with their Impurities. One smooths his Eye-brows with a Pencil dipt in Soot infused, and paints his trembling Eyes. Another, like a wanton Bacchanal, drinks out of a Glass Priapus, and ties up his long Tresses of Hair in a Caul woven with Gold, dresses in a Robe wrought with Figures like Cobwebs, or in a soft white Vest. Led by the Example, the lewd Slave swears by [h] Juno the Deity of his Master. Another, proud as if he bore the Spear that [i] Turnus won from Actor of Aurunca, carries a Mirror, the Shield of pathic [k] Otho, in which he view'd himself arm'd Cap-a-pee, when he gave out the Signal to engage. A memorable Event, fit to be recorded in the Annals of the Age, or modern History!

A Look-

f A Roman Lady, famous for Chastity, Wife to one Faunus, and after her Death consecrated. Some take her for Proserpine. Her Sacrifice was a Sow-Pig. She was worshipped by Women only, who were summoned to her Service by the blowing of a Horn, till there arose an execrable Society of Men, acting the most impure and filthy Rites in Honour of this Deity, and the Women were excluded.

g Cotytto was a Strumpet, whose Festival was celebrated at Athens, (a City of Greece, whose first King was Cecrops) with all Lewdness; the Baptæ were her Priests, called so because they were washed in hot Water, before they were admitted to her filthy Sacrifice.

h Women swore by Juno, and Men by their Genius.

i Turnus, King of the Rutilians, overcame Hector of Aurunca, a City in Italy, and carried off his weighty Spear.

k He killed Galba and succeeded him, but was conquered by Vitellius at Bedriacum, a Village between Verona and Cremona. He was so effeminate as to paint his Face in a Glass, before the Engagement. Juvenal remarks, that Semiramis the Assyrian Queen, and Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, (who was present at the Fight at Actium) behaved more like Men. He is charged with having an unnatural Commerce with Nero.

Hiſteriâ; ſpeculum civilis ſarcina belli.
Nimirum ſummi ducis eſt occidere Galbam,
Et curare cutem ſummi conſtantia civis;
Bedriaci in campo ſpolium affectare Palati,
Et preſſum in facie digitis extendere panem:
Quod nec in Aſſyrio pharetrata Semiramis orbe,
Mœſta nec Actiacâ fecit Cleopatra carinâ.
Hic nullus verbis pudor, aut reverentia menſæ:
Hic turpis Cybyles, & fractâ voce loquendi
Libertas, & crine ſenex fanaticus albo,
Sacrorum antiſtes, rarum ac memorabile magni
Gutturis exemplum, conducenduſque magiſter.
Quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat jam
More ſupervacuam cultris abrumpere carnem?
Quadringenta dedit Gracchus ſeſtertia, dotem
Cornicini: ſive hic rectò cantaverat are:
Signata tabula: dictum feliciter! ingens
Cœna ſedet: gremio jacuit nova nupta mariti.
O Proceres, cenſore opus eſt, an haruſpice nobis?
Scilicet horreres, majoraque monſtra putares,

Si

A Looking-glaſs, choice Baggage for a Civil War! An Action worthy of a gallant General, to kill old Galba in the Forum, and then to paint, becomes the mightieſt Citizen of Rome! To fight at Bedriacum for the Sceptre of the World, then dawb the Face with a ſoft Paſte of Bread ſteept in the Milk of Aſſes! A Softneſs the great Semiramis abhorr'd, arm'd with her Quiver in the Syrian Plains, and Cleopatra too, flying dejected in her Actian Galley. No Decency of Converſation, no Regard to the Decorum of Diſcourſe at Table is obſerved here, they affect an unbounded Licentiouſneſs, and a liſping Dialect like the vile Prieſts of [l] Cybele, the Maſter of the Ceremonies being an old white-headed Pontiff, poſſeſſed with Luſt, ſtrange and remarkable for his wide Swallow, and fit to preſide in ſuch filthy Solemnities. Why this Delay? Is it not high Time they ſhould, after the Phrygian Cuſtom, cut off that ſuperfluous Fleſh they make no uſe of?

[m] Gracchus gave four hundred Seſtertia with himſelf in Dower to one that winds a Horn, or if you pleaſe, a Trumpeter; the Marriage-Contract is ſigned, the uſual Joy wiſh'd, a coſtly Supper provided, the He-Bride in his Bride-groom's Arms is laid. Nobles of Rome, need we a [n] Cenſor to correct, or an [o] Auruſpex to expiate theſe Crimes? Impurities

[l] Cybele, the Daughter of Heaven and Earth, called The Mother of the Gods; the Corybantes were her Prieſts, who worſhipped her by the Sound of Drums, Tabors, Pipes, and Cymbals. She loved a beautiful Phrygian Youth called Atys, and made him her Prieſt, upon Condition that he ſhould live chaſte; but breaking his Vow, ſhe made him run mad, and cut off his Teſticles, and would have deſtroyed himſelf, but in Pity ſhe changed him into a Pine-tree. By his Example her Phrygian Prieſts ever afterwards gelt themſelves with the Shell of a Fiſh.

[m] An infamous Nobleman, a Diſgrace to his Family and Nation.

[n] The Cenſors were two Officers choſen by the Conſuls, with the Conſent of the Senate; their Buſineſs was to puniſh evil and indecent Manners, ſuch as the Law took no Cognizance of, by degrading the Senators and Knights, and diſfranchiſing the Commonality.

[o] A Soothſayer, Part of whoſe Office it was to luſtrate or purge any Place polluted with any monſtrous or portentous Event.

Si mulier vitulum, vel si bos ederet agnum?
Segmenta, & longos habitus, & flammea sumit,
Arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro
Sudavit clypeis ancilibus. O pater urbis!
Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde
Hæc tetigit, Gradive, tuos urtica nepotes?
Traditur ecce viro clarus genere, atque opibus vir:
Nec galeam quassus, nec terram cuspide pulsas?
Nec quereris patri? Vade ergo, & cede severi
Jugeribus campi, quem negligis. Officium crâs
Primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini:
Qua causa officii? quod queris? nubit amicus,
Nec multos adhibet, liceat modo vivere: fient,
Fient ista palam, cupient & in alta referri.
Interea tormentum ingens nubentibus hæret,
Quòd nequeunt parere, & partu retinere maritos.
Sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora juris
Natura indulget; sterilis moriuntur, & illis

Turgida

that make you tremble, and of more portentous Import than for a Woman to be delivered of a Calf, or a Cow calve a Lamb.

p The lusty Priest that sweated with the Weight of the Ancilia, clattering in the Dance, and tied with Thongs of Leather close within, now wears the Necklace, the Veil, the long Robe of a Bride. Thou grand q Founder of our City, how came thy Latian Shepherds plung'd in such Crimes? How came thy warlike Race infected with such filthy Lechery? See here a Man of Fortune, of the first Rank, turn'd up for a Wife! And yet thou never shak'st thy threatening Helmet, nor strik'st the Earth with thy avenging Spear, nor dost complain to Jove thy Father; Prithee be gone, and leave the r Campus Martius, devoted to thy Godship, to a more active Deity. Early to-morrow I'm to go to the s Quirinal Vale to pay my Compliments. 'On what Account?' Can't you guess? My He Friend is to be a Bride; indeed he keeps it private, but have a little Patience, this sort, this very sort of Weddings will be celebrated openly, and insist of being enter'd in the publick Registers. These Male-Wives, indeed, have one sad Torment that sticks close to them, they can't breed, nor engage the Affection of their Husbands by bringing Children; no, Nature has wisely denied their Souls the Power of changing the Sex of their Bodies, they die childless; nor can plump t Lyde with her

p The same Gracchus. He was one of the Salii, or Priests of Mars, who had the Care of the Ancilia, or Brazen Shields, of which there were twelve; one fell from Heaven, the rest were made by that Pattern by Numa. These Priests wore a Cap like an Helmet, an embroidered Coat, a Brazen Breast plate, with a little Shield fastened with a Thong on the left side, and small Daggers in their Hands, with which they struck upon their Shields, and thus every Year in March they solemnly danced about the Forum and the Capitol.

q Mars, the supposed Father of Romulus.

r A Field consecrated to Mars, between Rome and the Tiber, where the Roman Youth went through their Exercises.

s The Porch of the Temple of Romulus, where matrimonial Contracts were sometimes made.

t She went about among the Women with Boxes of Ointment to promote Fruitfulness.

Turgida non prodeſt conditâ pyxide Lyde,
Nec prodeſt agili palmas præbere Luperco.
Vicit & hoc monſtrum tunicati fuſcina Gracchi,
Luſtravitque fugâ mediam gladiator arenam,
Et Capitolinis generoſior, & Marcellis,
Et Catulis, Paulique minoribus, & Fabiis, &
Omnibus ad podium ſpectantibus: hic licèt ipſum
Admoveas, cujus tunc munere retia miſit.
Eſſe aliquos manes, & ſubterranea regna,
Et contum, & Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Atque unâ tranſire vadum tot millia cymbâ,
Nec pueri credunt, niſi qui nondum ære lavantur,
Sed tu vera puta. Curius quid ſentit, & ambo

Scipiada?

Box of Ointment, nor a ſmart Stroke from the [u] Luperci's Thong, promote Conception, or make the Labour eaſy.

Yet [x] Gracchus, armed with his Trident in a common Fencer's Dreſs, exceeds this monſtrous Act; when, as a Gladiator, he traverſes the Stage, and wheels about till he has fix'd his Aim: Tho' nobler born than were the [y] Manlii, Marcelli, Catuli; than the Poſterity of Paulus, the Fabii; than the Spectators of every Rank in the Front-Boxes; than the very Prætor, at whoſe Expence this noble Retiarius throws his Net.

That there are Ghoſts and ſubterraneous Realms, and (Charon with his Pole) that filthy Frogs crawl in the Stygian Lake, that ſo many thouſand Souls are wafted over in one leaky Boat, is ſcarce believ'd by Boys, except when young, under four Years, allow'd to bathe for nothing. Theſe Truths do thou believe. What would great Curius, and the Scipio's,

u In the Month of February the Prieſts of Pan uſed to run naked about the City with a Thong of a Goat-ſkin in their Hands; a Stroke of which was believed to forward Conception; the married Women who had no Children were ſure to place themſelves in the Way.

x This ſcandalous Nobleman debaſed himſelf to play the Part of a Retiarius, who was ſo called from the principal Part of his Furniture; for he was dreſſed in a ſhort Coat, he bore a three-pointed Lance in his Left-hand, and in his Right a Net, with which he attempted to entangle his Adverſary, by caſting it over his Head, and ſuddenly drawing it together, and then with his Trident he uſually ſlew him. The other Combatant was called Myrmillo, who, beſides a hooked Sword and a Buckler, was allowed alſo a Helmet, on which was the Image of a Fiſh, which gave Occaſion to the Retiarius to ſay, when he caſt his Net, 'I do not aim at you, I throw at your Fiſh.' The Myrmillo is ſometimes called Secutor or the Purſuer, becauſe if the Retiarius did not dexterouſly poiſe his Arm in caſting his Net, but either threw too ſhort, or too far, he inſtantly betook himſelf to his Heels, running about the Amphitheatre for his Life, that he might gather up his Net for a ſecond Caſt; the Myrmillo in the mean time as ſwiftly purſuing him (whence he was called Secutor) to prevent him of his Deſign.

y Manlii, Marcelli, &c. noble Families, and an Ornament to the Roman Name.

z The Son of Erebus and Night, and Ferryman of Hell; he waſted the Souls of the Dead over the Stygian Lake in an old Boat, which he ſtirred up with a Pole.

Scipiadæ? quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli?
Quid Cremeræ legio, & Cannis consumpta juventus?
Tot bellorum animæ? quoties hinc talis ad illos
Umbra venit; cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
Sulphura cum tædis, & si foret humida laurus.
Illuc, heu! miseri traducimur: arma quidem ultra
Littora Juvernæ promovimus, & modò captas
Orcadas, ac minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.
Sed quæ nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
Non faciunt illi, quos vicimus: & tamen unus
Armenius Zelotes cunctis narratur ephebis
Mollior ardenti sese indulsisse Tribuno.
Aspice quid faciant commercia: venerat obses.
Hic fiunt homines: nam si mora longior urbem
Indulsit pueris, non unquam deerit amator:
Mittentur braccæ, cultelli, fræna, flagellum:
Sic prætextatos referunt Artaxata mores,

Juvenna — Jackson

SATIRA

Camillus' Ghoſt, [a] the Legion ſlain at Cremera, the Youth deſtroyed at [b] Cannæ, ſo many warlike Souls, what would they ſay to ſee an unbelieving Shade arrive among them? They'd think they were profaned, call for Luſtrations, for [c] Sulphur, and Pine-tree Wood, and for a Laurel-branch to ſprinkle them with pure Water. Hither, alas! we Wretches are convey'd; altho' our Arms advance beyond [d] Juverna's Shores; tho' the [e] Orcades are juſt ſubdu'd, and [f] Northern Britons, in Summer bleſt almoſt with conſtant Sun? but thoſe Impurities which Imperial Rome acts daily, to Provinces we conquer, are unknown. Yet one [g] Zelates, an Armenian, is ſaid to be more effeminate than all our Striplings, and lays himſelf open to a Tribune's Luſt. See the bleſt Fruits of Commerce! hither he came an Hoſtage; they ſoon grow Maſter of the Trade. If we admit theſe Youths to ſtay much longer with us, they'll ſoon forget the Cuſtoms of their Country, deſpiſe their open Trowſers, ſhort Knives, Whip and Bridles, and ſo bring home to (the Armenian Capital) the Vices of our looſe young Nobles here.

a After ſome other great Names our Author mentions the Legion ſlain at Cremera. They were the noble Family of the Fabii; about three hundred of them, who took upon themſelves the War againſt the Veientes, after ſome Advantages, were at laſt by a Stratagem all cut off at Cremera, a River of Tuſcany, to a Man; a Child of the Family happened to be left behind at Rome, from whom, after many Deſcents, came that Fabius Maximus created Dictator againſt Hannibal. The Number deſtroyed was not near a Legion (which conſiſted of 6000 Foot and 700 Horſe) but their Valour and Merit made them equal.

b An obſcure Village in Apulia, made famous by a great Overthrow which Hannibal gave the Romans; the Carthageniens did Execution ſo long, that Hannibal himſelf cried out, 'Soldiers, no more Blood.'

c The ancient Way of purging thoſe that were polluted was with Sulphur, and the Wood of the anchious Pine-tree, to ſprinkle them likewiſe with a Laurel branch dipped in Water.

d The Coaſt of Ireland.

e The Iſlands of Orkney to the North of Scotland.

f In the Summer Solſtice, in the moſt Northern Parts of the Iſland of Britain, there is ſcarce any Night.

g A Youth ſent to Rome from Artaxata the Capital of Armenia, debauched by the Tribune who had the Cuſtody of him.

SATIRE

SATIRA III.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
Janua Baiarum est, & gratum littus, amœni
Secessûs: ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ.
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, ac mille pericula sævæ
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense Poëtas?
Sed dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam:
Hic, ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ,

Nunc

SATIRE III.

THO' I am disturb'd at the Absence of an old Friend, yet I can't but commend him for fixing upon the Privacy of Cumæ [a], and adding one new Inhabitant to that noted Residence of the Sibyl; it lies in the high Road to [b] Baiæ, has a pleasant Shore and delightful Retirements. For my own part, I would rather live at the barren Island of [c] Prochyta, than in the middle of [d] Suburra; for what Place can be more wretched and solitary, and give you more frightful Apprehensions, than the frequent Fires, the continual Falling of Houses, and a thousand other Accidents that every Day happen in this dangerous City, but especially than that execrable Custom of the Poets reciting their Verses in the Dog-days? My Friend waiting for the poor little Cart that was sufficient to carry his whole Furniture, stopt at the [e] old Arches near the Conduit-Gate. 'Twas here that [f] Numa in the Night consulted with his belov'd Egeria.

a A famous City of Italy; its Ruins lie on a Hill by the Sea-side, about twelve Miles North-west of Naples. The Sibyl's Grott being in this Neighbourhood, she was hence called Cumæa and Cumana.

b A delightful City of Campania, situated near the Sea-side, between Puteoli and Misenum, and abounds in warm Springs; near it are to be seen the Remains of Caligula's Bridge. It was so called from Baius, one of Ulysses's Mates, buried there.

c A desart and rugged Island in the Tyrrhene Sea, near the Cape of Misenum.

d One of the principal Streets in Rome, frequented chiefly by the Vulgar, and Women of bad Fame.

e An Arch was a Monument of Stone like the Arch of a Bridge, raised in Memory of some Triumph or Victory. This was raised in Honour of the Horatii; and over it, and the South Gate of the City, were Pipes laid to convey the Water from the Fountain of Egeria.

f The second King of Rome, who first instilled into the Romans a Reverence for Religion; and the more strongly to recommend his Laws,

Nunc ſacri fontis nemus, & delubra locantur
Judæis: quorum cophinus, fœnumque ſupellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere juſſa eſt
Arbor, & ejectis mendicat ſylva camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ deſcendimus, & ſpeluncas
Diſſimiles veris: quanto præſtantius eſſet
Numen aquæ, viridi ſi margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum?
Hic tunc Umbritius: quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, herè quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, ſatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas:
Dum nova canities, dum prima, & recta ſenectus,
Dum ſupereſt Lacheſi, quod torqueat, & pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.
Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic,
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt,
Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,

Siccandam

ria. Now that Grove, that ſacred Fount, thoſe hallowed Shrines are let to Jews, whoſe whole Eſtate conſiſts in a Baſket for their own Proviſions, and a Truſs of Hay for their Cattle. Such is the Avarice of the Senate, that every Tree is compell'd, as it were, to pay a Tax for its Standing. The venerable Grove, devoted to the Muſes, long ſince expell'd, is now a Neſt of Beggars. We deſcend into the Vale of Egeria, to thoſe fair Wells that are really ſpoil'd by their Ornaments. How much diviner had the Waters been, if with an Edge of never-dying Graſs the Fount had been incloſed, nor Marble had profan'd the native Stone? Here then Umbritius begins:

Since, ſays he, this City affords no Place for the Improvement of noble Arts, no Encouragement for Induſtry, ſince the Evil grows worſe every Day, and To-morrow will file off ſomething from the little that is left, I'm reſolv'd to go to Cumæ, where Dædalus put off his tired Wings. Whilſt grey Hairs juſt begin to appear, whilſt old Age is freſh and upright, and [g] Lacheſis has yet ſome Thread to ſpin, whilſt I can ſtand upon my own Legs, and walk without the help of a Staff. Let us leave our native City; let thoſe Villians, [h] Arturius and Catulus, live there; let thoſe ſtay behind who turn black into white, and confound the Notions of Right and Wrong; who make nothing of hiring Houſes, Rivers, Havens, to let out for Gain; of cleanſing common Sewers, of under-

Laws, he perſuaded them that every Night he converſed with a Goddeſs, or a Nymph called Egeria, from whoſe Mouth he received his whole form of Government: Their Place of Meeting was in a Grove without the Porta Capena, dedicated to the Muſes, wherein was a Temple conſecrated to them, and to the Goddeſs Egeria, whoſe Fountain waters the Grove; for it ſeems ſhe wept herſelf into a Fountain, for the Death of Numa. This Fountain, Grove, and Temple, were let out at a yearly Rent to Jews.

g The Heathens believed that the Thread of Man's Life was diſpoſed of by Three fatal Siſters, Daughters of Erebus and Nox, called the Deſtinies. Clotho bore the Diſtaff, Lacheſis ſpun the Thread, and Atropos (when it came to the appointed End) cut it off.

h Two upſtart Fellows who became rich, and monopolized all Places of Profit and Advantage, as a Scavenger, Gold-finder, &c.

Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver,
Et præbere caput dominâ venale ſub haſtâ.
Quondam hi cornicines, & municipalis arenæ
Perpetui comites, notæque per oppida buccæ,
Munera nunc edunt, & verſo pollice vulgi
Quem libet occidunt populariter: inde reverſi
Conducunt foricas: & cur non omnia? cùm ſint
Quales ex humili magna ad faſtigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.
Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare, & poſcere: motus
Aſtrorum ignoro: funus promittere patris
Nec volo, nec poſſum: ranarum viſcera nunquam
Inſpexi: ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii: me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit: atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
Mancus, & extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.
Quis nunc diligitur, niſi conſcius, & cui ſervens
Æſtuat occultis animus, ſemperque tacendis?
Nil tibi ſe debere putat, nil conferet unquam,
Participem qui te ſecreti fecit honeſti.
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accuſare poteſt. tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,

undertaking Funerals, of selling Slaves, or even themselves, by Auction. These Fellows were originally no more than Trumpeters, constant Followers of a Set of Strollers, known all the Country over by their swelled Cheeks. Now they exhibite Sword-plays at their own Expence, and from an Air of Popularity, adjudge to Death the vanquish'd Gladiator, by the i Turn of their Thumbs; from thence they return again to their old Trade of Gold-finding, and what not? These are the Men that Fortune, in a merry Humour, raises out of the Dirt to the highest Pinacle of human Greatness.

What shall I do at Rome? I cannot lye; I cannot praise a Book, or beg to read it, if it be bad. I know nothing of the Motion of the Stars; I neither will nor can foretel the Death of a rich Father, to a gaping Heir; I never inspected the Entrails of Toads for Poison: Let others value themselves for their Dexterity in conveying a Present or a Letter from the Adulterer to another Man's Wife. I'll be Receiver to no Thief, and therefore you see me alone, going out without one Companion, like a Limb lopp'd off, or a wither'd Arm useless to the Body. Who is the Man caressed, but he that is conscious of deep Intrigues, whose Heart labouring with Secrets of another's Guilt, never to be revealed, burns in his Bosom? If a Friend opens his Breast, and discloses a Secret that tends to his Honour, he does not think himself under an Obligation, nor will he reward you for your Pains in keeping it close; but Verres must load that Man with Favours, who has Verres's Life in his Power, and can arraign him at the Bar when he pleases. Let not the golden Sand that k Tagus

F rolls

i In a Fight of Gladiators, if the People thought he that was overcome behaved like a Coward, without Courage or Art, they used to clench one Hand, the Thumb standing upwards, and to give that Hand a Cast gently over their Shoulder, in a kind of Contempt; as much as to say, Away with him, let him be killed, he is not fit to live.

k A River of Portugal, famous in those times for its golden Sand.

Ut ſomno careas, ponendaque præmia ſumas
Triſtis, & à magno ſemper timearis amico.
Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipùe fugiam, properabo fateri;
Nec pudor obſtabit. Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem, quamvis quota portio faecis Achææ?
Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
Et linguam, & mores, & cum tibicine chordas
Obliquas, necnon gentilia tympana ſecum
Vexit, & ad Circum juſſas proſtare puellas.
Ite, quibus grata eſt picta lupa Barbara mitrâ.
Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo,
Hic altâ Sicyone, aſt hic Amydone relicta,

Hic

rolls within its ſhady Stream as a rich Tribute to the Sea, rob thee of ſweet Repoſe, or prevail with thee to touch, at the Hazard of thy Conſcience, thoſe Bribes which thou ſhould'ſt ſcorn, which make thee dreaded by thy wealthy Friend, who hires thee to conceal his Guilt.

I'm out of Patience, nor ſhall Shame reſtrain me from ſhewing what a foreign Set of Gentry (Rogues I ſhall carefully avoid) are the choice Favourites of our purſe-proud Citizens. I can't endure, my noble Countrymen, a [l] Grecian Town within the Walls of Rome; and yet how ſmall the Number of that Grecian Crew, compared with Syrians? [m] Orontes long ago has flowed into the [n] Tiber, and introduced their Language, Cuſtoms, their crooked Harps, Fidlers, and Country-Cymbals, and taught their common Whores to ply publickly for Cullies at the [o] Circus. Haſte hither you that love to ride a foreign Hackney, dreſſed with a painted Topknot; O [p] Romulus, thy Nation of Clodhoppers wear the looſe [q] Gown of a fawning Client, and hang the Rewards of Victory about their Necks, bedawb'd with Wax and Oil like a Prize-fighter. One comes from the lofty [r] City of Sicyon, a ſecond from [s] Amydon, a third from [t] Andros,

F 2

l Frequented by raſcals, Greeks and Syrians, who by their Artifices get into the Favour of the Rich.

m A River of Syria riſing in Mount Libanus, and diſcharging itſelf by Antioch into the Sea.

n A famous River of Italy that runs by Rome.

o Underneath the Seats of the Circus there were Cells or Vaults, where Women, eſpecially Foreigners, proſtituted themſelves for Money.

p The ſuppoſed Son of Mars by Ilia the Neice of Numitor; he was the Founder of Rome.

q Our Author obſerves here, (tho' this Place has proved troubleſome to Expoſitors) that while the Greeks and other Nations were exquiſite in Flattery, and in getting Money, the dull Romans were good for nothing but to trudge about for the Benefit of the Sportula, or to purſue the idle Fame ariſing from their Skill in Fencing.

r Sicyon, a City of Peloponneſus.

s Amydon, a City of Macedon.

t Andros, an Iſland in the Ægean Sea.

Hic Andro, ille Same, hic Trallibus, aut Alabandis,
Esquilias, dictumque petunt a Vimine collem;
Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri.
Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus, & Isæo torrentior: ede quid illum
Esse putes? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos:
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus: omnia novit
Græculus esuriens; in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.
Ad summum non Maurus erat, nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,
Qui sumpsit pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis.
Horum egò non fugiam conchylia? me prior ille
Signabit? fultusque toro meliore recumbet,
Advectus Romam, quo pruna cottona, vento?
Usque adèo nihil est, quòd nostra infantia cœlum
Hausit Aventini, baccâ nutrita Sabinâ?
Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis, Antæum procul à tellure tenentis?
Miratur vocem augustam, quâ deterius nec
Ille sonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.
Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis

the Greeks in Rome ridiculed.

Creditur.

dros, a fourth from [u] Samos, a fifth from [x] Tralles, or [y] Alabanda; hither they flock to Mount [z] Esquiline, or the Viminal Hill, get into the Secrets of great Families, soon turn out the old Masters, and become Lords themselves. They are Fellows of a quick Wit, of abandon'd Impudence, of a ready Speech, and a Volubility of Tongue superior to [a] Isæus himself. What sort of a Creature will you call this? He is compleatly a Jack of all Trades; a Grammarian, a Rhetorician, a Geometrician, a Painter, a 'Nointer of Wrestlers, a Soothsayer, a Rope-dancer, a Physician, a Conjuror; this hungry Greek knows every thing; bid him fly in the Air, he'll do it: In short, Dædalus, who invented Wings, was no Moor, no Sarmatian, no Thracian, but born in the middle of Athens. Shall I not avoid these Rascals strutting in Purple? z Shall he sign his Name before mine, or sit above me at Table, that sail'd to Rome with the same Wind that brought a Freight of Prunes and Syrian Figs? Is it then so despicable a thing to draw our first Breath on Mount Aventine, and be brought up with Sabine Olives? Who can bear this crafty Nation of Hypocrites, crying up the Wit of a rich Blockhead their Patron, commending his Lordship's ugly Face, comparing his long Crane-neck, tottering on his weak Shoulders, with the Strength of Hercules shaking [b] Antæus in the Air, applauding his squeaking Voice, tho' he creaks like a Hen, when the Cock bites and treads her? We indeed can flatter as well they, but they are believ'd before us.

u An Island in the Icarian Sea, opposite to Ionia.

x Tralles, a City of the Lesser Asia, between Caria and Lydia.

y Alabanda, a City in Caria, infamous for effeminate Men, and lewd singing Women.

z The seven Hills that Rome stood upon, were, the Palatine, the Quirinal, the Aventine, the Esquiline, the Tarpeian or Capitoline, and the Viminal, called so from the Oziers growing upon it.

a An Athenian Orator, the Master of Demosthenes.

b A Giant begot by Neptune upon the Earth; when he found himself weary, he recovered his strength and spirits by touching the Earth his Mother; and therefore when Hercules wrestled with him, he held him up in the Air, that the Earth should not refresh him.

Creditur, an melior cùm Thaïde sustinet, aut cùm
Uxorem Comædus agit, vel Dorida nullo
Cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipsa videtur,
Non persona loqui: vacua & plana omnia dicas
Ilustrè ventriculum, & tenui distantia rimâ.
Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratocles, aut cum molli Demetrius Hamo:
Natio comœda est: rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur: flet, si lachrymas conspexit amici,
Nec dolet: igniculum brumæ si tempore poscat,
Accipit Endromidem: si dixeris, æstuo, sudat.
Non sumus ergo pares: melior qui semper, & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum;
A socio jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectùm mīnxit amicus,
Si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.
Præterea sanctum nihil est, & ab inguine tutum:
Non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipse
Sponsus lavis adhuc, non filius antè pudicus.
Horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.
Scire volunt secreta domûs, atque inde timeri.
Et quoniam cœpit Græcorum mentio, transi
Gymnasia, atque audi facinus majoris abollæ.
Stultus occidit Baream, delator amicum,

Discipu-

Who can act more to the life when he repreſents a Curtezan, a Wife, or a Sea-Nymph naked, upon the Stage? 'Tis not the Player, but the very Woman ſeems to ſpeak, you'd ſwear, (allowing a ſmall matter of Difference) 'twas all plain and bare below the Girdle. In ſhort, the moſt famous Greek Actors, Antiochus, Stracoles, Demetrius, or Hæmus with his ſoft Voice, will be quite out of Date; for Greece is a whole Nation of Mimicks: do but ſmile, he laughs out till his Sides ſhake; to ſee a Friend in Tears, he weeps, but with no Manner of Concern; call for a little Fire in Winter-time, he inſtantly claps on his thick Shag-coat; ſay you're hot, he ſweats. So that we are not upon a Level with theſe Fellows, who have always an artificial Face to clap on, eſpecially a Copy of their Patron's Countenance, are ever ready to lift up their Hands with Admiration, and bleſs themſelves, if their Lord does but ſo much as belch with a Grace, if he piſſes with a clear Stream, if he does but [c] ſmack with an Air, after he has turn'd up the Bottom of the golden Bowl, and ſupp'd up the laſt Drop.

Beſides, there is nothing ſo ſacred that can eſcape the Luſt of theſe rank Greeks, not the Miſtreſs of the Family, nor the Maiden Daughter, nor the young Bridegroom, nor the Son before untainted; if you have none of theſe in your Houſe, they will take up with your old Grandame; they work themſelves into the Secrets of your Family, then you fear them as your Maſters. And now we are ſpeaking of theſe Sycophants, do but ſtep into their Schools, and you'll hear an Account of Villainy perpetrated by a grave Profeſſor with his Philoſophick Cloak. [d] Egnatius the Stoick murder'd his Pupil Bareas, the Informer

[c] This Paſſage refers to the Greek Cuſtom of applauding a Man after he had drank a large Veſſel (ſuch as the Trulla was) at a Draught; which clean Carouſing was generally expreſſed by a ſmack, or kiſſing the Bottom of the Cup.

[d] He impeached Bareas Soranus his Pupil of High-treaſon in Nero's Time, but he was himſelf condemned and executed in the Reign of Veſpaſian, upon the Information of Muſonius Rufus.

Discipulumque senex, ripâ nutritus in illâ,
Ad quam Gorgonii delapsa est penna caballi.
Non est Romano cuiquam locus hîc, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus,
Qui gentis vitio nunquam partitur amicum;
Solus habet. Nam cùm facilem stillavit in aurem
Exiguum de naturâ, patriæque veneno,
Limine summoveor: periêrunt tempora longi
Servitii: nusquam minor est jactura clientis.
Quod porrò officium (ne nobis blandiar) aut quod
Pauperis hîc meritum? si curet nocte togatus
Currere, cùm Prætor lictorem impellat, & ire
Præcipitem jubeat, dudum vigilantibus orbis,
Ne prior Albinam, aut Mediam collega salutet?
Divitis hîc servi claudit latus ingenuorum
Filius: alter enim, quantum in legione Tribuni
Accipiunt, donat Calvinæ, vel Catienæ,
Ut semel atque iterùm super illam palpitet: at tu
Cùm tibi vestiti faciles scorti placet hæres,
Et dubitas aliâ Chionem deducere sellâ,

De

Informer betray'd his Friend, the old Tutor was the Death of his Scholar; this Monſter was a Greek, bred upon the Coaſts of e Tarſus, where Pegaſus ſtumbling in the Air, dropt a Feather from his Heel. This is no Place for a true Roman, where none are careſſed but a Set of Greek Flatterers, a Protogenes, a Diphilus, or Erimanthus, who, by the wicked Cuſtom of their Nation, never admit a Partner into the Confidence of their Friend, but keep him cloſe to themſelves. For if one of theſe Fellows does but infuſe one Drop of his Country's Poiſon, or his own, into the eaſy Ear of my old Patron, I'm immediately turn'd out of Doors, my long ſlaviſh Attendance is all forgot; and indeed nothing is leſs regarded here, than the Loſs of an old Client. But (not to flatter ourſelves) what do we poor Dependants get? what Advantage have we Wretches by waiting before Day at the Gates of the Rich, when the very Magiſtrates, the Prætor himſelf, hurries on his f Lictor to get there before us, orders him, Neck or nothing to be firſt at the Levee of the Wealthy and Childleſs, (who riſe early expecting the Ceremony) and is afraid leſt his Collegue ſhould pay his Compliments to rich Albina or Modia before him?

Here you ſhall ſee the Sons of Gentlemen giving the Wall to a purſe-proud Slave; another Raſcal ſhall afford as much for a Night's Lodging or two with Calvina or Catiena, as a Captain's Pay; when you are glad to take up with a common maſked Strumpet; you ſtick cloſe to her, and dare not ſo much as offer your Hand to Chione, to help her from her ſtately Chair.

Produce

e A City of Cicilia, where Pegaſus (a poetical winged Horſe generated from the Blood of Meduſa) as he was rode by Bellerophon, ſtumbl'd in the Air, and ſpraining his Fetlock, dropt a Feather from his Heel, from whence the Town was called Tarſus.

f The Prætor was attended by a Lictor, a ſort of Executioner, that carried on his Shoulder an Axe within a Bundle of Rods, ſignifying the different Puniſhments of petty and capital Offenders, theſe being only whipt, thoſe beheaded.

Da teſtem Romæ tam ſanctum, quam fuit hoſpes
Numinis Idæi: procedat vel Numa, vel qui
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam:
Protinus ad cenſum; de moribus ultima fiet
Quæſtio: quot paſcit ſervos? quot poſſidet agri
Jugera? quam multâ, magnâque parapſide cœnat?
Quantum quiſque ſuâ nummorum ſervat in arcâ,
Tantum habet & fidei. *Jures licèt & Samothracum,*
Et noſtrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
Creditur, atque Deos, Dis ignoſcentibus ipſis.
Quid, quòd materiam præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem, ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna,
Si toga ſordidula eſt, & ruptâ calceus alter
Pelle patet: vel ſi conſuto vulnere craſſum
Atque recens linum oſtendit non una cicatrix?
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit, *Excat, inquit,*
Si pudor eſt, & de pulvino ſurgat equeſtri
Cujus res legi non ſufficit, & ſedeant hic
Lenonum pueri, quocunque in fornice nati.
Hic plaudat nitidi præconis filius inter
Pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juveneſque laniſtæ.

Produce an Evidence at Rome, as juſt as [g] Scipio Naſica the Protector of the Idæan Cybele, let Numa himſelf appear, or [h] Lucius Metellus, who ſnatch'd Minerva trembling from the Flames, the firſt Enquiry is about his Fortune, his Honeſty is laſt examined. How many Servants does he keep? What Eſtate has he in Land? How many Courſes has he at his Table? The Credit of an Evidence in Court is believ'd in Proportion to the Money in his Purſe. Swear, if you pleaſe, by the Altars of the great [i] Samothracian Gods, or by the Deities of [k] our own, yet a poor Witneſs is ſuppoſed to deſpiſe the Terrors of Thunder, to bid Defiance to the Powers Divine, who know he ſwears for Bread, and therefore abſolve him of the Perjury. Beſides, what an everlaſting Subject for Jeſt and Raillery is ſuch a poor Fellow as this, if his Gown be a little ſoiled, or if the Sole of one of his Shoes gapes from the upper Leathur, or if the many Seams ſhew the freſh and clumſy Thread where the Rents have been cobbled up? Poverty, with all its Plagues, has no greater Curſe attending it, than that it makes Men ridiculous. Get out, ſays the Pit-keeper, move from theſe cover'd Benches, for Shame, they belong to the Knights, you are not qualified by Law to ſit here; this Place is taken up by the Spawn of Cock-bawds, whatever Brothel they were born in. Here let the Son of ſome ſpruce Cryer ſit, attended by the gallant Youth train'd up by Sword-players and Fencing-maſters.

[g] When Cybele, Mother of the Gods, was firſt brought to Rome, with Advice from the Oracle, that ſhe ſhould be lodged in the Houſe of the beſt Man in the City, the Senate voted ſhe ſhould be received in the Houſe of Scipio Naſica.

[h] When the Temple of Veſta was burnt down, Lucius Metellus, Pontifex Maximus, reſcued the Palladium, or the wooden Image of Pallas brought from Troy; but venturing too deſperately into the Fire, he loſt both his Eyes.

[i] They were Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Veſta, brought by Dardanus from Samothracia, an Iſland in the Ægean Sea, into Phrygia, and by Æneas from Troy into Italy; they are called by Virgil, Dii Patrii.

[k] He means all the other Gods added to thoſe above, at different Times, in the many Ages ſince Æneas.

Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit Othoni.
Quis gener hic placuit censu minor, atque puellæ
Sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur hæres?
Quando in consilio est Edidibus? agmine facto
Debuerunt olim tenues migrâsse Quirites.
Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi; *sed Roma durior illis*
Conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno
Servorum ventres, & frugi cænula magno.
Fictilibus cænare pudet, quod turpe negavit
Translatus subitò ad Marsos, mensamque Sabellam,
Contentusque illic Veneto, duroque cucullo.
Pars magna Italiæ est, si verum admittimus, in quâ
Nemo togam sumit, nisi mortuus. Ipsa dierum

Festorum

masters. Thus was vain l Otho pleas'd to fix the Seats. Who can hope to be a Son-in law, if he be of less Fortune, or his Bags are lighter than those of his Mistress? Who makes a poor Man his Heir? When sits he in Counsel with the m Ædiles? The poor Romans ought long ago to have separated from the Rich in a Body, and never to have returned. 'Tis no small Difficulty for a Man to strike out to Advantage in Life, whose Virtues are crampt by a narrow Fortune; but the Attempt is much more difficult at Rome. A wretched Lodging comes dear, Servants are kept at a great Charge, a small Supper at the best hand is expensive. We are ashamed to eat off earthen Dishes, yet a Man would think it no Reproach, were he to remove suddenly among the n Marsians, or to see the hard Fare of the o Sabellians, he would there be content to wear the common Dress, the blue Hood, coarse as it is.

To speak the Truth, there is a great Part of Italy, where no one puts on the Roman p Gown till he dies. When the Solemnity of a Country Festival is

G celebrated

l L. Roscius Otho, when he was Tribune, passed a Theatrical Law, wherein he distinguished the Roman Knights from the Commonality, assigning fourteen Benches in the Theatre only for the Knights; that is, for such as had a Knight's Estate, four hundred Sestertia.

m The Romans had three Sorts of Ædiles; the first were Ædiles Curules, from the Chariot they rid in; these were chosen out of the Senate, and had the Care of repairing the Temples and private Houses. The second were Ædiles Plebeii, chosen out of the People; these had the Charge of Weights and Measures, of looking after the publick Conduits, and making Provision for Festival Plays. The third were Clerks of the Market, inspecting the Corn and Victuals; these were the Ædiles Cereales in ordinary, the extraordinary were the Annonæ Præfecti.

n They were a stout People of Italy, descended from Marsus, Son to the Witch Circe.

o They inhabited that Part of Italy lying upon the Mountains, between the Marsians and the Sabines.

p The Roman Confederates, in many Parts of Italy, lived plainly and without Pomp all their Life-times, and never wore the Toga or Gown till they were dead, and carried to their Funerals, and then it was put on. The Toga was a Garment without Sleeves, of a semi-circular Form, different in Largeness according to Mens Wealth or Poverty, though the just Size of it were six Ells. Under this they wore a short Garment, the Tunica or Coat.

Feſtorum herboſo colitur ſi quando theatro
Majeſtas: tandémque redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium, cùm perſonæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat ruſticus infans:
Æquales habitus illic, ſimilemque videbis
Orcheſtram, & populum; clari velamen honoris,
Sufficiunt tunicæ ſummis Ædilibus albæ.
Hic ultra vires habitûs nitor: hic aliquid plus
Quàm ſatis eſt; interdum alienâ ſumitur arcâ.
Commune id vitium eſt: Hîc vivimus ambitioſâ
† Paupertate omnes: *quid te moror?* Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio. *Quid das, ut Coſſum aliquando ſalutes?*
Ut te reſpiciat clauſo Veiento labello?
Ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati:
Plena domus libis venalibus: accipe, & illud
Fermentum tibi habe: præſtare tributa clientes
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.
Quis timet, aut timuit gelidâ Præneſte ruinam;
Aut poſitis nemoroſa inter Juga Volſiniis, aut
Simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce?
Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine ſultam
Magnâ parte ſui: nam ſic labentibus obſtat
Villicus, & veteris rima contexit hiatum,
Securos pendente jubet dormire ruinâ.

Vivendum

celebrated by acting of Plays upon a Theatre of Turf; when the well-known Farce at length diverts the Audience, and the Country Boy trembles in his Mother's Lap at the Sight of a pale gaping Goblin with his wide Mouth, you'll see every Body in the same Dress, the same Simplicity appears in the Pit, and on the Stage, and the Chief Ædiles, as a Distinction of their high Office, are known only by their plain white Coats. But here, every one goes fine beyond his Fortune; here a Nicety of Dress prevails, more than People can afford, beyond what is necessary, often upon Credit, and out of another's Purse. This is a common Vice: We are all poor and prodigal. In short, every thing at Rome is bought and sold. Who would you give once to pay your Compliments to Cossus? or, that proud Veiento, without speaking a Word, would vouchsafe to look down upon you with a gracious Eye? One you'll see submitting to shave the Face, another to consecrate the [q] first Beard of a favourite Page: the House is full of delicate light Sweetmeats, which these Fellows sell; the sour Leaven, which heaves and swells in your Stomach, keep to yourself; we poor Clients are forced to pay standing Wages, and to increase the Veils of these smooth-skin'd Servants at our own Expence.

Who fears, or ever fear'd, the Fall of a House at the cold City of [r] Prænestе? or at Volsinium, situated between shady Mountains? or at innocent Gabii? or at the Tower of Tibur hanging on the Brow of a Hill? We live in a City that for the most Part stands upon Stilts; for so the Steward props up the Houses ready to fall; he daubs over the Gapings of the old Cracks, then bids you sleep secure, the Walls at the same time tumbling about your Ears. Let me

[q] It was the Custom to dedicate the Hair and first Beard to some Deity; according Suetonius observes, that Nero's Beard was put in a Box adorned with Pearls, and consecrated.

[r] Prænestе, Volsinium, &c. Towns of Italy.

Vivendum eſt illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
Nocte metus: jam poſcit aquam, jam frivola tranſfert
Ucalegon: tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant:
Tu neſcis; nam ſi gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula ſola tuetur
A pluviâ; molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.
Lectus erat Codro Proculâ minor, urceoli ſex
Ornamentum abaci; necnòn & parvulus infra
Centaurus, & recubans ſub eodem marmore Chiron;
Jamque vetus Græcos ſervabat ciſta libellos,
Et divina Opici rodebant carmina mures.
Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat; & tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quòd nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.
Si magna Aſturii cecidit domus: horrida mater,
Pullati proceres, differt vadimonia Prætor:
Tunc gemimus caſus urbis, tunc odimus ignem:
Ardet adhuc? & jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impenſas: hic nuda & candida ſigna;
Hic aliquid præclarum Euphranoris, & Polycleti;
Hæc Aſianorum veterum ornamenta deorum;
Hic libros dabit, & forulos, mediamque Minervam;
Hic modium argenti: meliora, ac plura reponit

live out my Days where there is no Alarm of Fire, nothing to terrify me in the Night. My Neighbour Ucalegon frightens me to death; now he cries out for Water, then he moves off his good-for-nothing Lumber; your third Story is now all of a Smoke, and you know nothing of it; for if the Ground-floor is on fire, your Cock-loft will soon be in a Blaze, which the Roof alone defends from the Rain, and where tame Pigeons usually harbour to lay their Eggs.

Codrus lies in a Bed shorter than his short-legg'd Wife Procula; six small Jugs are the Ornament of his Cupboard's Head; beneath also stand a little Can, and the Figure of a [s] Chiron lying along as a Supporter of the Marble Furniture. An old mouldy Chest secures his Greek Poets, and barbarous Mice gnaw Verses tho' divine. Codrus indeed has little or nothing to lose; who denies that? yet the poor Wretch lost all that nothing; and to complete the Weight of his Misfortunes, no one would relieve him naked, and begging hard for a Crust of Bread, or offer him a Bit of Meat, or House-room, or a Bed to lie on. But if the Palace of Asturius is on fire, the Women run with their Hair about their Ears, the Senators are in Mourning, the Prætor adjourns the Courts of Justice; then we lament the Misfortune of the City, then we hate the very Name of Fire. Is it still burning? You'll meet one hurrying with a present of Marble, and computing the Expence of the Building; another sends in naked Statues, and polished with the nicest Art; a third offers some remarkable Piece, finished by the masterly Hand of [t] Euphranor or Polycletus; and then comes a Lady with a Curiosity, the ancient Ornaments of the Asiatick Deities. Another will give him Books and Book-cases, and an exact Figure of Minerva to the Waist. Another runs with a Peck of Silver. In short, this most prodigal Persian, without a Child, has

[s] One of the Centaurs, half Man half Horse.
[t] Euphranor and Polycletus, two excellent Statuaries.

Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus, & meritò jam
Suſpectus, tanquam ipſe ſuas incenderet ædes.
Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fruſinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum:
Hortulus hîc, puteuſque brevis, nec reſtè movendus,
In tenues plantas facili diffunditur hauſtu.
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.
Eſt aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque receſſu,
Unius ſeſe dominum feciſſe lacertæ.
Plurimus hîc æger moritur vigilando: ſed illum
Languorum peperit cibus imperfectus, & hærens
Ardenti ſtomacho; nam quæ meritoria ſomnum
Admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
Inde caput morbi: rhedarum tranſitus arctè
Viarum inflexu, & ſtantis convicia mandræ
Eripiunt ſomnum Druſo, vitulique marinis,
Si vocat officium, turbâ cedente vehetur
Dives, & ingenti curret ſuper ora Liburno,
Atque obiter leget, aut ſcribet, aut dormiet intus;
Namque facit ſomnum clauſâ lectica feneſtrâ.
Ante tamen veniet; nobis properantibus obſtat
Unda prior, magnus populus premit agmine lumbos
Qui ſequitur: ferit hic cubito, ferit aſſere duro
Alter; ad hæc tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.

Pinguia

has better Furniture and more of it than before; ſo that he becomes juſtly ſuſpected to have ſet his own Houſe on fire for the purpoſe.

Could you but be forced from the Pleaſures of the Circenſian Games, you might buy an excellent Houſe at Sora, at [a] Fabrateria, or Fruſino, for one Year's Rent that you pay for a dark Dog-hole at Rome. Here you have a little Garden, a Well not ſo deep as to want a Rope for the Water, which ſpreads itſelf among the tender Plants with a gentle Stream. Live here fond of thy rural Fork, cultivate thy little Spot, and you'll ſoon furniſh out a Feaſt for an hundred Pythagoreans that live upon Pulſe. It is ſomething to be Maſter of ſo much Ground, in any Place, be it never ſo retired, as a Lizard can turn himſelf about in.

Here many a ſick Man dies for want of Sleep; the Diſeaſe is firſt occaſioned by a bad Digeſtion, the Meat clogging his burning Stomach; for who can ſleep within the Noiſe of Taverns? The Rich muſt pay dear for a Night's Reſt in this City. Thus begins the Diſtemper: The paſſing of Chariots in the narrow Turning of the Streets, and the Brawling of the Drivers when there is a full Stop, will not ſuffer even drowſy Druſus, or the ſleepy Sea-Calves, ſo much as to nod. If a rich Man has Buſineſs abroad, he is eaſily carried, the Croud making way for him, he ſweeps over our Heads, borne on the Shoulders of his tall [b] Liburnians, he can read or write, or take a Nap if he pleaſes, as he moves along; for his Chair, when the Windows are drawn up, compoſes him to ſleep; yet he arrives firſt at the Place. A Croud before us hinders our Speed, and a Mob with its heavy Weight preſſes upon us behind; one hunches me with his Elbow, another puſhes me with the hard Pole of his Chair; here a Beam ſtrikes me on the Head, there a Tub. My Legs are perfectly

[a] Fabrateria, &c. poor Towns in Italy.

[b] The Chairmen at Rome commonly came from Liburnia, a Part of Illyria, between Iſtria and Dalmatia.

Pinguia crura luto: planâ mox undique magnâ
Calcor, & in digito clavus mihi militis hæret.
Nonne vidis quanto celebretur ſportula ſumo?
Centum convivæ; ſequitur ſua quemque culina:
Corbulo vix ferret tot vaſa ingentia, tot res,
Impoſitas capiti, quot rectò vertice portat
Servulus infelix; & curſu ventilat ignem.
Scinduntur tunicæ ſartæ: modò longa coruſcat
Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
Plauſtra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque minantur:
Nam ſi procubuit, qui ſaxa Liguſtica portat
Axis, & everſum ſudit ſemper agmina montem,
Quid ſupereſt de corporibus? quis membra, quis oſſa
Invenit? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
More animæ. Domus interea ſecura patellas
Jam lavat, & buccâ foculum excitat, & ſonat unctis
Strigilibus, plenoque & componit lintea gutto.
Hæc inter pueros varie properantur: at ille
Jam ſedet in ripâ, tetrumque novitius horret
Porthmea; nec ſperat cænoſi gurgitis alnum
Infelix, nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem,

Reſpice

ſectly plaiſtered with Dirt; I am trod upon by ſome flat Foot or other every Step I take, and a Soldier, with his Hobnails in his Shoes, ſticks cloſe upon my Corns.

Don't you ſee with what a Smoke the Sportula is purſued? A hundred Gueſts at a Time! every one followed by his y portable Kitchen, to keep his Dole of Meat hot. Corbulo, with all his Strength, could ſcarce bear ſo many large Veſſels, ſuch a Load of Pans upon his Head, as one of theſe wretched Fellows carry with a ſteady Neck, fanning the Fire as he goes along. His Clothes juſt come from the Botcher's, are torn from his Back. Now a long Piece of Fir ſhakes as the Cart jogs forward; another Waggon is loaded with a huge Pine; theſe Trees lying out beyond the Carriage, tremble aloft, and threaten the People as they paſs; for if the Axle tree ſhould break, that ſupports a Load of z Ligurian Stones, and tumble the Weight of this Rock as it were upon the Croud, what becomes of their Bodies? who can find their Limbs, or their Bones? Every Carcaſe of them is ground to Powder, and is inviſible as their Souls. The Family at home in the mean time, knowing nothing of the Misfortune, prepare for the Sportula, they waſh the Plates, blow the Fire with their Mouths, clean the Scrapers, well oiled to prevent hurting the Skin, fold the Rubbing-cloths, and get ready the Horn of Oil, to drop upon the Maſter as he bathes. Thus the Servants, every one in their Place, haſten their Work. When, alas! the Man that ſhould bring the Supper, ſits upon the Bank of Styx, trembles, being juſt come, at the grim Look of Charon, is out of hopes, poor Ghoſt, of being ferried over the muddy Lake, not having in his Mouth the Farthing to pay for his Paſſage.

Now

y A Veſſel of the ſame Uſe with a Kitchen; it was divided into two Cells, in the uppermoſt of which they could put their Sportula, or Dole of Meat; in the lower one they had Fire to dreſs their raw, or keep the dreſſed Fleſh warm. This was portable, and the faſter they went with it, the better the Fire burned in it.

z Marble digged out of the Quarries in Liguria, upon the Appennine Mountains.

Respice nunc alia, ac diversa pericula noctis:
Quod spatium tectis sublimibus, undè cerebrum
Testa ferit, quoties rimosa & curta fenestris
Vasa cadunt, quanto percussum pondere signent,
Et ledant silicem: possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casûs improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas; adeò tot fata, quot illâ
Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte, fenestræ.
Ergo optes, votumque feras miserabile tecum,
Ut sint contenta patulas effundere pelves.
Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum fortè cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelida; cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus:
Ergo non aliter poterit dormire: Quibusdam
Somnum rixa facit: *sed quamvis improbus annis,*
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina lana
Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo;
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.
Me, quem luna solet deducere, vel breve lumen
Candelæ, cujus dispenso & tempero filum,
Contemnit: miseræ cognosce prœmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantùm.
Stat contrà, starique jubet; parère necesse est:
Nam quid agas, cùm te furiosus cogat, et idem
Fortior? unde venis? exclamat: cujus aceto,
Cujus conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
Sutor, & elixi vervecis labra comedit?

Nil

Now reflect upon the many other Sorts of Dangers that attend walking the Streets by Night; consider how lofty the Buildings are, from whence a Potsherd dashes out your Brains; how often are Pieces of crack'd or broken Pitchers thrown from the Windows, with what a Weight they mark the Pavements, and bruise the very Stones? You would be thought indolent, and unguarded against sudden Accidents, if you should venture abroad to Supper without making your Will. So many fatal Misfortunes are in your Way, as there are Lodgers awake with their Windows open in the Streets where you pass. Therefore you may pray and be glad to get off with this wretched Comfort, that nothing worse than a Close-stool is emptied upon your Head.

The drunken Bully, if he chances to fight with nobody, lies upon Thorns, he is restless in the Night, as Achilles lamenting the Loss of his Friend [a] Patroclus; now he lies upun his Face, then tosses upon his Back; he can't otherwise ~~lie his Eyes together~~. These Scourers can't sleep without a Quarrel; yet saucy as he is by the Heat of Youth, and mad with Wine, he has Wit enough in his Cups not to jostle a Man of Quality, whose purple Robes, and a long Train of Attendants, that guard him with Flambeaus and brazen Lamps, oblige him to keep his Distance. But poor me, that usually walk home by Moon-light, or the Benefit of a Candle, whose Wick I manage and husband to the best Advantage, he uses with Scorn. Hear now the Prologue to this unhappy Fray, if you can call it a Fray, where you lay on with your Cudgel, and I bear the Blows. He stops you, and bids you stand, you must submit; for what can you do when you are in a Madman's Hands, who is likewise too strong for you? Whence come you, he cries, whose Vinegar and windy Beans swell in your Maw? What Cobler have you club'd with for chopt Leeks,

[a] He was slain by Hector at the Siege of Troy, which so enraged Achilles (who dearly loved him) that he never rested till he had sacrificed Hector to the Manes of his Friend.

Nil mihi respondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem:
Ede ubi consistas: in quâ te quæro proseuchâ?
Dicere si tentes aliquid, tacitusve recedas,
Tantundem est: feriunt pariter: vadimonia deindè
Irati faciunt. Libertas pauperis hæc est:
Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concissus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

Nec tamen hoc tantùm metuas: nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit: clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique
Fixa catenatæ siluit compago tabernæ.
Interdum & ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur
Et Pontina palus, & Gallinaria pinus.
Sic inde huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt.
Quâ fornace gravet, qua non incude catenæ?
Maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & sarcula desint.
Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:
Sed jumentum vocant, & sol inclinat; eundem est:
Nam mihi commotâ jamdudum mulio virgâ
Innuit: ergò vale nostri memor; & quotiès te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddit Aquino,

Leeks, and a boil'd Sheep's-head? Don't you answer? Speak, or you'll be kick'd. Say, where do you live? At what Temple-Door shall I find you begging? Now, if you offer to speak, or go off without saying a Word, the Case is the same, they lay on as heavily. Then in a Passion they bind you over for an Assault. Such is a poor Man's Liberty at Rome! Drub'd as he is, he is forced to ask Pardon, and bruis'd with Fisty-Cuffs, he begs hard to walk off with a few Teeth in his Head.

Nor is this alone what you have to fear; for a Thief may rob you when the House is close barr'd, and the Shutters of all the Shops are pinn'd, and the Doors chain'd. Sometimes a Street-Robber attacks you suddenly with his Dagger, and does your Business; especially since they are driven by a strong Guard from their Lurking-holes in the Pontine Fen, and the Gallinarian Wood; from thence to Rome they run in Shoals for better Quarters. Such a Nest of Rogues we have, that every Forge, ever Anvil is employ'd to make Chains for them. So much Iron is used for Fetters, that you may well fear we shall want Plough-shares, Mattocks, and Rakes. Happy were our great Ancestors, happy may you call those Times, when, under the Government of Kings and Tribunes, one Prison was sufficient for all the Criminals in Rome.

To these I could add many other Reasons for leaving the City; but my Team calls me, the Sun grows low, I must be gone, the Carter long ago gave me Notice by cracking his Whip. Farewel therefore; remember your Friend; and as often as you hurry out of Town, to refresh yourself at your beloved [b] Aquinum, draw me from Cumæ with you to

[b] A Town of the Latins near Samnium, famous for the Birth-place of Juvenal, and likewise of that great Schoolman Thomas Aquinas, called by our Countrymen, St. Thomas of Watering, from the Moistness of the Situation. *Ceres* had a Temple there, called Elvina Ceres, or Ceres of the Wathes; from whence the Spring and River of Elvis took their Names. Yet Juvenal had some dry Ground there belonging to his Estate, called Diana's Hill.

Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis: Satyrarum ego (ni pudet illas)
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

SATIRA IV.

ECCE iterum Crispinus; & est mihi sæpe vocandus
Ad partes; monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis, ager, solâque libidine fortis:
Delicias vidua tantùm aspernatur adulter.
Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quantâ nemorum vectetur in umbrâ,
Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes?
Nemo malus felix; minimè corruptor, & idem
Incestus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat
Sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos.

No villain is happy —

Sed

the Temple of Ceres of the Marſhes, and your adored Diana. I will come prepared to aſſiſt you, if you pleaſe, in your Satires (if they are not aſhamed of my poor Help) in that cold Place of your Retirement.

SATIRE IV.

ONCE more behold Criſpinus! I ſhall often have Occaſion to call him upon the Stage, a Monſter that has not the Pretence of one ſingle Virtue to qualify his Vices; feeble and weak, ſtrong only in his Luſt. All but a Widow's loathſome Charms go down with this Adulterer. What matters it then in what large [a] Portico's he tires his Mules, to ſave him from the Rain, or in what ſhady Groves he is carried by his Slaves from the Sun's Heat, how many Acres he owns near the [b] Forum, or what ſtately Houſes he has bought? The Villain can never be happy, much leſs a Corrupter of Chaſtity, guilty of Inceſt likewiſe, one that lately debauched a [c] veiled Veſtal, who muſt ſoon ſuffer the Puniſhment of being buried alive. But theſe

[a] The luxurious Romans expended vaſt Sums of Money in building Ground-galleries (like our Piazzas) ſtanding upon Marble Pillars, they were uſed ſometimes to ride in them.

[b] There were many Forums in Rome. This was the Forum Vetus, the old Forum, in the Heart of the City, where were the Roſtra, or Pulpits for Orations, and their Courts of Juſtice ſat. It was ſurrounded with Rows of ſtately Buildings.

[c] The Veſtal Virgins had the Charge of keeping the ſacred Fire. If one was convicted of Inchaſtity, ſhe was either immured alive, or buried alive in the Ground, which was executed in this Form: She was led to the Campus Sceleratus, a Field within the Walls of the City, near the Colline Gate. In a Vault under Ground, there was a Bed prepared, a burning Light, a little Bread, Water, and Milk; the Veſtal was bound alive, and laid on a Bier, and ſo carried through the Forum with great Silence and Horror; when they came to the Cave, the

Sed nunc de factis levioribus: & tamen alter
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub judice morum.
Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Scioque, decebat
Crispinum: quid agas, cùm dira, & fœdior omni
Crimine persona est? mullum sex millibus emit,
Æquantem sanè paribus sestertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
Præcipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi.
Est ratio ulterior, magnæ si misit amicæ,
Quæ vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
Nil tale expectes: emit sibi: multa videmus,
Quæ miser & frugi non fecit Apicius: hoc tu
Succinctus patriâ quondam, Crispine, papyro.
Hoc pretium squamæ? potuit fortasse minoris
Piscator, quàm piscis, emi. Provincia tanti
Vendit agros: sed majores Apulia vendit.
Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus
Induperatorem? cùm tot sestertia, partem

Exiguam,

are ſmall Faults, yet if another had been guilty of them, he would have fallen under the Judgment of the Cenſors; for what would be infamous in a Man of Character, in Titius and Seius, is becoming in Criſpinus.

What can you do with ſuch a Wretch, whoſe Perſon is more filthy and forbidding than his Crimes? He gave ſix Seſtertia for a Barble of ſix Pounds weight, amounting to a Seſtertium a Pound, as they tell the Story who hear great Matters, but make them greater by telling. I ſhould commend him as a Man of Deſign, if by ſo noble a Preſent he had prevailed upon ſome old Fellow, rich and childleſs, to name him firſt in his Will; or, which would have been more to the Purpoſe, he had ſent it to ſome Whore of Quality, that is carried in her cloſe Chair with the wide Glaſſes drawn up. You are to expect no ſuch matter, he bought it for himſelf. We ſee many Extravagancies which the poor and frugal [d] Apicius was never guilty of, thou, Criſpinus, wrapped up when thou cam'ſt to Rome in thy own Country [e] Flags, haſt the Impudence to attempt. What, give ſo much for Fins and Scales? No doubt you might have bought the Fiſherman cheaper than the Fiſh; Acres might have been purchaſed in ſome Provinces; in Apulia you might come into an Eſtate for the ſame Price.

What a luxurious Meal, think you, was devoured by his Maſter Domitian, when this Purple Court-

the Bier being ſet down, and ſhe unbound, the Prieſt praying ſecretly, brought her and ſet her on a Ladder, by which ſhe deſcended; and preſently turned back from her, the Ladder being drawn up, they threw in the Earth, and fill'd up the Cave's Mouth. The Reaſon of which Puniſhment, was either becauſe they would not honour ſuch an Offender with the common Rite of Burning, who had ſo ill attended upon the Holy Fire; or becauſe they would not ſeem to offer Violence, by a forced Death, to a conſecrated Virgin, thinking that after this manner they ſuffered her to die as it were of her own Accord.

[d] A noted Epicure in the Time of Nero; he ſpent an immenſe Eſtate upon his Guts, and growing poor and deſpiſed, hanged himſelf.

[e] A coarſe Garment made of the Bark of the Reed Papyrus, that grows in the ſwamy Places of the Rivers in Egypt.

Exiguam, & modicæ ſumptam de margine cœnæ
Purpureus magni ructârit ſcurra palati,
Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce ſolebat
Vendere municipes pactâ de merce ſiluros?
Incipe Calliope, licet hîc conſidere: non eſt
Cantandum, res vera agitur: narrate puellæ
Pierides; proſit mihi vos dixiſſe puellas.
Cùm jam ſemianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
Ultimus, & calvo ſerviret Roma Neroni;
Incidit Adriaci ſpatium admirabile rhombi,
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica ſuſtinet Ancon,
Implevitque ſinus: neque enim minor hæſerat illis,
Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem
Solibus effundit torpentis oſtia Ponti
Deſidiâ tardos, & longo frigore pingues.
Deſtinat hoc monſtrum cymbæ linique magiſter
Pontifici ſummo: quis enim præponere talem,
Aut emere auderet? cùm plena & littora multo
Delatore forent: diſperſi protinus alga
Inquiſitores agerent cum remige nudo;

Buffoon gorged himſelf at the Expence of ſo many Seſterces, with a ſmall Diſh fit only to ſtand upon the Side-board, at an ordinary Imperial Entertainment? A Sycophant now firſt in the Equeſtrian Order, that uſed to get his Living by buying the Refuſe of the Fiſh-market, and bawling out Pieces of his own Country Shads about the Streets.

Begin [f] Calliope, let me be more particular on this Subject; this is no Fiction, but a true Fact. Aſſiſt me, my [g] Pierian Maids, in the Relation; let me have a Right to your Favour, for calling you Maids, and aſſerting your Virtue.

When Domitian, the laſt of the [h] Flavian Family, had torn the World to Pieces, half deſtroyed by the Cruelty of his Reign, and Rome was governed by Nero the ſecond with his bald Pate, an Adriatic Turbot of a wonderful Size chanced to be caught before the Temple of Venus at [i] Ancona, built by the Greeks. It filled the Boſom of the Net, nor was it leſs than thoſe incloſed by Ice in the Lake of [k] Mæotis, which throws them out in Shoals (when the Waters are free by the Sun's Heat) at the Mouth of the Euxine Sea, noted for its ſlow Tide; they are unweildy for want of Exerciſe, and fattened by a long Winter's Cold. The Maſter of the Boat and Nets reſolves to preſent this monſtrous Fiſh to the [l] Chief Pontifex; for who dares offer ſuch a Prize to Sale, or indeed to buy it? Eſpecially when all the Shore is covered with Tide-waiters; thoſe Searchers of Sea-weed, prowling about the Coaſts, would certainly

f The chief of the nine Muſes, the Mother of Orpheus, and ſaid to be the Inventreſs of Heroic Verſe.

g The Muſes, ſo called from Pierius their Father, who begot them of Antiope.

h The Flavian Family, as it was Imperial, began in Veſpaſian, and ended in Domitian.

i The Metropolis of Picenum in Italy, built by the Greeks on the Shore of the Adriatic Sea.

k A vaſt Lake freezing in Winter, that in Summer diſcharges itſelf into the Euxine Sea, by the Cimmerian Boſphorus.

l To the Emperor Domitian, for the Emperors were generally Chief Pontifex.

Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piſcem,
Depaſtumque diu vivaria Cæſaris, inde
Elapſum, veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
Si quid Palphurio, ſi credimus Armillato,
Quicquid conſpicuum, pulchrumque eſt æquore toto,
Res fiſci eſt, ubicunque natat: donabitur ergò,
Ne pereat, jam lethifero cedente pruinis
Autumno, jam quartanam ſperantibus ægris.
Stridebat deformis hyems, prædamque recentem
Servabat: tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auſter:
Utique lacus ſuberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, ſervat
Ignem Trojanum, & Veſtam colit Alba minorem,
Obſtitit intranti miratrix turba parumper:
Ut ceſſit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ:
Excluſi expectant admiſſa obſequia patres.
Itur ad Atridem: tum Picens, accipe, dixit,
Privatis majora facis; genialis agatur
Iſte dies; propera ſtomachum laxare ſaginis,
Et tua ſervatum conſume in ſæcula rhombum:
Ipſe capi voluit: quid apertius? & tamen illi
Surgebant criſtæ: nihil eſt, quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit, cùm laudatur Dis æqua poteſtas.
Sed deerat piſci patina menſura: vocantur
Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille;
In quorum facie miſeræ, magnæque ſedebat,

tainly inform againſt the poor Fiſherman, and not ſcruple to ſay the Fiſh had eſcaped out of the Emperor's Stews, and therefore ought to be returned to its old Maſter. If we credit the ſage Opinion of thoſe ſcandalous Spies, Palphurius or Armillatus, whatever the Sea affords that is extraordinary, any Fiſh that excels the common Fry, ſwim where it will, belongs to Cæſar. I will make a Preſent of it, therefore, ſays the Fiſherman, leſt it ſhould ſtink, though the Heats of fainty Autumn were over, the Froſts were begun, and the Sickly ſhook with the Apprehenſion of Quartan Agues. Rough Winter whiſtled with the Wind, and kept the Fiſh ſweet, yet the Man hurried as if a ſouthern Gale blew full in his Teeth. When he came to the Lake, where the City of [m] Alba, tho' in Ruins, keeps in the Trojan Fire, and worſhips the Goddeſs Veſta in a meaner way, the gaping Croud at firſt prevented his Entrance; but ſoon making way, the folding Doors flew nimbly open, he is conducted to the Emperor, the Conſcript Fathers wait without to take a View of this delicious Preſent; 'Accept, Great Sir, ſays the Picenian 'Fiſherman, this Turbot, too large for common 'Kitchens; let this Day be devoted to your Imperial Genius; haſte to unload your Stomach, and 'indulge yourſelf with this prodigious Fiſh, pre'ſerv'd to honour your auſpicious Reign; it would 'force itſelf into the Net.' What more fulſome? Yet the Emperor ſwallows the Bait, and ſtruts upon the Compliment; for any Thing, however abſurd, will go down when a Prince is flatter'd, and believes himſelf poſſeſſed of a Power equal with the Gods. But there was no Stew-pan, it ſeems, large enough to dreſs the Fiſh, the Senators, therefore, his much hated Counſellors, are preſently ſummoned; a ghaſtly Paleneſs, that always waits upon the dangerous Friendſhip

[m] A City of Italy, built by Aſcanius the Son of Æneas. Tullus Hoſtilius, King of Rome, took away all the Treaſure and Relicks, which the Trojans had placed there in the Temple of Veſta; only out of a ſuperſtitious Fear, the Fire was left.

Pallor amicitiæ. Primus, clamante Liburno,
Currite, jam ſedit; raptâ properabat abollâ
Pegaſus, attonitæ poſitus modò villicus urbi:
Anne aliud tunc Præfecti? quorum optimus atque
Interpres legum ſanctiſſimus; omnia quanquàm
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Juſtitiâ. Venit & Criſpi jucunda ſenectus,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. Maria, ac terras, populoſque regenti
Quis comes utilior, ſi clade & peſte ſub illâ
Sævitiam damnare, & honeſtum aſſerre liceret
Conſilium? ſed quid violentius aure tyranni?
Cum quo de nimbis, aut æſtibus, aut pluvioſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici.
Ille igitur numquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem: *nec civis erat, qui libera poſſet*
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogeſima vidit
Solſtitia, his armis, illo quoque tutus in aulâ.
Proximus ejuſdem properabat Acilius ævi
Cum juvene indigno, quem mors tam ſæva maneret,

Friendſhip of the Great, appear'd in their Faces. Firſt, a Liburnian Slave bawls out, 'Run, run, 'Cæſar is ſet.' [n] Pegaſus the Lawyer tucks up his Gown, and makes the beſt of his way, he was lately made Bailiff of the affrighted City; for what more were the Præfects of Rome in thoſe Times? He was an excellent Magiſtrate, and moſt religious Diſpenſer of the Laws; yet in thoſe dangerous Days he thought it ſafeſt to adminiſter Juſtice with a very ſlack Hand.

Next came Criſpus, pleaſant in his old Age, as remarkable for Sweetneſs of Temper, as for his Eloquence and Good-nature. What Counſellor could be more uſeful to Cæſar, (over Seas and Lands and Men Supreme) had he the Liberty, under that Bane and Plague of Mankind, boldly to condemn his Cruelty, and aſſiſt him with his honeſt Advice? But what's more dreadful than a Tyrant's Ear? His chief Favourite, though ſpeaking upon the moſt indifferent Subjects, (ſuch as Showers, and Heats, or a wet Spring) runs the Hazard of his Life. This Man, therefore, never attempted to ſwim againſt the Stream, nor was he one of thoſe Citizens who ſpeak freely what they think, or dare to ſacrifice themſelves to the Cauſe of Truth. After this Manner, and protected with this Armour, he lived to the Age of [o] eighty Years, even in the Court of Domitian.

After him hurried [p] Acilius, a Man of the ſame Age, followed by his Son, unworthy of that cruel Death that haſtily diſpatched him by the Sword of the

[n] An eminent civil Lawyer born in Alba.

[o] Vibius Criſpus, a ſubtle ſmooth-tongued Orator, who lived to be fourſcore Years old, in the ſeveral Courts of evil Emperors. He was born in Placentia.

[p] Acilius Glabrio, a Senator of ſingular Prudence and Fidelity. His Son Domitius came with him to this Council about the Turbot; but both of them were afterwards charged with Deſigns of Innovation, and were condemned. The Father's Sentence was changed into Baniſhment, the more to grieve him with the Remembrance of his Son's Death. The Son, to ſave his Life, affected Madneſs, and fought naked with Lions in the Albane Theatre; but the Tyrant Domitian was not to be deceived, but put him to Death.

Et domini gladiis jam feſtinata: ſed olim
Prodigio par eſt in nobilitate ſenectus:
Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus eſſe gigantum.
Profuit ergo nihil miſero, quòd comminùs urſos
Figebat Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ
Venator: quis enim jam non intelligat artes
Patricias? quis priſcum illud miretur acumen,
Brute, tuum? facile eſt barbato imponere regi.
Nec melior vultu, quamvis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offenſæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ;
Et tamen improbior Satyram ſcribente cinædo.
Montani quoque venter adeſt, abdomine tardus:
Et matutino ſudans Criſpinus amomo;
Quantum vix redolent duo funera: ſævior illo
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire ſuſurro:
Et qui vulturibus ſervabat viſcera Dacis
Fuſcus, marmoreâ meditatus prælia villa:
Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
Qui nunquam viſa flagrabat amore puellæ,
Grande, & conſpicuum noſtro quoque tempore monſtrum!
Cæcus adulator, dirufque à ponte ſatelles,
Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaque devexæ jactaret baſia rhedæ,

Nemo

the Tyrant. But many Years ago, old Age among the Nobles was a ſort of Prodigy; my Choice, therefore, is to be a Pigmy-Brother of the Giants ſprung out of the Earth. It was of no Advantage to this unhappy Youth, to affect Madneſs, to engage with Numidian Bears, deſperately and unarmed, in the Amphitheatre at Alba; for who can now be a Stranger to theſe Artifices of the Nobility? Who, [q] Brutus, any longer wonders at the ſubtle Part you acted? It was an eaſy Matter in your Days to impoſe upon the Simplicity of a King, with his Beard much deeper than his Senſe.

Rubrius followed next, with no better a Face than his Companions, tho' of a Plebeian Family, guilty of an old Crime not fit to be named; and yet more addicted to Scandal than the Pathic Nero, who took upon him to write Satire.

Montanus likewiſe thruſt in his Belly, unweildy with his fat Guts, and Criſpinus dropping with Eaſtern Ointments, more than is commonly uſed at two Funerals. Then Pompey, the more cruel of the two, who, by ſoft Whiſpers in the Tyrant's Ear, is Cut-throat to the Court; and [r] Fuſcus (whoſe Body was reſerved for Dacian Vultures) ſtudying the Art of War among the ſoft Retirements of his Marble Villa. Cunning Veiento next, with bloody [s] Catullus, raging with Luſt at the very Name of a Beauty which he could not ſee, the grand and noted Monſter of theſe Times; a blind baſe Flatterer, raiſed from begging on the Bridge to be a murdering Miniſter of State; fit ſtill to run beſide the Waggon-Wheels upon the Road to Aricia, and fawningly to kiſs his Hand, intreating for Alms. None ſeemed

I more

[q] Lucius Junius Brutus, who ſaved his Life by affecting to play the Fool in the Court of Tarquinius Superbus.

[r] Cornelius Fuſcus was ſent General by Domitian againſt the Dacians, where his Army and himſelf were loſt.

[s] Catullus Meſſalinus, a bloody Villain, tho' blind, whoſe Informations coſt many their Lives. He was raiſed by Domitian from begging at the Foot of the Ariſtine Hill in the Via Appia, to be a Miniſter of State.

Nemo magis rhombum ſtupuit: nam plurima dixit
In lævum converſus: at illi dextra jacebat
Bellua: ſic pugnas Cilicis laudabat, & ictus;
Et pegma, & pueros inde ad velaria raptos.
Non cedit Veiento, ſed ut fanaticus æſtro
Percuſſus, Bellona, tuo divinat; & ingens
Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi:
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus: peregrina eſt bellua, cernis
Erectas in terga ſudes? hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & annos.
Quidnam igitur cenſes? conciditur? abſit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait; teſta alta paretur,
Quæ tenui muro ſpatioſum colligat orbem:
Debetur magnis patina ſubituſque Prometheus:
Argillam, atque rotam citiùs properate: ſed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæſar, figuli tua caſtra ſequantur.
Vicit digna viro ſententia: noverat ille
Luxuriam imperii veterem, noſtroſque Neronis
Jam mediis, aliamque famem, cùm pulmo Falerno
Arderet: nulli major fuit uſus edendi
Tempeſtate mea. Circeis nata ſerent, an

Lucrinum

more aſtoniſh'd at the Fiſh, tho' unhappily he made his Compliments with his Face the wrong way; for the Mullet lay upon his right Hand. So he uſed, blind as he was, to praiſe the Sword-Plays of the Cilician Fencers, to cry aloud, Well hit, to applaud the Scenical Machines, and the Boys that ſeemed to fly above the Coverings of the Theatre.

Veiento came not ſhort of him; but as t Bellona's Prieſt with Prophecy inſpired, he thus divines: 'See, 'Sir, the mighty Omen of a Triumph great and 'illuſtrious! ſome Captive King, or fierce u Arviragus tumbling from his Britiſh Chariot, ſhall own 'your Power; the Fiſh, obſerve, comes from a di'ſtant Sea; d'ye ſee the Fins, like Spears, briſtling 'upon his Back?' This Flatterer ſaid every thing upon the Occaſion, except diſcovering the Mullet's Country and his Age. What think you, muſt he be cut? ſays Cæſar. Far, cries Montanus, be ſo great a diſhonour from this noble Fiſh; rather provide a deep earthen Pan, whoſe thin Sides may contain his great Circumference; call in a ſkilful Potter, that like Prometheus can ſoon make a Diſh; haſte hither with the Clay and Wheel; for, Cæſar, from this time your Camps ſhould never want ſuch uſeful Workmen. This Counſel, worthy of the Author, prevail'd; he knew the old Luxury of the Imperial Court, and Nero's Midnight Suppers, and what raiſed a new Appetite when his Lungs were heated with x Falernian Wine. No one in our Days underſtood better the Delicacy of Eating; he could tell at the firſt Taſte whether an Oyſter was bred

t The ſame as Minerva the Goddeſs of War, Siſter to Mars, called likewiſe Enyo and Pallas, whoſe Prieſts ſacrificed their own Blood to her, and were immediately ſo inſpired as to explain things preſent, and to foretel what was to come.

u A King of Britain, and an inveterate Enemy to the Romans in the Reign of Domitian.

x Wine made of Grapes growing upon the Falernian Mountains in Campania.

Lucrinum ad ſaxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Oſtrea, callebat primo deprendere morſu;
Et ſemel aſpecti littus dicebat echini.

Surgitur, & miſſo Proceres exire jubentur
Concilio, quos Albanam Dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos, & feſtinare coactos,
Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torviſque Sicambris
Dicturus; tanquam diverſis partibus orbis
Anxia præcipiti veniſſet epiſtola pennâ.

Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dediſſet
Tempora ſævitiæ, claras quibus abſtulit urbi
[illegible]
Illuſtreſque animas impunè, & vindice nullo.
Sed periit, poſtquam cerdonibus eſſe timendus
Cœperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.

SATIRA

upon the [y] Circæan or Lucrine Rocks, or was dredged for at the Bottom of the ~~British Sea at Richborough~~; and at the first Sight of a Crab, would name the Shore he came from.

They rise, the Council is dismissed, the Nobles by Command withdraw, whom the great General's Summons forced against their Wills, trembling, to attend with Haste at Alba; as if some sudden News he would declare of the fierce [z] Catti, or the stern Sicambri; or if Expresses of some fresh Alarm had arrived by flying Posts, from different Parts of the Empire.

And, indeed, I could wish that such Trifles had taken up the whole time of this cruel Reign, that, unpunished, deprived the City of so many brave and illustrious Souls, who fell unrevenged. At length the Tyrant perished; for when he offered to exercise his Cruelty against the Rabble, they took him off, reeking with the Blood of the [a] Lamian Family, and the chief Nobility in Rome.

y The Circæan Rocks were about Cajeta, where there was a Temple dedicated to Circe; the Lucrine Rocks were in the Bay of Lucrinum in Campania.

z Catti were Germans, now Subject to the Landgrave of Hesse. The Sicambri were the Inhabitants of Guelderland.

a The Lamian Family was most noble, being derived from Kings, who (by the Testimony of Homer) reigned in Cajeta. Of this Family was Ælius Lamia, whose Wife, Domitia Longina, Domitian took away, and afterwards put the Husband to death.

Rutupia – now Richborough in the Isle of Thanet – coast of a Roman city – a place of Kent – famous for oysters –

Death of Domitian –

See page 80 –

SATIRA V.

SI te prepositi nondùm pudet, atque eadem est mens,
Ut bona summa putes aliena vivere quadrâ;
Si potes illa pati, quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas
Cæsaris ad mensas, nec vilis Galba tulisset,
Quamvis jurato metuam tibi credere testi.
Ventre nihil novi frugalius: *hoc tamen ipsum*
Defeciſſe puta, quod inani ſufficit alvo:
Nulla crepido vacat? nuſquam pons, & tegetis pars
Dimidiâ brevior? tantine injuria cœnæ?
Tam jejuna fames; cùm poſſis honeſtiùs illic
Et tremere, & ſordes ſarris mordere canini?
Primo ſige loco, quòd tu diſcumbere juſſus
Mercedem ſolidam veterum capis officiorum:
Fructus amicitiæ magnæ cibus: imputat hunc Rex,
Et quamvis rarum, tamen imputat. Ergo duos poſt
Si libuit menſes neglectum adhibere clientem,
Tertia ne vacuo ceſſaret culcitra lecto,
Unâ ſimus, ait: veterum ſumula; quid ultra
Quæris? habet Trebius, propter quod rumpere ſomnum
Debeat, & ligulas dimittere; ſollicitus, ne

Tota

SATIRE V.

IF you are not ashamed of your way of Life, and continue still to think the chiefest Happiness consists in eating at another's Table; if you can tamely digest those Affronts which neither [a] Sarmentus nor servile Galba could bear, when they dined with Cæsar, I should be afraid to believe your Evidence, tho' upon Oath. Nature, I know, is content with a little; yet, suppose you wanted that little to satisfy your empty Belly, is there no Hole by the Highway, no vacant Bridge to beg at, no Piece of an old torn Mat to cover you, and plead for Charity? Is a Supper with such sour Sance worth your while? Is Hunger so craving? when you might with more Reputation shrug your Shoulders and beg, or gnaw a hard Crust fit for the Dogs?

Take this for granted, in the first Place, that one Invitation makes you ample amends for all your past Services. A Meal's Meat is the Reward of a long Friendship. This your mighty Lord calls a Favour; he charges it so, though he invites you but seldom: therefore if he vouchsafes, after two Months, to send for you, half-starved, to his Table, only to make a [b] third Man; hear him but say, 'Let's sup together,' you enjoy the Height of your Wishes; what can you desire more? Trecius for this will break his Rest, and hurry away with his Clothes unbuttoned, lest

[a] A Roman Knight, that by his Buffoonry insinuated himself into the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, and often came to his Table; where, to the Dishonour of his Quality, he bore all manner of Scoffs and Affronts. Galba was such another Droll in the Time of Tiberius.

[b] In the Roman Dining-room was a Table in fashion of a Half-moon or Hemicycle, against the round Part whereof they set three Couches, every one containing three Persons when they had their full Number; the Hemicycle being left for the Waiters.

Tota ſalutatrix jam turba peregerit orbem
Sideribus dubiis, aut illo tempore, quo ſe
Frigida circumagunt pigri ſarraca Boötæ.
Qualis cœna tamen? vinum, quod ſuccida nolit
Lana pati: de corvivô Corybanta videbis.
Jurgia proludunt: ſed mox & pocula torques.
Saucius, & rubrâ detergès vulnera mappâ;
Inter vos quoties, libertorumque cohortem
Pugna Saguntinâ ſervet commiſſa lagenâ?
Ipſe capillato diffuſum Conſule potat;
Calcatamque tenet bellis ſocialibus uvam,
Cardiaco nunquam cyathum miſſurus amico.
Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus, aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam, titulumque ſenectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine teſtæ:
Quale coronati Thraſea, Helvidiuſque bibebant,
Bruterum & Caſſi natalibus. Ipſe capaces

Heliadum

leſt the Circle that attends his Lord's Levee ſhould have finiſhed their Compliments, by Break of Day, when the Stars almoſt diſappear, or earlier, when Charles's Wain is ſeen to roll ſlowly about the North Pole.

But what ſort of a Supper is this at laſt? The Lees of Wine not fit for the Dyers to ſoke their greaſy Wool in, which made the Gueſts as mad as the Prieſts of Cybele! You begin with calling Names, then, provoked by Blows, you fling the Bottles about, and wipe your Wounds with Napkins ſtained with Blood. How often have you and the Troop of Freedmen of the Houſe engaged in pitched Battle with [c] Saguntine Stone-pots? Your Patron at the ſame time indulges with old Wine, laid in when our Conſuls wore their Beards long, and admires the Juice of the Grape preſſed in the time of the Social War, not vouchſafing a Cup of it to a Friend, tho' ſick at heart. Then for change he drinks the Growth of the [d] Albane or [e] Setine Hills; the Age of theſe Wines, and the thick Mouldiness of the old Caſks, have quite defaced the Marks which ſhould ſhew the Place and the Date when they were made. Such generous Wine [f] Thraſeas and Helvidius, [g] crowned with Flowers, drank on the Birth-days of the two illuſtrious Bruti and Caſſius.

Virro

[c] Course earthen Veſſels made at Saguntum, a City of Spain, famous for holding out againſt Hannibal.

[d] The Albane Hills bore a pleaſant Grape, and the Vines have not yet degenerated; for the Vino Albano is now eſteemed the beſt Stomach Wine in Italy.

[e] Setia, the City, that gives name to theſe Hills, lies not far from Terracina in Campania.

[f] Thraſeas Paetus was Son-in-Law to Helvidius Priſcus; both would as willingly have laid down their Lives to preſerve Rome from the Tyranny of Nero, as D. Junius Brutus ventured his to free the Romans from the Tarquin Family; or M. Brutus and Caſſius theirs, to deliver their Country from the Power of Julius Caeſar. Thraſeas died by death by the Command of Nero, and Helvidius was baniſhed.

[g] The Romans, upon Feſtival-days, when they uſed to drink hard, crowned their Heads with cooling Flowers, to allay the Heat of the Wine, and to bind their Foreheads to ſuppreſs the Fume's aſcending.

Heliadum cruſtas, & inæquales beryllo
Virro tenet phialas: tibi non committitur aurum;
Vel ſi quando datur, cuſtos affixus ibidem,
Qui numeret gemmas, unguesque obſervet acutos.
Da veniam, præclara illic laudatur ineptia;
Nam Virro (ut multi), gemmas ad pocula tranſfert
A digitis; quas in vaginæ fronte ſolebat
Ponere zelotypo juvenis prælatus Hiarbæ
Tu Beneventani ſutoris nomen habentem
Siccabis calicem naſorum quatuor, ac jam
Quaſſatum, & rupto poſcentem ſulphura vitro.
Si ſtomachus domini ſervet vinoſa ciborum,
Frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.
Non eadem vobis poni modi vina querebar?
Vos aliam potatis aquam. Tibi pocula curſor
Gætulus dabit, aut nigri manus oſſea Mauri,
Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
Clivoſa veheris dum per monumenta Latina.
Flos Aſiæ ante ipſum, pretio majore paratus,
Quàm fuit & Tulli cenſus pugnacis, & Anci:
Et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
Frivola. Quod cùm ita ſit, tu Gætulum Ganymeden

Reſpice,

Virro carouſes in large Amber Bowls (Tears of the [b] Heliades) ſet round with Beryls; you are not truſted with a golden Cup, or if you are, he places a Guard upon you to count the Stones, and mark your long ſharp Nails, leſt you ſhould ſcratch them out. You muſt excuſe it; for a Jaſper of great Value ſparkles full in your Eyes. Virro (like many others) removes the Stones from his Rings, and ſets them in his Cups; ſuch as Æneas (preferred by Dido before the jealous [i] Hiarbas) uſed to wear upon the Top of his Scabbard. You, at the ſame time, muſt drink out of the [k] Beneventine Cobler's Glaſs with four Ears, crack'd, and fit for nothing but to be chang'd for Brimſtone-Matches.

If your Patron's Stomach is over-heated with Wine and High-feeding, Water is got ready, which after boiling grows colder than the Scythian Froſt. Did I complain juſt now that you were not ſerved with the ſame Wine? Why you are not allowed the ſame Water. Some Gætulian Foot-boy, or the Hand of a raw-boned Blackmoor, gives you the Cup; ſuch a frightful Figure you would not care to meet at Midnight, when you ride over the ſteep Latin Way among the Tombs. Before Virro the Flower of Aſia ſtands, a Boy purchaſed at a higher Price than warlike [l] Tullus or Ancus were ever worth; in ſhort, of more Value than the trifling Fortunes of all the Roman Kings. So then, why you want a Glaſs, call upon your own black [m] Ganymede behind you. A Boy

[b] The Daughters of Phœbus and Clymene, who bewailing their Brother Phaeton, was turned into Poplar Trees, from whoſe Tears came Amber.

[i] Hiarbas, a King of Gætulia, who courted Dido who built Carthage. But ſhe (according to Virgil) preferred Æneas to him.

[k] An ugly Glaſs, that bore the Name of Vetinius, the drunken Cobler of Beneventum; the four Noſes of it, it ſeems, were ſtudded and boſſed like his Noſe. It was the Cuſtom then to change away broken Glaſs for Brimſtone-Matches.

[l] Two of the Roman Kings.

[m] The Son of Tros, King of Troy, ſo beautiful that Jupiter ſent his Eagle to fetch him up to Heaven, where he made him his Cup-bearer.

Respice, cùm sities: nescit tot millibus emptus
Pauperibus miscere puer: sed forma, sed aetas
Digna supercilio. Quando ad te pervenit ille?
Quando vocatus adest calidæ, gelidæve minister?
Quippe indignatur veteri parère clienti;
Quodque aliquid poscat, & quòd se stante recumbas.
† Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis.
Ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem.
Vix fractum, solidæ jam mucida frusta farinæ,
Quæ genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum.
Sed tener, & niveus, mollique siligine factus
Servatur domino: dextram cohibere memento:
Salva sit artoptæ reverentia: finge tamen te
Improbulum; superest illic qui ponere cogat.
Vin' tu consuetis, audax conviva, canistris
Impleri, panisque tui novisse colorem?
Scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod sæpe relictâ
Conjuge, per montem adversum, gelidasque cucurri
Esquilias, fremeret sevâ cùm grandine vernus
Jupiter, & multo stillaret penula nimbo.
Aspice, quàm longo distendat pectore lancem,
Quæ fertur domino, squilla; & quibus undique septa
Asparagis, quâ despiciat convivia caudâ,
Cùm venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
Sed tibi dimidio constrictus Cammarus ovo
Ponitur, exiguâ feralis cœna patellâ.
Ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit: at hic, qui

Pallidu

Boy that coſt ſo many Thouſands, ſcorns to cool the Wine for ſuch ſpunging Gueſts; his Beauty, his Age, make him look upon you with Diſdain. When does he offer to come near you? If you call, does he ſtir a Step to ſerve you with hot Water or cold? Indeed he can't bear to wait upon an old Hanger-on at his Maſter's Table; he reſents it that you ſhould offer to command him, and lie along at your Eaſe while he ſtands. The Houſes of Men of Quality are abundantly ſupplied with ſuch inſolent Servants.

See with what Muttering another of them gives you Bread, hard and mouldy Cruſts of the coarſer Sort, that ſtrain your very Grinders. But the moſt delicate and white Manchet of the fineſt Flour, is reſerved for your Maſter. Remember to hold your Hands off; keep in the good Graces of that great Man the Butler: But ſuppoſe you had the Aſſurance to take a Piece, you have one near you that will ſoon make you lay it down: 'Can't you, ſaucy 'Fellow, be content to cram yourſelf out of the 'Baſket you have been uſed to? Don't you know 'the Colour of your own Bread?' Alas! was it for this I ſo often got out of a warm Bed from my Wife, and hurried up the ſteep Aſcent of cold Mount Eſquiline, through April Showers and cruel Hail, the Water all the while running from my Great-coat in Streams?

See how the Lobſter, a Dainty for your Maſter, with his long Body ſtretches out the Diſh; with what Herbs and Pickles he lies ſurrounded? with what a Tail he ſeems to ſcorn the Table, as he comes borne aloft by the Hands of a tall Slave? Your Commons is a poor Crab, beat up with half an Egg, ſerved in a little Platter, a Supper for the [a] Dead. Virro makes his Fiſh ſwim in Oil of [b] Venafrum;

[a] The Romans uſed to place upon the Sepulchres of the Dead, to appeaſe their Ghoſts, a little Milk, Honey, Water, Wine, and Olives, and ſtrewed Flowers.

[b] The Oil made at Venafrum, a City of Campania, was the pureſt in Italy.

Pallidus offertur miſero tibi caulis, olebit
Laternam; illud enim veſtris datur alveolis, quod
Canna Micipſarum prorâ ſubvexit acutâ;
Propter quod Romæ cum Bocchare nemo lavatur;
Quod tutos etiam facit à ſerpentibus Afros.
Mullus erit domino, quem miſit Corſica, vel quem
Taurominitanæ rupes, quando omne peractum eſt,
Et jam defecit noſtrum mare; dum gula ſævit,
Retibus aſſiduis penitus ſcrutante macello
Proxima; nec patitur Tyrrhenum creſcere piſcem:
Inſtruit ergò focum provincia: ſumitur illinc
Quod captatur emat Lenas, Aurelia vendat.
Virroni muræna datur, quæ maxima venit
Gurgite de Siculo: nam dum ſe continet Auſter,
Dum ſedat, & ſiccat madidas in carcere pennas,
Contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
Vos anguilla manet, longæ cognata colubræ,
Aut glacie aſperſus maculis Tiberinus, & ipſe
Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloacâ,
Et ſolitus mediæ cryptam penetrare Suburræ.
Ipſi pauca velim, facilem ſi præbeat aurem:
Nemo petit, modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Senecâ, quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat

Largiri:

but such a poor Fellow as you must take up with Herbs half withered, and Lamp Oil. Your wooden Saucer is filled with greasy Stuff, brought hither in sharp-beaked Canoes of Africa. It stinks so, that when Bocchar the Mauritanian King was at Rome, no one would go into the same Bath with him; the nasty Smell of it secured the Moors even from the black Serpents of the Country.

Your Patron must have a Barbel caught upon the [p] Corsican Shore, or among the [q] Tauromínian Rocks, for our own Seas fail us, and are quite exhausted: So boundless is the Gluttony of the Age, that our Fishermen are continually searching the neighbouring Waters with their Nets, nor will they suffer the Fry in the Tyrrhene Sea to come to a proper Growth. Our Provinces therefore are obliged to supply our Kitchens; from thence Lenas is furnished to make Presents to the rich Aurelia, in hopes of being her Heir, who sells them again, having more than she can use at home.

Virro has a Present made him of an extraordinary Lamprey, caught in the Sicilian Sea; for when the South Wind is still and calm, and sits in his Æolian Cave, pruning his dropping Wings, the adventurous Fishermen despise the Dangers of the Waves, even [r] Charibdis itself. You must take up with a muddy Eel, Sister of the slender Snake, or with a Pike bred in the Tiber, spotted by Winter's Ice, confined within the Banks, fed with the Ordure of the common Sewer, and used to swim through the Drains as far as the Suburra. A Word with Virro, if he can hear with Patience; no one expects from you the same Civility that [s] Seneca shewed to his poor Clients, or the Bounty that the generous Piso and Cotta used,

[p] Corsica is an Island in the Mediterranean, between Sardinia and Italy.

[q] The Sea-coasts near Tauromínium in Sicily.

[r] A dangerous Whirpool in the Streights of Sicily.

[s] Seneca, C. Piso & Cotta Sardinus, Aurelius Cotta, noble Romans, of great Courtesy and Munificence.

Largiri: namque & titulis, & fascibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria: solùm
Poscimus, ut cœnes civiliter: hoc face, & esto,
Esto (ut nunc multi) dives tibi, pauper amicis.
Anseris ante ipsum magni jecur, anseribus par
Altilis, & flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Fumat aper: post hunc raduntur tubera, si ver
Tunc erit, & faciunt optata tonitrua cœnas
Majores; tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.
Structorum intereà, ne qua indignatio desit,
Saltantem spectes, & Chironomonta volanti
Cultello; donec peragat dictata magistri
Omnia; nec minimo sanè discrimine refert,
Quo gestu lepores, & quo gallina secetur.
Ducêris plantâ, velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus,
Et ponêre foris, si quid tentaveris unquam
Hiscere, tanquam habeas tria nomina. Quando propinat
Virro tibi, sumitque tuis contacta labellis
Pocula? quis vestrûm temerarius usque adeo, quis
Perditus, at dicat regi, bibe? Plurima sunt, quæ
Non audent homines pertusâ dicere lænâ.
Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus, aut similis Dis,
Et melior fatis donaret; homuncio quantus

The Goose & Boar –

(for in thoſe times the Glory of giving was eſteemed a greater Honour than high Titles and Offices) we only deſire that you would be upon a Level with your Gueſts; behave ſo, and then (as many do) be as luxurious as you pleaſe when you ſup alone, and as ſparing with your Friends, provided you all fare alike.

Your Patron has the Liver of a large Gooſe ſet before him, or of a crammed Capon full as large, or a Boar ſmoaking, worthy of the fair-hair'd † Meleager's Spear. Then, if it be in the Spring, the wiſh'd-for Thunder furniſhes the Table with Muſhrooms, theſe are ſhredded in the Diſh. O Lybia, ſays Alledius the Glutton, keep your Corn to yourſelf, unyoke your Oxen, ſo that you'll ſupply us with Muſhrooms. And to put you out of all Patience, you'll ſee a finical Carver capering and brandiſhing his nimble Knife according to Art, till he has gone through his Work, and executed the Orders of his Maſter; nor is it a Matter of ſmall Concern, let me tell you, with what an Air you uncaſe a Hare, or ſpoil a Fowl. You will be dragged by the Heels (as ‖ Cacus ~~when Hercules had killed him,~~ Hercules did) and turned out of Doors, if you offer to act the Man of Quality, or make the leaſt Complaint. When does Virro ſo much as drink to you? or takes the Cup you have once touched with your Lips? Which of you has the Aſſurance, who is ſo deſperate among you as to ſay to your great Monarch, Drink Sir. There are many Things that will not bear mentioning by a Man in Rags.

But if any God, or Godlike Man (kinder than the Fates) would beſtow upon you a Knight's For-

† The Son of Oeneus, King of Caledonia; his Father ſacrificing to the Gods, made his Offering to all the Deities except Diana; which ſo incenſed her, that ſhe ſent a wild Boar that deſtroyed the whole Country of Ætolia. Meleager, with his Miſtreſs Atalanta, hunted this Boar, and ſlew him.

‖ A Robber and Stealer of Cattle in Italy, the Son of Vulcan; he was ſlain by Hercules, and dragged out of his Cave by the Heels.

Ex nihilo fieres! quantus Virronis amicus!
Da Trebio, pone ad Trebium: vis, frater, ab istis
Illibus? O Nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem;
Vos estis fratres. *Dominus tamen, & domini rex*
Si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus aulâ
Luserit Æneas, nec filia dulcior illo.
Jucundum & charum sterilis facit uxor amicum.
Sed tua nunc Micale pariat licèt, & pueros tres
In gremium patris fundat simul; ipse loquaci
Gaudebit nido; viridem thoraca jubebit
Afferri, minimasque nuces, assemque rogatum,
Ad mensam quoties parasitus venerit infans.
Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
Boletus domino; sed qualem Claudius edit,
Ante illum uxoris, post quem nihil amplius edit.
Virro sibi, & reliquis Virronibus illa jubebit
Poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore;
Qualia perpetuus Phæacum autumnus habebat;
Credere quæ possis surrepta sororibus Afris.
Ta scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere vedit
Qui tegitur parmâ & galeâ; metuensque flagelli

Disci

tune, poor Mortal, how great would you become from nothing? how much respected by Virro? 'Present this Plate to Trebius; set this Dish before 'Trebius; will you accept, dear Brother, of this 'choice Bit?' O Gold! to thee he pays this Honour; thou and he are the Brothers. But would you be called my Lord, or my Lord's Lord, you must have no ~~Child to prevent Virro's being~~ your Heir, no little Boy playing in your Hall, or a Daughter more endearing of the two. A barren Wife never fails to procure a Man the most kind and engaging Friends. Yet if your Wife Micale is brought to bed, and makes you a Present of three Boys at a time, if you are rich, Virro will please himself with prattling with them in the Cradle, he will order the green Stomacher to be brought in, the small Nuts and the Silver Penny, so often as the coaxing Boy comes to his Table.

Wretched Guests as you are, shall have Toadstools set before you, Mushrooms are Meat for your Master, such as [x] Claudius swallowed before his Wife's fatal Present, after which he eat no more. Virro will order for himself and his Companions the choicest Fruits, the very Smell of which will fill your Belly, such as perpetual Autumn produces in the Garden of [y] Alcinous, or you'd believe stolen from the Orchard of the [z] Hesperides. You at the same time have the Pleasure of sour Crabs, [a] such as the Ape mumps upon in Garrison, where (armed with Helmet and Shield, and quaking at his Master's Lash) he learns to cast the Dart like a Soldier, from the

[x] The Roman Emperor; he married Agrippina his Niece, who sent him into the other World, by poisoning his Mushrooms, which was his favourite Dish.

[y] A King of the Island Corcyra; his Orchard was famous for the choicest Fruits.

[z] The Daughters of Hesperus, who had Orchards in Africa, that bore golden Fruit.

[a] This has been reckoned a perplexing Passage; some have rendered it thus: 'Such as the young Soldiers armed with Shield and Helmet, are forced to gnaw in Garrison, trembling under the Rod of Capella, that rough Centurion, as he teaches them the Exercise of throwing the Dart;' which perhaps may be the better of the two.

Discit ab hirsuta jaculum torquere Capellâ.
Forsitan impensæ Virronem parcere credas:
Hoc agit, ut doleas: nam quæ comœdia? mimus
Quis melior plorante gulâ? ergo omnia fiunt,
Si nescis, ut per lachrymas effundere bilem
Cogaris, pressoque diu stridere molari.
Tu tibi liber homo, & Regis conviva videris;
Captum te nidore suæ putat ille culinæ:
Nec malè conjectat: Quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
Bis ferat, Hetruscum puero si contigit aurum,
Vel nodus tantùm, & signum de paupere loro?
Spes benè cænandi vos decipit: ecce dabit jam
Semesum leporem, atque aliquid de clunibus apri:
Ad nos jam veniet minor altilis: inde parato,
Intactoque omnes, & stricto pane tacetis.
Ille sapit, qui te sic utitur: omnia ferre
Si potes, & debes; pulsandum vertice raso
Præbebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis
Flagra pati, hic epulis, & tali dignus amice.

the Back of a Goat on which he is ridiculouſly placed. You may think perhaps that Virro does this to ſave Charges; no, he does it to vex ye. For what Comedy, what Mimick, can be more diverting than Gluttony diſappointed? All this, if you don't know it, is done to make you vent your Rage by your Tears, to fly out with open Mouth, and gnaſh aloud with your Grinders. You may think yourſelf a Perſon of ſome Figure, and fancy you are a welcome Gueſt at your Lord's Table, but he knows your are led only by the Smell of his Kitchen. Nor does he think amiſs; for who is ſo wretched as to bear ſuch a Tyrant twice? eſpecially if he be a Perſon of Family, and when a Youth, wore the [b] Golden Boſs, or if he be no more than a Freedman, diſtinpuiſhed by his poor [c] Leathern Boſs, as a Mark of Liberty. The Hope of a good Supper deceives you. 'Sure, he'll ſend us that half Hare; 'ſome of that Boar's Haunch, or that fat Hen will 'come down to us.' So there you all ſit with your ſtale Bread untouched before you, in ſtrong Expectation, without daring to ſay a Word. Every Man of Senſe would uſe you ſo; if you can bear all this, you ought; you'll ſoon come to take a Knock on your ſhaven Pate, like a Slave; you'll not be afraid of a ſound Drubbing, worthy of ſuch a Feaſt and ſuch a Friend.

[b] The Golden Boſs (brought in among the Romans by the Etrurians) permitted firſt only to Noblemen's Children, afterwards to all Freeborn, was made in the Shape of a Heart, and worn before the Breaſt, to prompt their young Age to the Study of Wiſdom.

[c] The Sons of theſe whoſe Parents had been firſt Servants, wore Boſſes of Leather.

SATIRE

SATIRA VI.

CREDO pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris, visamque diu; cùm frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrâ:
Silvestrem montana torum cùm sterneret uxor
Frondibus & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus: haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos:
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.
Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cæloque recenti
Vivebant homines; qui rupto robore nati,
Compositique lutо nullos habuere parentes.
Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterant, & sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis
Per caput alterius: cùm furem nemo timeret

SATIRE VI.

I GRANT that Chastity in the Reign of [a] Saturn staid and was seen for some time upon Earth, when a damp Cave afforded a narrow Shelter for the Fire and the Houshold God, and covered the Flock and the Shepherd with its common Shade: When the Mountain Wife made her rural Bed with Leaves and Chaff, and with the Skins of neighbouring wild Beasts, far unlike you [b] Cynthia, or you [c] Lesbia, whose Eyes smarted with crying for the Death of your Sparrow; but our Dame put out her full Breasts, to be drawn by a lusty Offspring, and often made a rougher figure than her Husband, who indulg'd himself with Acorns till he belch'd again: for Men lived otherwise than they do now, when the World was young, and the Air fresh, they seemed as if they were cut out of Heart of Oak, and, without Parents to corrupt them, originally formed out of the Earth. Perhaps many Footsteps of ancient Chastity, or some at least, remained even under [d] Jove, but it must be whilst he was young, before he had Hair upon his Chin, before the Greeks broke their Oaths, though sworn in the Name of their Deities, when no one feared a Thief would rob

a The Son of Cœlum and Vesta. Under his Reign in Italy, the Poets place the Golden Age, when the Earth, not forced by the Plough and Harrow, afforded all sorts of Grain and Fruit, the whole World was common, and without Inclosure.

b Cynthia, Mistress to the Poet Propertius.

c Mistress to Catullus, who writ an Elegy on the Death of her Sparrow.

d The Son of Saturn and Ops; the Time of his Reign was called the Silver Age. The most innocent Part of the Silver Age was before Jove had a Beard; for when once Down grew upon his Chin, what Franks he play'd with the Ladies are well known; Iron Bars and Locks could not hold against his Golden Key.

Caulibus, aut pomis, ſed aperto viveret horto.
Paulatim deinde ad ſuperos Aſtræa receſſit
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugêre ſorores.
Antiquum & vetus eſt, alienum, Poſthume, lectum
Concutere, atque ſacri Genium contemnere fulcri.
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas:
Viderunt primos argentea ſæcula mœchos.
Conventum tamen, & pactum, & ſponſalia, noſtrâ
Tempeſtate paras; jamque à tonſore magiſtro
Pecteris, & digito pignus fortaſſe dediſti.
Certè ſanus eras: uxorem, Poſthume, ducis?
Dic, quâ Triſiphone? quibus exagitare colubris?
Ferre potes dominam ſalvis tot reſtibus ullam?
Cùm pateant altæ, caligantèſque feneſtræ?
Cùm tibi vicinum ſe præbeat Æmilius pons?
Aut ſi de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum puſio dormit?
Puſio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te
Nulla jacens illic munuſcula, nec queritur quòd
Et lateri parcas, nec quantum juſſit, anhelas.
Sed placet Urſidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem
Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello.
Quid fieri non poſſe putes, ſi jungitur ulla

rob him of his Herbs or Apples, but every one had his Garden without Incloſure. At length Juſtice by degrees retired to the Gods with Chaſtity her Companion, and the two Siſters left the Earth at once.

It has been a Practice of old ſtanding, Friend Poſthumus, to violate another's Bed, and to deſpiſe the Genius that attends upon the ſacred Marriage-Rites. Every other Vice was the Produce of the Iron Age; Adultery was introduced in the Silver Times. But in this Age of ours, Thou, it ſeems art entring into Treaties, making of Jointures and Contracts; thy Hair, forſooth, is trimm'd by a Maſter-Barber, and perhaps thou haſt made a Preſent of the Wedding-Ring. There was a Time when thou waſt in thy Wits: What? Poſthumus think of a Wife? Tell me what Fury haunts thee, what Snakes of Hell poſſeſs thee? Canſt thou bear the Tyrant a Wife, when ſo many kind Halters may be had? When ſo many dazzling high Windows lie open, from whence to take a Leap? When the * Æmilian Bridge over the Tiber is ſo near you? But if none of theſe ways of making your Exit pleaſe, is it not better, think you, to have your Page lie by you, your Page, I ſay, who never torments you with Curtain-Lectures, deſires no Favour of you, nor complains that you don't uſe him as he deſires, but takes all Care to preſerve your Health.

But Urſidius, it ſeems, is mightily pleaſed with the Julian Law, which puniſhes Adultery with Death, and thinks to have a ſweet Boy of his own to inherit his Eſtate, tho' he forfeits all the † Preſents given in expectation of being his Heir, the fair Trout, the Barbel with its large Fins, and all the tempting Delicacies of a full Market. What can you think impoſſible to come to paſs, if you ſhould once ſee a Woman

* A Bridge built over the Tiber by Æmilius Scaurus, about a Mile from Rome

† Perſons that were rich, without Children, were courted with valuable Preſents by fawning Sycophants, in hopes of being their Heirs

Urſidio? ſi mœchorum notiſſimus olim
Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capiſtro,
Quem toties texit periturum ciſta Latini?
Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi
Quæritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam;
Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
Paucæ adeò Cereris vittas contingere dignæ;
Quarum non timeat pater oſcula. Nec le coronam
Poſtibus, & denſos per limina tende corymbos.
Unus Iberinæ vir ſufficit? ocyùs illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta ſit uno.
Magna tamen fama eſt cujuſdam rure paterno
Viventis: vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro;
Vivat Fedenis, & agello cedo paterno.
Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
Speluncis? adeò ſenuerunt Jupiter & Mars?
Porticibuſne tibi monſtratur fœmina voto

Digna

man yoked to Urſidius? If one, formerly the moſt noted of Debauchees, ſhould thruſt his aukward Neck into the Marriage-Nooſe? One who, quaking every Joint of him, had been ſo often hid in a Cheſt, like [g] Latinus in the Play? O but he looks out for a Wife of the ſame Virtue with thoſe of former times! Bleed him, Doctor, in the middle Vein. A very nice Gentleman! down on your bare Knees at the Door of the Capitol, and offer a Heifer with gilded Horns to Juno the Regent of the Marriage-Bed, if ſuch a Rake as thou ſhouldſt chance to have a Wife of tolerable Modeſty. There are few Women, let me tell you, qualified by their Chaſtity to be admitted to the Rites of Ceres, few that their very Fathers dare ſalute with Safety.

But, Poſthumus, [h] dreſs your Gates with Garlands, and ſpread Branches of Ivy thick at your Door; will one Man be enough for your Lady Iberina? You will as ſoon force her to confeſs ſhe will be content with one Eye. Yet you ſay there is a mighty Talk of one honeſt Girl brought up at her Father's Farm in the Country; that's for want of Temptation; let her come to [i] Gabii, and ſee if ſhe lives there with the ſame Innocence; try her at [k] Fidenæ, and if ſhe preſerves her Virtue, I will allow that poſſibly there may be ſuch a thing as an honeſt Laſs in the Country, under her Father's Care. But who can ſay, that no Love-tricks were ever play'd upon the Top of a Hill, or in the Hollow of a Cave? Are Jupiter and Mars grown ſo old? Can a Woman, worthy of your Wiſh, be ſhewn you in any of our publick Walks? Can

[g] The Comedian Latinus play'd upon the Stage the Gallant to an Adultereſs, who, upon the unexpected Return of her Huſband, locked him up in a Cheſt; a Part, it ſeems, that had been really acted by Urſidius, in his younger Days.

[h] Upon Wedding Days the common People crowned their Doors and Door-poſts with Ivy; but Perſons of Fortune made uſe of Laurel, and built Scaffolds in the Streets, for the Spectators to ſee the Nuptial Solemnity.

[i] A Town of the Volſcians, about ten Miles from Rome.

[k] A City of Italy.

Digna tuo? cuneis an habent ſpectacula totis
Quod ſecurus ames, quodque inde excerpere poſſis?
Chironomon Ledam molli ſaltante Batyllo,
Tuccia veſicæ non imperat: Appula gannit
Sicut in amplexu: ſubitum & miſerabile longum
Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc ruſtica diſcit.
Aſt aliæ, quoties aulæa recondita ceſſant,
Et vacuo clauſoque ſonant ſora ſola theatro,
Atque a plebeiis longè Megaleſia; triſtes
Perſonam, thyrſumve tenent, & ſubligar Acci.
Urbicus exodio riſum movet Attellanæ
Geſtibus Autonoës; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula. Sunt, quæ
Chryſogonum cantare vetent. Hiſpulla tragœdo

Gaudet

Can the Boxes, Pit or Gallery, afford one that you may place your Love upon with Safety? or make a Choice of? ~~That Country Creature~~ Tuccia could not contain herſelf, when ſoft Batyllus charm'd her by the Motion of his Hands, as he was dancing the [l] Leda; Appula was all Ecſtacy; and Thymele attends patiently to every Action, the quick, the languiſhing Air; Thymele, Country as ſhe is, practiſes till ſhe becomes Miſtreſs of the Trade.

There are other Ladies, who as often as the Playhouſe Scenes are lock'd up, when there is no Noiſe but at the Bar, the Theatres being empty and ſhut, and in the long Vacation between the [m] Plebeian and Megaleſian Games, theſe Ladies are ſo melancholy and impatient, that they divert themſelves with the Dreſs of the Actors, by handling the Maſk, the [n] Thyrſus, and Saſh of Accius the Player. Urbicus, the noted Buffoon, makes them merry with a ridiculous [o] Atellan Interlude, wantonly acted in Imitation of [p] Autonoe: For this, Ælia, poor as ſhe is, doats upon him; the Stroller letts himſelf out to the beſt Bidder. Chryſogonus the fine Singer is ſo admired by the Ladies, that they have cracked his Voice. Hiſpulla doats upon a Tragedian; for you don't

[l] The Daughter of Theſtius, embraced by Jupiter in the Shape of a Swan: This Action, it ſeems, was imitated in a Dance by Batyllus the Pantomime, whoſe laſcivious Poſtures were wonderfully pleaſing to the Country Ladies, Tuccia, Appula, and Thymele.

[m] The Megaleſia were Games dedicated to the Honour of Cybele, Mother of the Gods. The Plebeian Games were inſtituted, either in Remembrance of the People's Liberty, after the Expulſion of their Kings, or for the Reconciliation of the People, after their Receſſion to Mount Aventine. The firſt of theſe were exhibited in April, the other in November.

[n] The Thyrſus was a Spear twiſted about with Ivy, proper to Bacchus; in every Theatre (formed like a Half-moon) at the two Horns or Ends of it, there were Altars, one conſecrated to Bacchus, the other to that God to whom the Shews were dedicated.

[o] Theſe ſort of Interludes were ſo called from Atella, a City of the Oſci, where they were firſt uſed.

[p] Autonoe was the Daughter of Cadmus, and Mother of Actæon, who [illegible] turned into a Stag, and torn to Pieces by his Hounds. There was a ſort of a Play made upon this Subject.

Gaudet: an expectas, ut Quintilianus amctur?
Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharœdus Echion
Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.
Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos:
Ornentur postes, & grandi janua lauro,
Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
Nupta senatori comitata est Hippia Ludium
Ad Pharon & Nilum, famosaque mœnia Lagi,
Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Canopo.
Immemor illa domûs, & conjugis, atque sororis,
Nil patriæ indulsit; plorantesque improba gnatos,
Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumâque paternâ,
Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
Contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus, latèque sonantem
Pertulit Ionium, constanti pectore, quamvis
Mutandum toties esset mare. Justa pericli

don't suppose such a one as she should be captivated with the Gravity of a [q] Quintilian. Still thou must have a Wife! So Echion the Harper, or Glaphyrus the Fidler, or Ambrosius the Piper, may make thee a Father. Come, get every thing ready, let us erect a Stage in a narrow Alley, to celebrate the Wedding; let your Gates be adorned, and your Doors, with Laurel Boughs, that so, my Lentulus, the noble Heir of your wealthy Family, in his Bed of State, may be distinguished by his Face to be the Son of Euryalus the Sword-player.

Hippia, married to a Senator, ran away with (Sergius) the Gladiator, to the Island [r] Pharos and the Nile, and to the famous City of Alexandria, where Lagus the Father of Ptolemy reigned, the lewd City of Canopus condemning such a Prodigy of Lasciviousness, and the Manners of our debauched City. She, unmindful of her Family, her Husband and Sister, had no Respect for her native Country, but, wicked as she was, abandoned her Children crying after her; and, what will more surprize you, she left the Pleasure of the Circensian Games, and [s] Paris her favourite Actor. And tho', when a Child, she had slept in her Cradle under an embroider'd Quilt, had been brought up in the greatest Affluence, and lain upon a Bed of Down in her Father's House, she despised the Dangers of the Ocean; her Reputation indeed she made light of long ago, a Loss among our fine Ladies of the least Concern. Hippia therefore bravely bore the Tossings of the Tyrrhene Waves, and the Ionian roaring at a great Distance, nothing shock'd tho' she was to sail over so many different Seas. Had these sort of Women had an honest and just Reason for venturing such Hazards, they would have

[q] A grave Rhetorician, born at Calaguris in Spain; he taught Rhetorick at Rome, and was Tutor to Juvenal.

[r] A small Island at the Mouth of the Nile, wherein was a Tower with Lights, to guide Ships in the Night.

[s] A handsome young Actor, a Favourite to the Emperor Domitian, and to his Empress.

Si ratio eſt, & honeſta, timent; pavidoque gelantur
Pectore, nec tremulis poſſunt inſiſtere plantis:
Fortem animum præſtant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
Si jubeat conjux, durum eſt conſcendere navim;
Tunc ſentina gravis; tunc ſummus vertitur aër.
Quæ mœchum ſequitur, ſtomacho valet: illa maritum
Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, et errat
Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
Quâ tamen exarſit formâ? quâ capta juventâ
Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
Suſtinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
Cœperat, & ſecto requiem ſperare lacerto.
Præterea multa in facie deformia; ſicut
Attritus galeâ, mediiſque in naribus ingens
Gibbus, & acre malum ſemper ſtillantis ocelli.
Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa ſorori,
Atque viro: ferrum eſt, quod amant: hic Sergius idem
Acceptâ rude cœpiſſet Veiento videri.
Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia curas?
Reſpice rivales Divorum: Claudius audi

Quæ

have been frightened out of their Wits; their Blood runs cold at their Heart, and they tremble ſo, that they are not able to ſtand upon their Feet: But they ſhew an undaunted Spirit when their leud Pleaſures are in purſuit. If the Huſband of this Lady had commanded her to go to Sea; Oh, ſhe would cry, 'tis hard for a Woman to craul up the Ship-ſide, the Stink of the Pump is intolerable, I'm giddy, the Sky turns round: To follow her Gallant, her Stomach bears every thing, with her Huſband, ſhe is ſea-ſick, and ſpues in his Boſom: now ſhe can dine among the Ship's Crew, walk upon the Deck, and takes Delight to pull at a hard Rope's End. But with what Charms was Hippia ſo enflamed, with what young Lover was ſhe captivated? What could ſhe ſee in him worth undergoing the Scandal of being called a Gladiator's Trull? For her dear Sergy had begun to ſhave under the Chin, like an old Fellow, and hopes for a Diſcharge from fighting, on account of the Cuts he has received on his Arm. Beſides, he had many things diſagreeable in his Face, his Forehead gaul'd by his Helmet, a great Wen on the middle of his Noſe, and a ſharp Rheum always dropping from his Eyes. But he was a Gladiator! This makes him as beautiful as t Hyacinthus was in the Eyes of Apollo. This Character ſhe prefers to her Children, to her Country, to her Siſter, and to her Huſband. 'Tis the Sword they love; but let this very Sergius once receive the u Cudgel as a Token of his Diſmiſſion, he will appear in the Eyes of Hippia as inſignificant as her old Huſband Veiento.

Why are you concerned at the Vices of a private Family, at what Hippia has done? See now the Rivals of the Gods, our noble Emperors; hear what Infamy

t The Son of Amyclas, and beloved by Apollo, by whom, after his Death, he was turned into a purple Flower, called a Hyacinth.

u A Cudgel given to Gladiators, or Sword-players, in token of a Diſcharge and Releaſe from that Exerciſe.

x Hippia & her Gladiator

Quæ tulerit: dormire virum cùm ſenſerat uxor,
(Auſa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Auguſta cucullos)
Linquebat, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ;
Et nigrum flavo crinem abſcondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
Et cellam vacuam, atque ſuam: tunc nuda papillis
Conſtitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciſcæ,
Oſtenditque tuum, generoſe Britannice, ventrem.
Excepit blanda intrantes, atque ære poposcit:
Mox lenone ſuos jam dimittente puellas,
Triſtis abit; ſed, quod potuit, tamèn ultima cellam
Clauſit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ,
Et laſſata viris, nondum ſatiata receſſit:
Obſcuriſque genis turpis, fumoque lacernæ
Fœda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.
Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, cocctumque venenum,
Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio ſexûs, minimâmque libidine peccant.
Optima ſed quare Ceſennia teſte marito?
Bis quingenta dedit, tanti vocat ille pudicam:
Nec Veneris pharetris macer eſt; aut lampade ſervat:

Jude

famy x Claudius has suffered; the Wife, when she
erceived the good Man asleep, slipt from him (for
e Imperial Whore impudently preferred an old Mat
a Bed of State, and went hooded out of a Night)
e of her chaste Maids of Honour only attending
r, and with a yellow Veil to hide her black Hair,
e entered the Stews, warm with the old Patchwork
uilt, and goes into the empty Cell which she had
ed; there she stood with her Breasts naked, adorn-
with Jewels, falsly calling herself by the Name of
e admired Curtesan y Lycisca: and, most noble
ittanicus, the Mother that gave thee Life, be-
mes a common Prostitute in a Bawdy-house. She
ndly received the Cullies that came, and demand-
their Money. But now the old Procurer is sending
me his Wenches; the Empress turns out with a sad
eart, staid to the utmost, and the very last locks up
r Cell, still burning with the Rage of Lust, and
parted tired with Men, but not satisfied; dirty by
e Sweat of the Faces of her Gallants, and foul with
e Smoke of the z Lamp, she brought home to Cæ-
's Bed the Steam of a Brothel.

Shall I speak of their Love Potions, or their
harms, or their poisonous Draughts made up by
t, and given to a Son-in-law that stands in the
y? Women act the greatest Villanies when urged
by the haughty Empire of their Sex; they do least
ischief by gratifying their Lust.

But why is Celennia praised as the best of Wives,
by her Husband? Well she may, she brought
Thousands, her Fortune makes her chaste; the
an never pined away by the Shaft, or burned with
the

x Messalina, the Wife of the Emperor Claudius, took the Oppor-
ty, when her Husband was asleep, to go to the common Stews,
a Prostitute.

y The most famous Curtesan of those times, whose Name was
ted over the Chamber-door where Messalina entertained her
mers.

z In the Stews they had Lamps hanged up, on the back Part of
h was expressed, hieroglyphically, to whom they were dedicated.

† Messalina - The Imperial Whore
like Catherine of Russia -

Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.
Libertas emitur: coram licèt innuat, atque
Rescribat, vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.
Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.
Tres rugæ subeant, & se cutis arida laxet,
Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores;
Collige sarcinulas, licet libertus, & exi;
Jam grævis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris; exi
Ocyùs, & propera; sicco venit altera naso.
Interea calet, & regnat, poscitque maritum
Pastores, & ovem Canusinam, ulmosque Falernas.
Quantulum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,
Quodque domi non est, & habet vicinus, ematur.
Mense quidem brumæ, cùm jam mercator Iäson
Clausus, & armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
Grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursùs
Murrhina, deinde adamas notissimus, & Berenices
In digito factus pretiosior: hunc dedit olim
Barbarus incestæ; dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,
Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,

the Flame of Love; he took fire at the Portion, the Dowry ſhot the Darts. Such a Wife purchaſes the Liberty of having her Will, tho' ſhe tips the Wink or writes a Letter to her Gallant, before the good Man's Face. A rich Woman married to a covetous Huſband has the ſame Privileges as a Widow.

Why is Sertorius ſo paſſionately fond of his Wife Bibula? If you examine the Truth, the Face not the Wife is agreeable. Let but three Wrinkles come over her Forehead, and her Skin grow dry and flimſy, let her Teeth turn black, and her Eyes ſink in her Head, and you ſhall hear the Freedman crying, 'Pack up your Trumpery, and be gone, you're a 'Burden to the Family, your Noſe is always run-'ning; be gone quickly, I ſay, make haſte, there's 'another in your Place with a dry Noſe.' Till then ſhe's all Fire, a perfect Tyrant, inſiſts that her Huſband ſhall ſupply her with Shepherds, with [a] Canuſian Sheep, and Falernian Wine; theſe are Trifles, ſhe muſt be furniſhed with the fineſt Boys, with whole Workhouſes of Slaves, and whatſoever ſhe has not, and her Neighbour has, muſt be purchaſed. In the coldeſt Month of Winter, when Jaſon the Merchant dares not ſtir out, and the Snow upon the Houſes diſcourages the Mariners ready to go to Sea, her Huſband muſt venture the moſt dangerous Voyages to fetch her large Veſſels of Chryſtal, and the faireſt Bowls of Myrrh, beſides the famous Diamond which improved in Luſtre by being on [b] Berenice's Finger: This Jewel the Barbarian Agrippa formerly made a Preſent of, he gave it to his inceſtuous Siſter, in that Country where Kings celebrate their Feſtival Sabbaths

[a] Canuſium, a Town of Apulia, upon the River Auſidus; it afforded the beſt Sheep, and the fineſt Wool in Italy, which Nature had dyed with a Tincture of red.

[b] The Berenice intended by our Author, was the Daughter of Agrippa, the firſt of that Name, King of Judea: She was a Woman of infamous Lewdneſs, and ſuſpected of Inceſt with Agrippa her Brother: She was beloved by Titus, and was in a fair way of becoming a Roman Empreſs.

Et vetus indulget ſenibus clementia porcis.
Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
Sit formoſa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetuſtis
Porticibus diſponat aves, intactior omni
Crinibus effuſis bellum dirimente Sabinâ:
Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cygno.
Quis feret uxorem, cui conſtat omnia? malo
Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem
In caſtris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra.
Parce, precor, Pæan; & tu, Dea, pone ſagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt, ipſam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: ſed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipſumque parentem,
Dum ſibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem ſcroſâ Niobe fœcundior allâ.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut ſe tibi ſemper

Rara avis in terris =
= pride & Women

Imputet

Sabbaths barefoot, and their old Kindneſs to Swine ſuffers them to eſcape the Knife, and to die with Age.

What? will no one of the whole Herd of Ladies I have mentioned, make you a fit Wife? Suppoſe her handſome, virtuous, rich, fruitful, and diſplays in her Hall all the Images of her Anceſtors; let her be more chaſte than all the Sabine Women, who with their Hair flowing about, put an End to the War between their Huſbands and their Fathers (a Miracle indeed, and as rare to be met with as a black Swan) who can bear a Woman with all theſe Accompliſhments? I would rather chooſe a Country Laſs of Venuſium, than you, [c] Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi, if with all your great Virtues, you bring with you an inſufferable Pride, and as part of your Fortune, reckon up the Triumphs of your Anceſtors; prithee take thy Hanibal, and thy Syphax, routed as he was, with his Camp burnt, and be gone with all thy Carthaginian Pageanty along with thee.

[d] Amphion cries, Spare, Apollo, I beſeech you, and you, Diana, lay down your Arrows, my Children have done nothing; kill the Mother only: but Apollo draws his Bow, and ſlew the whole Family of Children, and the Father himſelf. The Pride of Niobe his Wife procured this Calamity; for ſhe pretended more Honour than the Race of Latona, and to be more fruitful than the White Sow, found by Æneas near Lavinium.

What Modeſty? what Beauty is of that Value for which ſhe muſt domineer over you all the Days of her

[c] The Mother of thoſe two mutinous Tribunes, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus, Daughter to Scipio Africanus, who conquer'd Hannibal, and Syphax King of Numidia, and ſubjected Carthage to the Power of Rome.

[d] The Son of Jupiter, by Antiope: He married Niobe, the Daughter of Tantalus. She had by him fourteen Sons, and ſeven Daughters; and, being proud of her Fruitfulneſs, ſhe ſcorned the Theban Matrons, for ſacrificing to Latona, that had but two Children: But thoſe two, Apollo and Diana, ſenſible of this Affront to their Mother, ſlew to death all the Children in one Day, and ſparing Amphion. Niobe was afterwards turned into a Marble Statue.

Imputet? hujus enim rari, ſummique voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta ſuperbo
Plus aloës, quàm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem
Uſque adeò eſt, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat? Inque diem ſeptenis oderit horis?
Quædam parva quidem; ſed non toleranda maritis.
Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd ſe non putat ulla
Formoſam, niſi quæ de Thuſcâ Græcula facta eſt?
De Sulmonenſi mera Cecropis? omnia Græcè;
Cùm ſit turpe minùs noſtris neſcire Latinè.
Hoc ſermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Græcè. Dones tamen iſta puellis:
Tunc etiam, quam ſextus & octogeſimus annus
Pulſat, adhuc Græcè? non eſt hic ſermo pudicus
In vetulâ, quoties luſcivum intervenit illud,
ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, *modò ſub lodice relictis*
Uteris in turbâ. Quod enim non excitat inguen
Vox blanda & nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen omnes
Subſidant pennæ: dicas hæc molliùs Æmo
Quanquam, & Carpophoro; facies tua computat annos.
Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
Cauſa; nec eſt quare cœnam & muſtacea perdas,
Labente officio, crudis donanda: nec illud,

Quod

her Life? A Man receives no Delight from such a rare Jewel of a Wife, her Pride spoils every thing agreeable in her, and mixes more Gall than Honey with all his Pleasure; where is the Man so very uxorious, who must not abhor such a Woman, whom he cries up for her Virtue, and daily hates for seven Hours in the twelve?

There are some Faults in a Wife of no great account, but are yet insupportable to a Husband; for what is more fulsome than for Women to think that no one can pretend to Beauty, unless she has renounced her native Language, and from a Tuscan prattles Greek? From a plain Sulmonite becomes a meer Athenian? Every thing must be lisped out in Greek; whereas 'tis a trifling sort of Ignorance with such, to know nothing of their Mother-tongue: In this Dialect they express their Fears, their Anger, their Joys, their Cares, and all the Secrets of their very Souls; what would you have more? they prostitute themselves in Greek. You may pardon these Fooleries in Girls; but for you, whose Pulse beats eighty-six, to be still mumbling of Greek? This way of speaking is impudent in an old Woman, when she is languishing with these wanton Words in her Mouth, MY LIFE, MY SOUL, they must be delivered in Greek. You publickly use Expressions that were just now whispered within the Curtain; for what Passion is not raised by a soft and tempting Word? It is a strong Provocative: see how you display all your Charms to invite, yet though you lisp your fond Words with a softer Air than Ænus or Carpophorus, the famous Players, you make no Impression, still your Age is written on your Forehead.

If you cannot love a Woman fairly contracted and married to you by Licence, there can be no Reason why you should marry at all; why you should throw away the Expence of a Wedding Supper, or of the Bride-Cake given to the Guests of a weak Stomach, when the Entertainment is over, nor why

Application of M 3 the Roman Ladies
for Speaking Greek

Quod primâ pro nocte datur; cùm lance beatâ
Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro,
Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Est animus: submitte caput cervice paratâ
Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
Ardeat ipsa licèt, tormentis gaudet amantis,
Et spoliis; igitur longè minùs utilis illi
Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendes
Hâc obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus
Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
Testandi cùm sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,
Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.
Pone crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus
Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi,
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.
O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.
Imperat ergo viro: sed mox hæc regna relinquit,
Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit: inde
Avolat, & spreti repetit vestigia lecti,
Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit
Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.
Sic crescit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti

Quinque

you ſhould loſe the Preſent offered to the Bride for the Favour of the firſt Night, the large Baſon full of ſhining Gold, with Domitian's Titles ſtamp'd upon every Piece.

But if you are ſo ſimply uxorious as to give yourſelf up wholly to the Service of a Wife, ſtoop your Head low, and your Neck willing to bear the Yoke, you'll never find a Woman that uſed her Lover with any Mercy; tho' ſhe loves you to Diſtraction, ſhe takes Delight in plaguing and plundering of you; and therefore an honeſt Man that would make a good Huſband, has the leaſt Temptation in the World to be married. You ſhall not dare to give any thing away without Madam's Conſent; you ſhall ſell nothing if ſhe oppoſes it; nothing muſt be bought if ſhe refuſes; ſhe will direct all your Paſſions; an old Friend muſt be ſhut out that uſed to be welcome at your Houſe from a Youth; and when Panders, Prize-fighters, and Gladiators have the Liberty of making their Wills as they pleaſe, your Wife will dictate your's, and name her Drudges your Rivals to enjoy your Eſtate. Crucify that Slave, cries ſhe; for what Offence, ſays the Huſband, has he deſerved this Puniſhment? What Evidence is there? Who accuſes him? Conſider, my Dear, you cannot take too long time to weigh things when a Man's Life is concerned. O Fool, replies ſhe, call you a Slave a Man? He has done nothing, perhaps, be it ſo; ſuch is my Pleaſure, ſo I command; and for a Reaſon, 'tis my Will to have it ſo. Thus ſhe plays the Tyrant; but ſhe ſoon gives up her Power here, changes her Family, and by often marrying wears out her Bridal Veils; this Huſband ſhe caſts off, and returns again to the Man ſhe ſcorn'd. She leaves the Gates juſt before adorned for her Wedding, and the Garlands yet green upon the Door. Thus the Number increaſes ſo in five Years, ſhe makes

Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna ſepulchri.

Deſperanda tibi ſalvâ concordia ſocru:

Illa decet ſpoliis nudi gaudere mariti:

Illa docet, miſſis a corruptore tabellis,

Nil rude, nil ſimplex reſcribere: decipit illa

Cuſtodes, aut ære domat: tunc corpore ſano

Advocat Archigenem, oneroſaque pallia jactat,

Abditus interea latet accerſitus adulter,

Impatienſque moræ ſilet, & præputia ducit.

Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honeſtos,

Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet? utile porrò

Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

Nulla ferè cauſa eſt, in quâ non fœmina litem

Moverit. accuſat Manilia, ſi rea non eſt.

Componunt ipſæ per ſe, formantque libellos,

Principium atque locos Celſo dictare paratæ.

Andromidas Tyrias, & fœmineum cerama

Quis neſcit? vel quis non vidit vulnera gali?

Quem

up e eight Husbands; a fine Character to be inscribed upon her Tomb-stone!

You must despair of having Peace at home, so long as your Wife's Mother lives; for she teaches her Daughter to triumph in the Plunder of her stript Husband; she teaches her to write back no ill-bred or simple Answer to the Letters sent her by her Gallant. She deceives the Spies set upon her, or bribes them with Money; and when the Wife is in perfect Health, the old Bawd, for a Blind, sends for Archigenes the Physician, and takes off some of the heavy Bed-clothes, as if the Patient was unable to bear them; the Adulterer, in the mean time, ready at Command, lies concealed in the Closet, and impatient of Delay, holds his Breath for fear of being discovered, and prepares for the vile Attempt. No wonder; for can you expect that a Mother should infuse virtuous Principles, or different from her own? Besides, it is a profitable Article to an old Procuress, to bring up her Daughter to the same Trade.

There is scarce a Trial at Bar, but a Woman is some way engaged in it; Manilia, if she be not Defendant, is sure to be Plaintiff: they form the Process, and draw up Pleas upon their own Judgment, and are so forward as to prescribe to Celsus the eminent Council, how he is to open a Cause, and when to reply.

Who is unacquainted with the f purple Rug, and the Gladiators Oil used now by the Ladies? Who sees not the Holes they make by pushing at a g Post, as

e The Poet does not mention this Number by Chance, that being the utmost Extent of Divorces allowed by the Roman Law; beyond that was accounted Adultery.

f Women had the Impudence to fight Prizes, and anoint themselves with Oil, like common Fencers; like them, they wore Rugs after their Exercise, for fear of catching Cold; but, to shew their Pride, they were of Purple.

g This was the Exercise of the Palaria used by the Soldiers in their Camp, but now practised by impudent Women: A Stake was fixed in the Ground about six Feet high, at which they went through all the Points of the Fencers Art, as with an Enemy, by way of Preparation to a true Fight.

Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque lacessit,
Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsùs
Florali matrona tubâ; nisi si quid in illo
Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.
Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à sexu, & vires amat? hæc tamen ipsa
Vir nollet fieri: nam quantula nostra voluptas?
Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,
Baltæus, & manicæ, & cristæ, cruriſque sinistri
Dimidium tegmen: vel si diversa movebit
Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.
Hæ sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.
Aspice, quæ fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,
Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere: quanta
Poplitibus sedeat; quàm denso fascia libro;
Et vide, scaphium positis cùm sumitur armis.
Dicite vos neptes Lépidi, cæcive Metelli,
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam
Hos habitus? quando ad palam gemat uxor Asylli?
Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimùm dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,
Cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,

Curious Lectures
always prevail in the marriage bed

as they practiſe, which they continually bore with their wooden Swords? and defy with their Shield as if it were a living Enemy? how they go through all their Exercites? worthy for their Impudence to be ſummoned to celebrate the wanton Feſtival of the Goddeſs h Flora, unleſs they have ſome farther Deſign, and exercile in order to fight a Prize publickly upon the Stage. What Modeſty can that Woman pretend to, that puts on a Helmet, and puts off the Tenderneſs of her own Sex? But ſhe loves to look manly, and yet would by no Means be a Man; for alas! have not they much the Advantage of us? What an Honour to a Family would it be, to have your Wife's Accoutrements put up to Auction, her Belt, her Gauntlets, her Plume of Feathers, and her Half-Boot upon her left Leg? Or, if ſhe chuſes to engage with other Weapons, happy muſt the Huſband be to ſee her fighting Buſkins ſet to ſale; yet theſe are the Ladies who at other times ſweat under the thinneſt Sarcenet, and are almoſt ſtifled under the Weight of the fineſt Silk. See with what Vigour ſhe cries HAH! at every Thruſt? how ſhe ſtaggers under the great Weight of her Helmet? how firmly ſhe poiſes herſelf upon her Hams? how ſhe is tuckt up cloſe for the Exercile? and then ſmile, to ſee her after all lay down her Arms, and put on her Veil like a Woman. Tell me, ye Grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurges, what Gladiator's Trull in your Days aſſumed this Dreſs? when ſaw you the Wife even of Aſyllus the Sword-player puſhing at a Poſt?

The Bed wherein a married Woman lies, always promotes Contention and mutual Scolding; the leaſt Sleep is to be had there. Then is a Wife inſupportable to her Huſband, then is ſhe worſe than a Tigreſs robbed of her Whelps, when conſcious of her own ſecret Adultery, ſhe pretends to weep, and either quarrels

h The Floral Games were celebrated by Harlots with naked Impudence, who danced through the Streets to the Sound of a Trumpet.

Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat
Uberibus ſemper lachrymis, ſemperque paratis
In ſtatione tuâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo: tu credis amorem;
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis
Exorbes; quæ ſcripta, & quas lectare tabellas,
Si tibi zelotipæ retigantur ſcrinia mœchæ!
Sed jacet in ſervi complexibus, aut equitis: dic,
Dic aliquem, ſodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
Hæremus: dic ipſa: olim convenerat, inquit,
Ut faceres tu quod velles; necnon ego poſſem
Indulgere mihi: clames licèt, & mare cælo
Confundas, homo ſum. Nihil eſt audacius illis
Deprênſis: iram atque animos à crimine ſumunt.
Unde hæc monſtra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
Præſtabat caſtas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva ſinebat
Tecta labor, ſomnique breves, & vellere Thuſco
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Hannibal, & ſtantes Collinâ in turre mariti.
Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: ſævior armis

Luxuria

quarrels with the Servants as privy to their Master's Intrigues, or charges him falsely with keeping a Whore, her Tears being always abundant, always ready to expect the Word of Command, in what manner to flow out. Thou, poor[i] Hedge-Sparrow, believeſt this to be Love; thou flattereſt thyſelf with this Fancy, and kiſſeſt off her Tears with thy Lips; but wert thou to ſearch into the Cabinet of this jealous Strumpet, what Letters, what Love-Epiſtles would'ſt thou read!

But ſuppoſe ſhe be actually caught in the Embraces of your Slave, or her Gallant; tell me, thou great Orator Quintilian, tell, I beg you, any Colour for an Excuſe. The Council is at a Loſs; tell me, Madam, yourſelf: Why, cries ſhe, you know when we were married, it was agreed that you might do what you would, I likewiſe was to pleaſe myſelf; now bawl your Heart out, and turn the World topſy-turvy, Homo is a Name common to both. In ſhort, there is nothing more audacious than Women ſurprized in the Fact, they aſſume an Air of Inſolence and Courage from their very Guilt.

Do you aſk now from whence proceed theſe monſtrous Crimes, from what Fountain do they ſpring? A mean Fortune heretofore preſerved the Chaſtity of the Roman Women, nor would hard Labour, and a ſhort Allowance of Sleep, ſuffer their low Cottages to be corrupted with Vice. Their Hands were tired and hardened with ſpinning of Thuſcan Wool; beſides, [k] Hannibal was hovering about the City, and their Huſbands were forced to keep Guard in the Colline Gate. But now we ſuffer the Calamities of a long Peace; Luxury, more terrible than the Arms of

[i] The poor Fellow that was made a Cuckold, our Author calls Curruca, or Hedge-Sparrow, doubtleſs becauſe that Bird feeds the young Cuckoos that are laid in its Neſt.

[k] A great Carthaginian General, who, after he had given the Roman a terrible Rout at Canna, march'd within three Miles of Rome, which obliged the Citizens to keep conſtant Guard.

Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perit: hinc fluxit ad istos
Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, atque Miletos,
Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores
Intulit, & turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu
Divitiæ molles. Quid enim Venus ebria curat?
Inguinis & capitis quæ sint discrimina, nescit;
Grandia quæ mediis jam noctibus ostrea mordet,
Cùm perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno,
Cùm bibitur conchâ, cùm jam vertigine tectum
Ambulat, & geminis exurgit mensa lucernis.
I nunc, & dubita quâ sorbeat aëra sannâ
Tullia; quid dicat notæ Collacia Mauræ;
Maura pudicitiæ veterem cùm præterit aram.
Noctibus hîc ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hîc;
Effigiemque Deæ longis siphonibus implent;
Inque vices equitant, ac lunâ teste moventur:
Inde domos abeunt. Tu calcas, luce reversâ,
Conjugis urinam, magnos visurus amicos.
Nota Bonæ secreta Deæ, cùm tibia lumbos
Incitat, & cornu pariter, vinoque feruntur
Attonitæ, crinemque rotant, ululantque Priapi
Mænades: ô quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
Concubitûs! quæ vox saltante libidine! quantus
Ille meri veteris per curva madentia torrens!

Lenonum

of our Enemies, consumes us, and takes ample Revenge for our Triumphs over the conquer'd World. No Villainy, no Attempt of Lust is a Stranger to us, since the Roman Poverty decayed; from that time have broke in upon us the Vices of the City k Sybaris, of the Islands of Rhodes and Miletus, and of the saucy and drunken Tarentines with Garlands upon their Heads. Filthy Money first introduced foreign Customs: effeminate Riches have enervated the Virtue of the times by shameful Luxury; for what does a drunken Woman care for? She knows no difference between Top or Bottom; one, I mean, who eats large Oysters at Midnight, who indulges herself with Ointments, that mixed with Falernan Wine ferment again, who drinks out of large Bowls, when the Room seems to turn round, the Table to rise, and the Candles to shew double.

Now go, and doubt if you can, with what Lust Tullia the Strumpet tosses up her Nose, what a filthy Dialogue passes between the impudent: Collacia and her Confidant Maura; Maura, I say, as she goes by the old Altar of Chastity. Here the Chairs wait of a Night, here they stain and pollute the Image of the Goddess by turns, the Moon all the while looking upon them. From thence they go home; thou, on the morrow, in the way to the Levee of thy great Friends, treadest upon the Spot where thy Wife so shamefully exposed herself.

The secret Rites of the Good Goddess are now made publick, when these Votaries of Priapus, provoked by the Musick of the Pipe and Horn, and raised by the Vapours of Wine, like distracted Women, toss about their Hair, and make a strange Howling. How their Desires are inflamed! how agitated? what Cries, what Postures? what a Torrent

k A City of Calabria: The Inhabitants were so addicted to Pleasure and Effeminacy, that their Luxury became proverbial. The People of Tarentum, (a City in the same Country) of the Islands of Rhodes and Melos, were equally famous for Lewdness and Debauchery.

Lenonum ancillas positâ Lausella coronâ
Provocat, & tollit pendentis præmia cexæ:
Ipsa Medullinæ frictum crissantis adorat.
Palmam inter dominas virtus natalibus æquat.
Nil tibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient
Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, & Nestoris hernia possit.
Tunc prurigo moræ impatiens: tunc fœmina simplex;
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro:
Jam sas est, admitte viros: jam dormit adultere?
Illa jubet sumpto juvenem properare cucullo:
Si nihil est; servis incurritur: absfuleris spem
Servorum, veniet conductus aquarius: hic si
Quæritur, & desunt homines; mora nulla per ipsam,
Quo minùs imposito clunem submittat asello.
Atque utinam ritus veteres, & publica saltem
His intacta malis agerentur sacra: sed omnes
Noverunt Mauri, atque Indi, quæ Psaltria penem
Majorem, quàm sint duo Cæsaris Anticatones,
Illuc, testiculi sibi conscius undè fugit mus,
Intulerit; ubi velari pictura jubetur,
Quæcunque alterius sexûs imitata figuram est.
Et quis tunc hominum contemptor Numinis; aut quis
Symplegmata ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum,
Et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas

Ausu

rent of Filthineſs flows all about them? The leud Laufella propoſes a Prize among the moſt infamous Strumpets, and in the impure Contention obtains the Victory; but ſhe is all in rapture when Medullina act her Part, the more vile, the greater Honour they obtain. Nothing is diſſembled in their Sports, every thing is acted to the life, enough to fire [l] Priam frozen with Age, and [m] Neſtor burſten as he was. Then they are out of all Patience; they ſhew all the Woman undiſguiſed; a general Cry is heard through all the Place. Now is the time, let in the Men; does the Adulterer ſleep ſtill? Then, with her Veil on, ſhe orders the next young Fellow to be brought in; if he is not to be bound, ſhe calls eagerly for the Slaves; if there be no hopes of them, a Waterman muſt be hired and introduced; if, at laſt, no Men are to be had, ſhe is impatient of Delay, and ſubmits to proſtitute herſelf to an Aſs, below her kind.

And I could wiſh that the ancient Rites and the publick Ceremonies of Religion were performed free from theſe Obſcenities; but the remoteſt Nations, all the Moors and Indians know how Clodius, in the Habit of a ſinging Wench, brought with him a larger ſtock of Impudence, than the Compaſs of the two Books writ by Julius Cæſar, called [n] Anti-Cato's, rolled together; and to thoſe Solemnities which a Mouſe, knowing himſelf to be of the Male kind, avoids; where a Picture that repreſents a Man, is order'd to have a Curtain before it. But who was the Man even then that preſumed to deſpiſe the Gods, or to laugh at the Earthen Chalice of Numa, uſed in Sacrifices, or the black earthern Bowl, or the brittle Ware made with the Clay of the Vatican Hill? but now

[l] The laſt King of Troy; he lived to a great Age, and was ſlain by Pyrrhus.

[m] King of Pylos; he is ſaid to have lived three Ages.

[n] Cæſar, to reflect upon the Memory of Cato Major that was dead, wrote two Books, which he called Anti-Cato's; and when they were rolled up in the Form of a Cylinder, as all Books then were, they made a conſiderable Bulk.

Auſus erat? ſed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras?
Audio, quid veteres olim moneatis amici:
Pone ſeram, cohibe. Sed quis cuſtodiet ipſos
Cuſtodes? cauta eſt, & ab illis incipit uxor.
Jamque eadem ſumnis paritèr, minimiſque libido;
Nec melior, ſilicem pedibus quæ conterit atrum,
Quàm quæ longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.
Ut ſpectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia veſtem,
Conducit comites, ſellam, cervical, amicas,
Nutricem, & flavam, cui det mandata, puellam.
Hæc tamen, argenti ſupereſt, quodcunque paterni,
Lævibus athletis, ac veſa nuviſſima donat.
Multis res anguſta domi eſt: ſed nulla puderem
Paupertatis habet; nec ſe metitur ad illum,
Quem dedit hæc, poſuitque modum. tamen utile quid ſit,
Proſpiciunt aliquando viri; frigusque, famemque,
Formicâ tandem quidem expavêre magiſtrâ.
Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem fœmina cenſum.
At velut exhauſtâ redivivus fullulat arcâ
Nummus, & è plena ſemper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti ſibi gaudia conſtent.
Sunt quas eunuchi impellas, ac mollia ſemper
Oſcula delectent, & deſperatio barbæ,
Et quòd abortivo non eſt opus. illa voluptas
Summa tamen, quòd jam calidâ matura juventâ
Inguina traduntur medicis, jam fœtine nigro.
Ergo expectatos, ac juſſos creſcere primùm
Teſticulos, poſtquam cæperunt eſſe bilibres,
Tonſoris damno tantam rapit Heliodorus.

Conſticus

now do we not see a Clodius shewing his Impieties at every Altar?

I hear you old Friends, what Advice you design to give me: Lock her up, you'll cry, seal up the Door; but who shall guard her very Keepers? She is subtle; the Wife first begins to tamper with these. The same Passions work in all Women from the highest to the lowest; nor is she more virtuous that goes barefoot upon the hard Flint Stones, than the nice Dame carried in her Chair upon the Shoulders of a Couple of tall Syrians.

That she might see the Plays, poor Ogulnia hires her very Clothes, her Waiting-women, her Chair, her Cushion to lean upon, her Companions, her Nurse, and a pretty golden-lockt Girl for her Confidant; at length she bestows the little she has left of her Fortune, the very last Piece of her Plate, upon a Company of smooth-faced Wrestlers.

Many Women are straitned in their Fortune at home, but not one retains a Sense of her Poverty or lives within the Bounds that a mean Condition should prescribe to her; Men indeed sometimes consider what makes for their own Advantage, and some, by the Example of the Ant, are at long-run made to fear the Severity of Cold and Hunger: but an extravagant Woman never perceives her Circumstances decaying; and as if Money, like a Plant, would revive and bud again in an empty Chest, and she were always to take out of a full Heap, she never once reflects how expensive her Pleasures are.

Other Ladies there are that take delight in soft Eunuchs, and are always pleased with their tender Kisses; that they cannot be scrubbed by a hard Beard, or want Hylas to make them miscarry. The Height of their Pleasure is, that the Surgeon Heliodorus performs the Operation upon his Patient in the Bloom of Youth, when all his Parts are ripe and full-grown, all but his Beard, which is the Barber's Loss. This lusty Eunuch, remarkable at a distance,

Conſpicuus longè, cunctiſque notabilis intrat
Balnea, nec dubiè cuſtodem vitis & horti
Provocat, à dominâ factus ſpado: dormiat ille
Cum dominâ: ſed tu jam durum, Poſthume, jamque
Tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.
Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
Vocem vendentis Prætoribus; organa ſemper
In manibus: denſi radiant teſtudine totâ
Sardonyches: criſpo numerantur pectine chordæ,
Quo tener Hedymeles operam dedit: hunc tenet, hoc ſe
Solatur, gratoque indulget baſia plectro.
Quædam de numero Lamiarum, ac nominis alti,
Cum ſarre & vino Janum, Veſtamque rogabat:
An Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
Sperare, & fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus
Ægrotante viro? medicis quid triſtibus erga
Filiolum? ſtetit ante aram, nec turpe putavit
Pro citharâ velare caput; dictataque verba
Protulit, (ut mos eſt) & apertâ pallujt agnâ.
Dic mihi nunc, quæſo; dic, antiquiſſime Divûm;
Reſpondes his, Jane pater? magna otia cæli:
Non eſt, (ut video) non eſt, quid agatur apud vos.
Hæc de comœdis te conſulit: illa tragœdum

The Lord Janus -

Commendare

diſtance, and known to every one, ſtalks into the Bath, a ſtrong Provocative no doubt. The Fellow is made a Gelding by his Miſtreſs; let him by any Conſent ſleep with her for her Pains: but, Friend Poſthumus, don't you truſt your favourite Boy, plump as Bacchus, to come under the Hands of this libidinous Eunuch.

If a Woman delights in Singing, no hired Muſician at the Theatre can keep himſelf ſafe from her Attempts. Her Inſtrument is always in her Hands; precious Stones, thick-ſet, ſparkle all about the Lute; ſhe runs over all the Strings in their Order, with the trembling Quill, which the dear Hedymeles had made uſe of; the Quill ſhe preſſes in her Hands, with this ſhe comforts herſelf in his Abſence, and delights in fixing upon it her warmeſt Kiſſes.

A Lady of the Lamian Name, and of a noble Family, had the Impudence to apply to the Deities Janus and Veſta, with an Offering of Meal and Wine, in order to know whether Pollio the Harper might hope for the o Oaken Crown, the Muſick-prize given to the Conqueror in the Capitol, and promiſe Succeſs to his Inſtrument. What could ſhe do more ſo a ſick Huſband? What for an only Son given over by his Phyſicians? She ſtood before the Altar, nor did ſhe think it any Shame to veil her Head like a Suppliant, for a Harper; ſhe went through the Form of Prayer (as the Cuſtom is) and grew pale as the Lamb was opening by the Sooth-ſayer, leſt the Tokens ſhould prove unfortunate. Tell me now, I beſeech you, tell me, Father Janus, the moſt antient of the Gods, do you give an Anſwer to ſuch as theſe? Your Godſhips muſt have a deal of idle Time in Heaven, nor can you (as I ſee) have any Buſineſs, any at all among you, to take Notice of ſuch Votaries. This Lady conſults you about a Comedian, the other

o Domitian inſtituted Sports in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus, which were celebrated every fifth Year; and he that came off Victor was rewarded with an Oaken Crown.

Commendare volet; varicosus fiet haruspex.
Sed cantet potiùs, quàm totam pervolet urbem
Audax, & cœtus possit quàm ferre virorum;
Cumque paludatis ducibus, præsente marito,
Ipsa loqui rectâ facie, strictisque mamillis.
Hæc eadem novit, quid toto fiat in orbe:
Quid Seres, quid Thraces agant: secreta novercæ,
Et pueri: quis amet; quis decipiatur adulter.
Dicet, quis viduam prægnantem fecerit, & quo
Mense, quibus verbis concumbat quæque, modis quot.
Instantem regi Armenio, Parthoque Cometen
Prima videt: famam, rumoresque illa recentes
Excipit ad portas; quosdam facit: isse Niphatem
In populos, magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri
Diluvio: mutare urbes, subsidere terras,
Quocunque in trivio, cuicunque est obvia, narrat.
Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile, quàm quod
Vicinos humiles rapere, & concidere loris
Exorata solet: nam si latratibus alti
Rumpuntur somni; fustes huc ocyùs, inquit,
Asserte, atque illis dominum jubet antè feriri,
Deinde canem: gravis occursu, teterrima vultu,
Balnea nocte subit: conchas, & castra moveri
Nocte jubet; magno gaudet sudare tumultu:
Cùm lassata gravi cecidêrunt brachia massâ,

Callidus

other recommends a Tragedian to your Care; truly the Prieſt will be ſo tired with attending upon ſuch Cuſtomers, that his Legs muſt ſwell.

But let your Wife pleaſe herſelf with ſinging, rather than run all the Town over like a Proſtitute, and preſs herſelf into Mens Company without Diſtinctiou, rather than before her Huſband converſe with Officers in red Coats, with an impudent Face, and her Breaſts bare.

This Wife of yours knows what is doing all the World over; what the Scythians and Thracians are about; the Amour between the Stepmother and the Son; who intrigues with another Man's Wife; what Adulterer has been jilted. She can tell who got the Widow with Child, the very Month, how oft, and what ſhe ſaid. She firſt diſcovered the Comet that threatned Ruin to the Armenian and Parthian Kings; ſhe catches up News, and the freſheſt Stories, at the very Gates, ſome ſhe invents; at every Turning, and to every one ſhe meets, ſhe tells how the River [p]Niphates deſtroyed Numbers of People, and laid all the Country under Water; that Cities were ſhaken by Earthquakes, and Mountains tumbled down.

Yet this Itch of Goſſiping is more eaſily endured than the Cruelty ſhe uſes towards her poor Neighbours, whom ſhe orders to be ſeized and horſe-whip'd, tho' begging for Mercy; for if ſhe be diſturbed out of a ſound Sleep by the barking of a Dog, ſhe calls out to her Servants, "Haſte hither with "your Clubs;" ſhe commands them firſt to lay hard on the Cur's Maſter, and then upon the Cur. She is frightful to meet, and terrible to look at. She goes by Night into the Bath, orders her Veſſels and Baggage to follow her, and delights to ſweat in State among a Hurry of Attendants. When her Arms are tired by the Exerciſe of ſwinging the [q]Lead, and the

[p] A great River of Armenia the leſs, dreadful to the Inhabitants when it overflows.

[q] They that ſweat before they bathed, ſwung two leaden Balls, each Hand one, and then were anointed.

Callidis & cristæ digitos impressit aliptes,
Ac summum dominæ femur exclamare coëgit,
(Convivæ miseri interea somnoque sameque
Urgentur) tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum
O Enophorum sitiens, plenâ quòd tenditur urnâ
Admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,
Dum redit, & loto terram serit intestino.
Marmoribus rivi properant, aut lata Falernum
Pelvis olet: nam sic tanquam alta in dolia longus
Deciderit serpens, bibit, & vomit. ergo maritus
Nauseat, atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.
Illa tamen gravior, quæ cùm discumbere cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ;
Committit vates, & comparat; inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet; nec causidicus, nec præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis;
Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas, nemo æra fatiget,
Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ.
Imponit finem sapiens & rebus honestis.
Nam quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri,
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet.

Cæderi

the arch Bath-keeper, that anoints her, has play'd a Knave's Trick with his Fingers, and made her cry out, (her Guests in the mean time miserably starving for Hunger, or gaping for Sleep) she comes at length all flush'd, longing for a whole Flagon of Wine; a full Vessel is set ready at her Feet, of which she takes two Quarts before Supper. This she does for a Whet, to get her a sharp Appetite. Up it comes, the washing of her Stomach gushes upon the Floor; it runs like a River upon the Pavement, or else she vomits in a wide Bason, which smells strong of Falernian Wine. So a long Snake that slips into a deep Cask of Wine, drinks and spues. The Husband is sick at the Sight, and stifles his Resentment by turning his Eyes another way.

She is still more intolerable when she affects to play the Critick at Table, applauds the Genius of Virgil, and excuses poor Dido dying for Love. She quotes the Poets and compare them; Virgil she weighs in one Scale, and Homer in the other. The Grammarians are Fools to her, the Rhetoricians are struck dumb, the whole Company is mute, not even a Lawyer, a common Crier, not one of her Female Gossips, can put in a Syllable where she is; she comes down with such a Torrent of Words, that you would swear so many Basons or Bells were ringing. There is no Occasion for Tabors or Trumpets, she alone with her Noise is able to relieve the [r] labouring Moon. She reads you Lectures like a Philosopher, upon the End, and the Means, and the Summum Bonum. Such a Lady that pretends to more than ordinary Learning and Eloquence, ought to be distinguished as a Philosopher, by wearing a [s] Coat that comes

[r] When the Moon was eclipsed, the Romans superstitiously thought that she was under the Power of some Charms or Incantations, against which nothing would prevail, but the Sound of Brass, from Trumpets, Basons, Kettles, &c.

[s] The Dress of Philosophers was a Coat that came no lower than the Mid-leg. They used to offer a Hog to Sylvanus, the God of the Woods,

Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes:
Sed quædam ex libris, & non intelligat. odi
Hanc ego, quæ repetit, volvitque Palæmonis artem,
Servatâ semper lege & ratione loquendi,
Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
Nec curanda viris Opicæ castigat amicæ
Verba. Solœcismum liceat feciſſe marito.
Nil non permittit mulier sibi; turpe putat nil,
Cùm virides gemmas collo circumdedit, & cùm
Auribus extensis magnos commisit elenchos.
Intolerabilius nihil est quàm fœmina dives.
Interea fœda aspectu, ridendaque multo
Pane tumet facies, aut pinguia Poppæana
Spirat, & hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.
Ad mœchum veniet lotâ cute; quando videri
Vult formosa domi? mœchis foliata parantur;
His emitur, quicquid graciles huc mittitis, Indi.
Tandem aperit vultum, & tectoria prima reponit:

Incipit

comes no lower than the Middle-Leg; ſhe ought to ſacrifice a Hog to Sylvanus, and to pay the common Fee, a Farthing, at the Bath.

Let not the Wife of thy Boſom, that lies by thee, know any thing of the Art of Logick, how to come over you ſmartly with a ſhort † Enthymeme, or pretend to be perfect in Hiſtory. I'll allow her to have ſome Taſte of Books, but ſhe ſhould not underſtand too much; I hate a Woman that is always conning and turning over her Grammar-Rules like a Pedant, and placing her Words exactly in Mood and Tenſe, who is for ever plaguing me with her old-faſhioned Verſes that I know nothing of, and correcting her goſſiping Companions for ſpeaking a Word improperly, which a Man would take no Notice of; a Huſband ſurely may be allowed to break ‖ Priſcian's Head, without Danger to his own.

A Woman denies herſelf nothing, thinks nothing diſhonourable, when her Neck ſhines with a String of Emeralds, and her Ears are ſtretched with the Weight of the longeſt Pearls. Nothing can be more inſufferable than a Wife that brought you a Fortune. Obſerve how filthy her Face looks, how bloated and ridiculous it appears, daubed over with a thick Paſte, or ſmells ſtrong of § Poppæan Ointment. This is the Gleu-pot for her Huſband's Lips. To her Gallant ſhe comes with her Skin clean; when does ſhe take the Pains to look agreeable at home? She is perfumed with the Oil of Spikenard for the Careſſes of her Adulterers; for them ſhe purchaſes all the Sweets brought hither by the ſlender Indians; for them it is ſhe uncaſes her Face, and takes off the

Woods; at which Sacrifice a Woman was forbid to be preſent neither did that Sex pay any thing for bathing.

† An imperfect kind of Syllogiſm, wanting one Propoſition.

‖ A famous Grammarian. To ſpeak falſe Latin, is called breaking his Head.

§ Poppæa, the Wife of Nero: She invented a ſort of Pomatum, to preſerve her Beauty; and when ſhe was baniſhed from Rome, ſhe had fifty She-Aſſes along with her, for their Milk to waſh in.

Incipit agnoſci, atque illo lacte fovetur,
Propter quod ſecum comites educit aſellas,
Exul Hyperboreum ſi dimittatur ad axem.
Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur
Tot medicaminibus, coctæque ſigilinis offas
Accipit, & madidæ; facies dicetur, an ulcus?
Eſt operæ pretium penitus cognoſcere toto
Quid faciant, agitentque die. Si nocte maritus
Averſus jacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
Coſmetæ tunicas, tardè veniſſe Liburnus
Dicitur, & pœnas alieni pendere ſomni
Cogitur: hic frangit ſerulas, rubet ille flagello,
Hic ſcuticâ: ſunt quæ tortoribus annua præſtant.
Verberat, atque obiter faciem linit; audit amicas,
Aut latum pictæ veſtis conſiderat aurum;
Et cædens longi repetit tranſacta diurni.
Et cædit donec laſſis cædentibus, Exi,
Intonet horrendûm, jam cognitione peracta
Præfectura domûs Siculâ non mitior aulâ.
Nam ſi conſtituit, ſolitoque decentiùs optat
Ornari; & properat, jamque expectatur in hortis,
Aut apud Iſiacæ potiùs ſacraria lenæ;

Componit

Plaiſtering; ſhe begins to look like herſelf, and only ſmooths her Skin with a Waſh of Aſſes Milk. So that were ſhe baniſhed to the North Pole, ſhe would have a Train of theſe Creatures along with her. But a Complexion daubed and poulticed with ſo many different Coſmeticks, cruſted with ſo many Paſtes of white Bread and Milk; a Face would you call it, or a Sore?

It is worth while to take a Survey how our Ladies ſpend their Time all the Day long. If the Huſband chances to turn his Back upon her in the Night; the Houſe-keeper is undone, her Tire-women muſt ſhrip, the Footman is chaſtiſed for ſtaying of his Meſſage, and is forced to ſuffer for the Drowſineſs of his Maſter. One has a Bundle of Canes broke upon him, another bleeds with Whips, a third with Thongs. Some of our Women hire Beadles by the Year, to laſh their Servants. The Executioner lays on, ſhe unconcerned is daubing her Face, prattling with her Viſitors, examining the Gold Embroidery of her Gown, and aſking Queſtions (the Fellow ſtill laying on) about the long Accounts of the Day. In ſhort, ſhe has no Mercy till the Tormentors are quite tired; then ſhe cries out with a frightful Note, "Be gone, "you Raſcal, now you have made up your Ac- "counts." The Government of ſuch a Family is more cruelly exerciſed than the Tyranny of a [y] Sicilian Court.

But if ſhe makes an Aſſignation, and reſolves to be dreſſed neater than uſual, or is in a Hurry to meet her Gallant, who waits for her in Luculius's Gardens, or rather at that noted Place of Intrigue the Temple of [z] Iſis, poor Piccas with her Hair torn about

[y] In the Reign of Phalaris, or the Dionyſii.

[z] She was Daughter to the River Inachus, and one of Jove's Miſtreſſes, who, for fear of Juno, turn'd her into a Cow. She was afterwards reſtored to her Shape, married Oſiris, and after her Death was worſhipped as a Goddeſs by the Egyptians. Her Temple at Rome was a Place of Reſort for Wenches, Pimps, and Bawds.

Componit crinem laceratis ipſa capillis
Nuda humeros Pſecas infelix, nudiſque mamillis.
Altior hic quare cincinnus? taurea punit
Continuò flexi crimen, ſacinuſque capilli.
Quid Pſecas admiſit? quænam eſt hîc culpa puellæ
Si tibi diſplicuit naſus tuus? altera lævum
Extendit, pectitque comas, & volvit in orbem.
Eſt in conſilio matrona, admotaque lanis
Emeritâ quæ ceſſat acu: ſententia prima
Hujus erit; poſt hanc ætate, atque arte minores
Cenſebunt: tanquam famæ diſcrimen agatur,
Aut animæ: tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.
Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis:
Poſt minor eſt: aliam credas. cedo, ſi breve parvi
Sortita eſt lateris ſpatium, brevioreque videtur
Virgine Pygmeâ, nullis adjuta cothurnis,
Et levis erectâ conſurgit ad oſcula plantâ.
Nulla viri cura interea, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum: vivit tanquam vicina mariti:
Hoc ſolo propior, quòd amicos conjugis odit,
Et ſervos, gravis eſt rationibus. Ecce furentis
Bellonæ, matriſque Deûm chorus intrat, & ingens
Semivir, obſcœno ſacies reverenda minori,
Mollia qui ruptâ ſecuit genitalia teſtâ,
Jampridem cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt
Plebeia, & Phrygiâ veſtitur bucca tiarâ;
Grande ſonat, metuique jubet Septembris, & auſtri

Eunuchs

Adventum

bout her Ears, and ſtript to the Waiſt, is forced to ſet every Lock in its proper Place; "Huſſee, why "is this Curl higher than it ſhould be?" Preſently the Whip is laid on, to revenge the Diſorder of the leaſt Hair. But what has poor Pſecas done? How is the Girl in fault, if your Ladyſhip, looking in the Glaſs, does not like your own Noſe; Another opens and combs out the Locks on the Left-ſide, and turns them into Rings. Her old Nurſe (now put to ſpin, being paſt uſing the Criſping-pin) is called to Council, her Opinion is firſt aſked; the younger Maids, according to their Age and Experience, vote next. As if her Character, her very Life were at ſtake, ſo anxious is ſhe of appearing beautiful at ſuch a time. She builds up her Head with ſo many Rows and Stories of Curl, that to meet her, you'd think her as tall as a Andromache; behind ſhe ſinks into a Dwarf, you would not take her for the ſame Woman. Excuſe her, I beg, eſpecially if ſhe happens to be ſhort in the Waiſt, if ſhe ſeems leſs than a Maiden Pigmy, without the Advantage of high-heel'd Shoes, and is forced to ſpring up, on tip-toe for a Kiſs. No Concern for the poor Cuckold all this while, no Regard for the Ruin of his Eſtate; ſhe lives as if ſhe were no more than a Neighbour to him; in this only like a Wife, that ſhe hates all her Huſband's Friends and Servants, and is a grievous Burden to him by her Expences.

Lo, a Proceſſion of the Prieſts of Cybele and mad Bellona! A luſty Eunuch, Chief Pontiff, leads the Van, a reverend Gelding, not half-provided, who with a broken Shell had ſpoil'd the tender Tokens of his Manhood: To him the hoarſe Tribe of his inferior Clergy, beating their Timbrels, bow low; a Phrygian Turbant covers his Head tied under the Chin, Loudly he bawls, 'Beware September, and 'the fatal Blaſts of the South-wind, unleſs your Wife will

a The Wife of Hector, a Maſculine Lady, and very tall.

Adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis,
Et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi;
Ut quicquid subiti & magni discriminis instat,
In tunicas eat, & totum semel expiet annum.
Hybernum fractâ glacie descendet in amnem,
Ter matutino Tiberi mergetur, & ipsis
Vorticibus timidum caput abluet: indè Superbi
Totum regis agrum, nuda ac tremebunda cruentis
Erepet genibus. Si candida jusserit Io,
Ibit ad Ægypti finem, calidâque petitas
A Mercĕ portabat aquas, ut spargat in æde
Isidis, antiquo quæ proxima surgit ovili.
Credit enim ipsius dominæ se voce moneri.
En animam & mentem, cum quâ Di nocte loquantur!
Ergo hic præcipuum, summumque meretur honorem,
Qui grege linigero circumdatus, & grege calvo
Plangentis populi, currit derisor Anubis.
Ille petit veniam, quoties non abstinet uxor
Concubitu, sacris observandisque diebus;
Magnaque debetur violato pœna cadurco:

the Egyptian Priests
— Isis — 149
Herod

'will purify herſelf with a [b] Luſtration of a hundred
'Eggs, and offer her old murry-coloured Garments
'to the High Prieſt, then all ſudden and impending
'Evils will paſs into the Clothes devoted; and thus
'at once are purged all the unlucky Omens of the
'Year.' At his Command ſhe'll plunge into the River in the Depth of Winter, through broken Ice, or in the coldeſt Morning dip three Times in the Tiber, or bathe her trembling Head in the moſt frightful Whirlpools; then ſhaking with Cold, and naked, crawl o'er the Campus Martius on her bleeding Knees. If milk-white [c] Io, by her Prieſt commands, ſhe'll travel to the utmoſt Bounds of Ægypt, and bring home Water from the ſultry Air of Meroë, to ſprinkle on the ſacred Fane of Iſis, that ſtands near the old Sheep-fold. She thinks the Goddeſs ſpeaks, and ſo obeys. Lo, here the Soul and Cunning of a Prieſt, fit for the Converſe of the Gods by Night! This ſneering Pontiff, as he bears [d] Anubis, (ſurrounded with his holy Train in Linen Robes, and with a bald-pate Rout of Votaries lamenting the Loſs of Apis) runs frantick through the Streets, and receives the higheſt Honour from the Croud. He pacifies the Goddeſs, when the Wife cannot refrain the Conjugal Embrace, on her moſt high and ſolemn Feſtival; for which Pollution of the Marriage-Bed, ſhe ought to ſuffer the ſevereſt Puniſhment. Gently the

[b] The Poet ſhews here the Power the Prieſts had over ſuperſtitious Women, perſuading them to purify themſelves with Brimſtone, Eggs, and a lighted Taper made of the Pine-tree; to give them their old Cloths, which were to be hanged up till the Luſtration was over, and then the Prieſts were to have the Benefit of them.

[c] A Goddeſs, the ſame with Iſis, turned into a white Cow.

[d] Anubis was the Son of Oſiris and Iſis; all three the Egyptians worſhipped as Deities. Oſiris they adored under the Names of Apis and Serapis, in the Form of an Ox, marked with ſome peculiar Spots. This Beaſt they drowned after a certain Number of Years, in a ſacred Fountain, and went howling about till they found another. At theſe Solemnities the Prieſt carried the Image of Anubis, whom they worſhipped in the Form of a Dog, which Anubis, or the Prieſt that carried him, did but jeer at the Folly of the People that attended him.

Et moviſſe caput viſa eſt argentea ſerpens.
Illius lacbrymæ, meditataque murmura præſtant,
Ut veniam culpæ non abnuat, anſere magno
Scilicet, & tenui popano corruptus Oſiris.
Cùm dedit ille locum; cophino, fœnoque relicto,
Arcanam Judæa tremens mendicat in aurem,
Interpres legum Solymarum, & magna ſacerdos
Arboris, ac ſummi fida internuncia cæli;
Implet & illa manum, ſed parciùs: ære minuto,
Qualiacunque volet Judæi ſomnia vendunt.
Spondet amatorem: tenerum vel divitis orbi
Teſtamentum ingens, calidæ pulmone columbæ
Tractato, Armenius, vel Commagenus aruſpex:
Pectora pullorum rimatur, & exta catelli,
Interdum & pueri: faciet, quod deferat ipſe.
Chaldæis ſed major erit fiducia: quicquid
Dixerit aſtrologus, credent à fonte relatum
Hammonis; quoniam Delphis oracula ceſſant,
Et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
Præcipuus tamen eſt horum, qui ſæpiùs exul,

Oracles of Ammon - Delphi
The Oracle of Delphi silent
in Juvenal's time - It ceased
after Greece was conquered by the Romans:
others say it ceased at the birth of Christ:
see Milton's ode

the [e] Silver Serpent ſeems to nod; the Prieſt, by Tears, and mumbling o'er his Prayers, prevails; Oſiris, bribed by an Oblation of a large Gooſe and a thin Cake, is pleaſed to pardon the Offence.

He now withdraws; a ſhivering Jeweſs next, leaving her Baſket and her Hay behind, begs ſoftly with a Whiſper in her Ear, verſed in the Talmud and the Ritual Laws, High Prieſteſs to ſome conſecrated Tree, ſhe faithfully tranſacts between Heaven and Earth. The Gypſy's Hand ſhe croſſes, but ſparingly with a ſmall piece of Money; for Jews can ſell what Fortune you deſire.

She next applies to an [f] Armenian, or Figure-Flinger of Commagena, who firſt inſpecting the ſmoking Liver of a Pigeon, promiſes a tender Lover, or a ſwinging Legacy from a rich old Fellow without a Child. The Cheat, to ſanctify his Skill, pries into the Breaſts of Chickens, or the Entrails of a Whelp, ſometimes of an Infant; a Murder which if another ſhould commit, he would be the firſt that informed againſt him.

But her chief Dependance is upon the [g] Chaldæan Conjurers; whatever an Aſtrologer of that ſort pronounces, ſhe receives as an Anſwer from Jupiter-Ammon; eſpecially ſince the Oracle of [h] Delphos is ſilent, and a thick Darkneſs conceals the times to come from human Sight. Of theſe, he has the moſt Cuſtom who has been moſt frequently baniſhed; he by

[e] In the Temple of Iſis and Oſiris, there was an Image with three Heads; the middlemoſt like a Lion, the right-ſide Head like a fawning Dog, and the left-ſide Head like a ravenous Wolf; about all which a Serpent wrapped himſelf, bringing his Head under the right-hand of the God. The Nodding of the Serpent means, that the Prieſt has his Requeſt granted.

[f] Armenia and Syria (of which Commagena is a Part) were Countries famous for Fortune-tellers.

[g] The Chaldæans living about Babylon were great Maſters in the Knowledge of the Stars.

[h] It is ſaid, the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos was ſilenced at the Birth of Chriſt.

Cujus amicitiâ, conducendâque tabellâ
Magnus civis obit, & formidatus Otboni.
Inde fides arti, sonuit si dextera ferro
Lævaque, si longo castrorum in carcere mansit
Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
Sed qui penè perit: cui vix in Cyclada mitti
Contigit, & parvâ tandem caruisse Seripho.
Consulit ictericæ lento de funere matris,
Antè tamen de te, Tanaquil tua; quando sororem
Efferat, & patruos: an sit victurus adulter
Post ipsam; quid enim majus dare numina possunt?
Hæc tamen ignorat, quid sidus triste minetur
Saturni; quo læta Venus se proferat astro;
Qui mensis damno, quæ dentur tempora lucro.
Illius occursus etiam vitare memento,
In cujus manibus, ceu pinguia succina, tritas
Cernis ephemeridas; quæ nullum consulit, & jam
Consulitur; quæ castra viro, patriamque petente,

Astrology — =
The Ephemeris was an Almanac?

Nu

by whose Friendship and dear-bought [i] Scheme, the Death of Galba, the chief Citizen of Rome, was foretold to Otho his Successor, who was afraid of him. You may rely upon his Art if the Chains have rattled upon both his Hands, if he has suffered a long Imprisonment in the [k] Camp; for no Philomath will be allowed to have a tolerable Genius, unless he has been condemned and had his Neck in the Halter; unless he prevailed with Difficulty to be banished to one of the [l] Cyclades, and had the favour at last to be recalled from Seriphus, the most desolate Island of the Number. Your loving [m] Tanaquil advises with him about the lingring Death of her Mother, sick of the yellow Jaundice; but first she enquires after your dear self, then when she shall bury her Sister and her Uncles, whether the Adulterer shall outlive her; for what greater Favour can the Gods bestow? Yet she knows nothing of the Art herself, or what the baleful Influence of Saturn threatens, or in Conjunction with what Star propitious Venus rises in the Sky; what Month is unfortunate, and when is the lucky Moment of getting Money.

Beware the Woman in whose Hands you see her Ephemeris made greasy like chafed Amber, by constant Thumbing; who, far from wanting Advice, is herself consulted. She refuses to follow her Husband to

[i] He means Seleucus, a famous Astrologer, by whose Instigation and Prediction, Otho, (with whom he was intimate) failing to be adopted by Galba, caused Galba to be killed.

[k] These Predicters, who foretold things in time of War, were carried as Prisoners with the Army, and confined in the Camp, in Expectation of the Event: In which Condition they had a Soldier to guard them; and, for more Safety, they were tied together with a Chain of some Length, for Convenience; the one End whereof was fastened to the Soldier's Left Arm, the other to the Prisoner's Right.

[l] A Number of Islands in the Archipelago, of which Seriphus was the least and most desart; here Astrologers were sometimes confined: but if their Prediction in the End proved true, they were recalled.

[m] He means his Wife, whom he calls so after the Name of the Wife of Tarquinius Priscus, a Woman skilled in Divination, who foretold her Husband should be King.

Non ibit pariter, numeris revocata Thraſylli.
Ad primum lapidem vectari cùm placet, hora
Sumitur ex libro; ſi prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inſpectâ geneſi collyria poſcit.
Ægra licèt jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
Aptior hora cibo, niſi quam dederit Petoſiris,
Si mediocris erit, ſpatium luſtrabit utrumque
Metarum, & ſortes ducet; frontemque manumque
Præbebit vati crebrum poppyſma roganti.
Divitibus reſponſa dabit Phryx augur, & Indus
Conductus; dabit aſtrorum mundique peritus;
Atque aliquis ſenior, qui publica fulgura condit.
Plebeium in Circo poſitum eſt, & in aggere fatum:
Quæ nullis longum oſtendit cervicibus aurum,

to the Wars, or return with him to her own Country, prevented by the infallible Figures of [n] Thrasyllus the Astrologer. If she pleases to be carried but a Mile abroad, the happy Hour must be taken from her Book; if the Corner of her Eye does but itch, she will apply no Remedy till the Scheme of her Nativity be erected; if she be sick, no time is so proper for her to eat as when [o] Petosiris prescribes; if in mean Circumstances, she runs into the Circus, the common Haunt of such Cheats, surveys it from one End to the other, till she find one she approves, then draws the Lots for her Fortune; she shews her Forehead and Hand to the Cunning Man, who wantonly stroaks it, under Pretence of inspecting the Lines more perfectly. But Women of Fashion will consult a Phrygian or Indian Astrologer, Master of the Globe and Spheres, or some venerable Aruspex, whose Art consists in the Expiation of [p] publick Lightning. The common sort apply to the Circus, or Tarquin's Mount, to vulgar Quacks; you'll see an ordinary Woman without the Ornament of Gold Beads, to

n A Platonist, and a great Mathematician, once in high Esteem with Tiberius Cæsar, afterwards by his Command thrown into the Sea at Rhodes.

o A famous Egyptian Astrologer.

p If a Place were struck with Lightning, it was *expiated* by a Priest in this Manner: They gathered what was scorched by the Lightning, and praying with a low Voice, buried it in the Earth. If a Man was struck, omitting the Custom of burning the Body, he was buried in the same Place; then was the Place inclosed, an Altar erected in it, and expiatory Sacrifices offered by a Priest. Yet some Persons, so struck, were not buried, but only covered with a white Garment, both because they might be gazed at by the People, (yet at a Distance, none being admitted within the Bounds but the Priests) and because they believed such Bodies did not putrify, and as foolishly thought such Persons to be honoured by Jupiter. These Lightnings they distinguished into Publick and Private, which Division, I suppose, was taken from the Things which were struck, some Places and Persons being Publick, as Temples, Magistrates, and the like, others Private. They had different Rules relating to the Parts of this Distinction; for Private Lightning foreboded things to come for ten Years only, except they happened upon one's Birth-day, or Marriage-day; but Publick Lightnings for thirty Years, unless they fell at the Surrender of a Town.

Consulit ante Phalas, Delphinorumque columnas,
An saga vendenti nubat, caupone relicto.
Hæ tamen & partûs subeunt discrimen, & omnes
Nutricis tolerant, fortunâ urgente, labores:
Sed jacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto.
Tantum artes hujus, tantum medicamina possunt,
Quæ steriles facit, atque homines in ventre necandos
Conducit. Gaude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum
Porrige quicquid erit: nam si distendere vellet,
Et vexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses
Æthiopis fortasse pater: mox decolor hæres
Impleret tabulas nunquam tibi marè videndus.
Transeo suppositos, & gaudia, votaque sæpe
Ad spurcos decepta lacus, atque inde petitos
Pontifices, Salios, Scaurorum nomina falso
Corpore laturos. Stat fortuna improba nectu,
Arridens nudis infantibus: hos fovet omnes,
Involvitque sinu; domibus tunc porrigit altis,
Secretumque sibi mimum parat: hos amat, his se
Ingerit, atque suos ridens producit alumnos.
Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit
Philtra, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti,
Et soleâ pulsare nates. Quid desipis, inde est;
Inde animi caligo, & magna oblivio rerum,
Quas modò gessisti; tamen hoc tolerabile, si non

ſet off her ſlender Neck, ſtand before the q Towers and the Dolphin's Pillars, and inquire whether ſhe ſhall marry the Old-clothes Man, and leave the Man at the Cook's Shop.

Yet theſe looſe Dames undergo the Dangers of Child-bearing, and not able to put their Children out, bear all the Fatigue of Nurſing at home. You'll ſcarce hear of a Lying-in among Ladies of Quality; ſuch is the Power of Art, ſuch the Force of Medicines prepared by the Midwife to cauſe Barrenneſs and Abortion! Bleſs your Stars, you Fool, give her the Potion with your own Hands; for if ſhe goes out her Time, and the Boy makes her uneaſy by kicking in her Belly, you may chance to be Father of a Blackmoor; and an Heir of another Colour may inherit your Eſtate, ſo frightful, that to ſee him firſt in a Morning, you would think it unfortunate.

To ſay nothing of ſuppoſititious Children, the Joys and Wiſhes of believing Huſbands, commonly picked up at a filthy Pond's Side; from hence come your Prieſts, your Salii, theſe Foundlings bear the Name of the Scauri, and the chief Families in Rome. Fortune, in waggiſh Sport and ſilent Night, ſmiles on theſe naked Babes; ſhe keeps them warm, and hugs them in her Boſom, then conveys them into the Houſes of the Great, and laughs in ſecret at the Parts they play. Theſe ſhe careſſes, makes their Concern her own, and with a Sneer conducts her Foſter Children into the higheſt Honours of the City.

One ſupplies them with magick Charms, another with Theſſalian Philters, by which they diſtract their Huſband's Brain, and uſe him as they pleaſe, even to clap his Poſteriors with their Slipper. Hence comes that Giddineſs in your Head, hence that Gloominеſs upon your Mind, that entire Forgetfulneſs of what you did laſt; and 'tis well if you come off ſo, if you are

q Wooden Towers in the Form of an Egg, built by Agrippa, for the Judges of the Circenſian Games. In the Circus were lofty Pillars, on which were placed the Statues of Dolphins erected for Ornament.

Et furere incipias, ut avunculus ille Neronis,
Cui totam tremuli frontem Cæsonia pulli
Infudit. Quæ non faciet, quod Principis uxor?
Ardebant cuncta, & fractâ compage ruebant.
Non aliter quam si feciſſet Juno maritum
Inſanum. Minùs ergo nocens erit Agrippinæ
Boletus: ſiquidem unius præcordia preſſit
Ille ſenis, tremulumque caput deſcendere juſſit
In cœlum, & longâ manantia labra ſalivâ.
Hæc poſcit ferrum, atque ignes, hæc potio torquet,
Hæc lacerat miſtos equitum cum ſanguine patres.
Tanti partus equæ, quanti una venefica conſtat.
Oderunt natos de pellice: nemo repugnat,
Nemo vetat: jamjam privignum occidere fas eſt.
Vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior eſt res,
Cuſtodite animas, & nulli credite menſæ:
Livida materno ſervent adipata veneno.
Mordeat antè aliquis, quicquid porrexerit illa,
Quæ peperit: timidus præguſtet pocula pappas.
Pingimus hæc, altum Satyrâ ſumente cothurnum,
Scilicet, & finem egreſſi legemque priorum,
Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
Montibus ignotum Rutulis, cæloque Latino.
Nos utinam vani! ſed clamat Pontia, Feci,

Confiteor,

are not raving mad, like [1] Nero's Uncle poiſoned by Cæſonia, who ſqueezed the Fleſh taken from the Forehead of a Foal into his Cup. What Woman will fear to follow the Example of an Empreſs? The Roman World inſtantly grew diſtracted, and, diſjointed, fell to Pieces, as if Juno had driven the Thunderer out of his Wits. Agrippina's Muſhroom was not near ſo fatal, that only tormented the Bowels of one old Dotard, and ſent his ſhaking Noddle downward to the Skies, the ropy Drivel hanging from his Lips. This Potion calls for Fire and Sword, and Racks; this murders Knights and Senators in one common Slaughter; ſo powerful is the Poiſon of a Foal, ſo fatal is her Art that mixed the Cup!

They hate their Husbands Baſtards; let them do ſo, no body is againſt it; but to defend the Murder of a Son-in-law? You, Orphans, that are to inherit Eſtates, let me adviſe you to take Care of your Lives, be cautious where you eat; the Dainties ſet before you look livid, and ſwell with the Poiſon infuſed by your Mother; whatever the Mother that bore you offers, let ſomebody bite firſt; let your Tutor trembling be your Taſter.

But ſure this is all a Fiction; my Satire has aſſumed the Tragick Style, paſſing the Bounds of all that wrote before; I rant in lofty Verſe like Sophocles, in Strains unknown to the Rutilian Hills, or to the Latian Air: Would it were all a Fable, but [2] Pontia cries out, 'I did it; I made up Poiſon for 'the

[1] Cæſar Caligula, whom Cæſonia his Wife drenched with a Love-Potion, made of the Hippomanes, a little Skin like a Cap taken from the Forehead of a Colt new foaled) which drove him into ſuch a Madneſs of Love, that he would often ſhew her naked to his Friends; ſomewhat like the outrageous Fondneſs of Jupiter for Juno, effected by the Ceſtus or Girdle of Venus. This Potion of Cæſonia's was infinitely more pernicious than Agrippina's Muſhroom; for that only deſtroyed a ſtrivling old Emperor; but Caligula, after his Draught, became a bloody merciſh Tyrant, and committed infinite Slaughter without Diſtinction.

[2] Juvenal ſuppoſes his Readers may queſtion the Truth of ſome Crimes he charges upon the Women, as if they were Stories feigned to

Confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi,
Quæ deprensa patent: sacinus tamen ipsa peregi.
Tune duos unâ, sævissima vipera, cœnâ?
Tune duos? septem, si septem fortè fuissent.
Credamus tragicis, quicquid de Colchide sævâ
Dicitur, & Progne; nil contra conor: & illæ
Grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus; sed
Non propter nummos. Minor admiratio summis
Debetur monstris, quoties facit ira nocentem
Hunc sexum; & rabie jecur incendente feruntur
Præcipites: ut saxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons
Subtrabitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit.
Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, & scelus ingens
Sana facit. Spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcestim; &, similis si permutatio detur,
Morte viri cuperent animam servare catellæ.

Occurrent

'the Boys, it was found upon me too plain to be 'denied: I resolved upon the Act.' You barbarous Viper, what, murder two at one Meal? What, two at once? 'Yes, seven, had there been so many.' Let us no longer doubt of tragick Tales, of what is said of fierce [t]Medea, or the cruel [u]Progne; I shall offer nothing to the contrary. 'Tis true, these Women in their Times were guilty of most unnatural Practices, but not for Money. We are the less to wonder at such monstrous Acts, when Fury provokes the Sex, and their Liver heated by Rage, they are carried headlong into such Impieties; like Stones torn from a Rock, when the under Part of the Mountain sinks, and the Sides seem to start back from the Cliff ready to tumble down.

I cannot bear a Woman that deliberates, and perpetrates an Act of Villainy in cold Blood. Our Ladies behold the good [x]Alceste on the Stage, dying to save her Husband's Life; but were an Exchange of the same Nature now allowed, they'd wish their Husbands Death to save their Lap-dogs.

You

to heighten his Satires. But to clear himself, he introduces the Story of Pontia the Daughter of Titus Pontius (not of Publius Petronius, the Wife of Vectius Bolanus, as is generally received.) To justify this, Holyday, in his excellent Illustrations, mentions an Inscription upon an old Roman Stone to this Purpose: "Here I Pon-"tia, the Daughter of Titus Pontius, am laid, who out of "wretched Covetousness having poisoned two Sons, made away "with myself. Whoever you are that pass by this Way, if you "have any Goodness in you, I beg you would turn your Eyes "from me."

[t] The Daughter of Æta, King of Colchos, who fled away with Jason, and being pursued by her Father, cut her Brother Absyrtus into Pieces, and scattered the Limbs in his way, to hinder his Speed.

[u] Daughter of Pandion King of Athens, and Wife to Tereus King of Thrace, who having ravished her Sister Philomela, she, in revenge, killed their Son Itys, and served him up to her Husband to eat.

[x] The Wife of Admetus King of Thessaly, who being sick, sent to the Oracle, and was answered, that he must needs die, unless one of his Friends would die for him; they all refused, and then she voluntarily submitted to Death.

Occurrent multæ tibi Belides atque Eriphylæ:
Manè, Clytæmneſtram nullus non vicus habebit.
Hoc tantùm refert, quòd Tyndaris illa bipennem
Inſulſam, & ſatuam dextrâ lævâque tenebat:
At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ;
Sed tamen & ferro, ſi præguſtârit Atrides
Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

SATIRA VII.

ET ſpes, & ratio ſtudiorum in Cæſare tantùm:
Solus enim triſtes hâc tempeſtate camœnas
Reſpexit; cùm jam celebres, notique poëtæ
Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos
Tentarent: nec fœdum alii, nec turpe putarent
Præcones fieri; cùm deſertis Aganippes
Vallibus, eſuriens migraret in atria Clio.

You meet with the [y] Belides and [z] Eriphyla's every Morning of your Life; Wives that murder and betray their Husbands, and [a] Clytemnestra's grow in every Street: but with this Difference, the Daughter of Tyndarus made use of a blunt bungling Axe with both her Hands; but now the Feat is done by the subtle Lungs of a red Toad; yet if the wary Husband has taken the Antidote of [b] Mithridates, that thrice conquered King, she is ready for him with a Dagger.

SATIRE VII.

ALL the Hope and the Reward of Learning depend upon [c] Cæsar only; he alone in this Age looks down with Pity upon the distressed Muses, now when our famous and noted Poets are forced, for want of Encouragement, to hire Baths at Gabii, or Bakehouses at Rome; nor do they think it base or dishonourable to turn common Criers, the sacred Stream of [d] Aganippe, devoted to the Nine, being quite abandoned, and hungry Clio is obliged to stand at the Porter's Lodge begging for Charity. If you are

[y] The fifty Daughters of Danaus, the Son of Belus, who all (except one) slew their Husbands on the Wedding Night.

[z] The Wife of Amphiaraus, who for a Bracelet of Gold discovered her Husband that hid himself to avoid going to the Siege of Troy, where he was sure he should die.

[a] The Daughter of Tyndarus, and Wife to Agamemnon, who living in Adultery with Ægisthus, during her Husband's Absence at the Siege of Troy, conspired with the Adulterer to murder him upon his Return.

[b] A King of Pontus, who invented the Medicine called Mithridate, an Antidote against Poison.

[c] The Emperor Domitian, of whose Bounty some learned Men had a Share, such as Valerius Flaccus, Statius, Martial, Quintilian, &c.

[d] The Spring of Aganippe was in a solitary Part of Bœotia, consecrated to the Nine Muses.

Nam si Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
Ostendatur, ames nomen, victumque Machæræ;
Et vendas potiùs, commissa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus ænophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,
Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas, & Terea Fausti.
Hoc satius, quàm si dicas sub judice, Vidi,
Quod non vidisti: faciant equites Asiani,
Quanquam & Cappadoces faciant, equitesque Bithyni.
Altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.
Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
Cogetur posthac, nec scit quicunque canoris
Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.
Hoc agite, ô juvenes: circumspicit, & stimulat vos,
Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit.
Si qua aliundè putas rerum expectanda tuarum
Præsidia, atque ideò croceæ membrana tabellæ
Impletur; lignorum aliquid posce ocyùs, & quæ
Componis, dona Veneris, Telesine, marito:
Aut claude, & positos tineâ pertunde libellos.
Frange miser calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.
Spes nulla ulterior: didicit jam dives avarus
Tantùm admirari, tantùm laudare disertos,
Ut pueri Junonis avem. Sed defluit ætas,
Et pelagi patiens, & cassidis, atqui ligonis.
Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
Torpescheren odit facunda & nuda senectus,
Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste,
Quem colis: & Musarum & Apollinis æde relictâ,
Ipse

are so reduced as not to shew a Farthing in your Poetical Purse, turn Broker, and get your Living as Machæra does; or rather, as an Auctioneer, sell the Lumber set out at a publick Sale to those about you, Pots, Trivets, Book-cases, Chests, old Plays, the Tragedy of Alcithoe by Paccius, of Thebes and Tereus by Faustus. Better do so than turn Evidence, and swear before a Judge that you saw what you did not. Leave such Villainy to perjured Asiaticks, to Cappadocian and Bithynian Knights of the Post, who came from Gallograecia to Rome barefoot.

Poets that brouse on Laurel, and write lofty Strains in most harmonious Numbers, shall not for the future be forced to undertake a servile Employment unworthy of their Profession: Study hard, young Gentlemen, the Imperial Bounty has its Eye upon you, quickens your Industry, and seeks an Opportunity of rewarding your Merits. If you hope for Assistance in your Affairs from any other Hand, and therefore you write close on both Sides of your Paper, call presently for a Faggot; and, Telesinus, commit your Manuscript to the Flames, or lock it up to be devoured by Moths; break your Pens to Pieces, scratch out your Battles in Heroic Verse, that lost you so many Hours Rest. Poor Wretch, you scribble mighty Lines in your small Garret, only to obtain an Ivy Crown, and a lean meagre Statue in the Temple of Apollo. This is the utmost you are to expect; for your covetous Patron has learned the Art of paying the Poet only with Fame and Praise, as Boys admire (the Peacock.) But consider, your Strength is daily impaired, which qualified you to go to Sea, or into the Army, or to support yourself by Husbandry, till quite tired by labouring to no Purpose, old Age, in Rags, with all your Learning, curses itself, and the Muse by whom you were undone.

Hear now the Artifices made use of by the Great Man whose Levee you attend, to save his Money; he makes Verses himself without regard to the Muses

Ipſe facit verſus, atque uni cedit Homero,
Propter mille annos. At ſi dulcedine famæ
Succenſus recites, Maculonus commodat ædes;
Ac longè ferrata domus ſervire jubetur,
In quâ ſollicitas imitatur janua portas.
Scit dare libertos extremâ in parte ſedentes
Ordinis, & magnas comitum diſponere voces.
Nemo dabit regum, quanti ſubſellia conſtent,
Et quæ conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,
Quæque reportandis poſita eſt orcheſtra catbedris.
Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere ſulcos
Ducimus, & littus ſterili verſamus aratro.
Nam ſi diſcedas, laqueo tenet ambitioſi
Conſuetudo mali: tenet inſanabile multos
Scribendi cacoëthes, & ægro in corde ſeneſcit.
Sed vatem egregium, cui non ſit publica vena,
Qui nihil expoſitum ſoleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale moneta;
Hunc, qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantùm,
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus ſylvarum, aptuſque bibendis
Fortibus Aonidum. Neque enim cantare ſub antro
Pierio, thyrſumve poteſt contingere ſana
Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque
Corpus eget. ſatur eſt, cùm dicet Horatius, Euhoë!
Quis locus ingenio: niſi cùm ſe carmine ſolo
Vexant, & dominis Cirrhæ, Niſæque ſervantur
Pectora noſtra, duas non admittentia curas?
Magnæ mentis opus, nec de lodice parandâ

Attonitæ,

and the Judgment of Apollo, and yields only to Homer, for no other Reason than that he lived a thousand Years before him. But if inspired with the Love of Fame alone, you repeat your Poetry, rich Maculonus will lend you his House, his House strong barred is at your Service, with the Doors fortified like the Gates of a City besieged; he will oblige you perhaps with the Use of his Freedmen and his Clients, and place them to Advantage at the farther End of the Seats to begin a Clap, and encourage the Audience to Applause. But not one of these mighty Lords will give you a Farthing to pay for the Benches, or discharge the Hire of the Rostrum, or the Expence of the Chairs upon the Stage, which are to be returned when the Shew is over. Yet we still go on, we labour in vain, we draw Furrows in the light Dust, and plough the barren Sand; for had you a Mind to leave off you cannot, Custom and vain Ambition tie you down; many are infected with an incurable Itch of Scribbling, and truly Years and the Disease advance together. But that excellent Poet, of a noble Genius, who scorns to produce any thing trifling, whose Verse is lofty above the common Stamp, that divine Man whom I can conceive, but never express, is the Offspring of a Mind free from Care, that hates any thing of Trouble, is fond of Retirement, and disposed by Nature to Poetry, to drink of the Aonian Springs. He never sings in the Pierian Den, nor with an Ivy Dart divinely raves, whose sober Poverty without a Penny, calls Night and Day for the Conveniences of Life. [e] Horace ne'er cried, Oho! but with his Heart well warm'd. What room is there for Fancy, unless the Mind, inflamed by Bacchus and Apollo, is fixed upon Writing only, and not distracted by different Pursuits at the same Time? That Man must have a mighty Soul, not tormented with

[e] The Poet shews, that singular Poverty and singular Poetry are commonly inconsistent; and therefore when Horace invoked Bacchus, Ohe Liber, he was certainly full of him.

Attonitæ, currus & equos, faciesque Deorum
Aspicere, & qualis Rutulum confundit Erinnys.
Nam si Virgilio puer, & tolerabile desit
Hospitium, caderent omnes à crinibus hydri:
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina. Poscimus, ut sit
Non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,
Cujus & alveolos & lænam pignerat Atreus?
Non habet infelix Numitor, quod mittat amico;
Quintillæ quod donet, habet: nec defuit illi,
Unde emeret multâ pascendum carne leonem
Jam domitum. constat leviori bellua sumptu
Nimirùm, & capiunt plus intestina poëtæ.
Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis
Marmoreis: at Serrano, tenuique Saleio
Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantùm est?
Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cùm Statius urbem,
Promisitque diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi
Auditur: sed cùm fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.
Ille & militiæ multis largitur honorem,
Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro.

with getting a Blanket for his Bed, that can conceive of Horſes and Chariots, can deſcribe the Features of the Gods, and how Alecto look'd when ſhe aſtoniſh'd the Rutilian King. Had [d] Virgil wanted his beloved Boy, and the common Supports of Life, not a Snake would have hiſſed upon the Fury's Head, her Trumpet that ſounded loud to Arms, would not have been heard. Can we expect that [e] Rubrenus Lappa ſhould compoſe with the Fire of the old Tragedians, who was forced to pawn his Platters and his Cloke to Atreus the Uſurer?

Poor Numitor can't afford a Penny to his Friend, yet he can find Money for his Whore; he never wants a Sum to purchaſe a tame Lion, that is fed at great Expence; the Beaſt, no doubt is kept at a leſs Charge, and the Poet's Belly will hold more than his! [f] Lucan, content with Fame, may, in his Gardens adorned with Marble, lie at his Eaſe; but what is Fame, how loud ſoever, to poor Serranus or Saleius, Fame alone without the Pence? The whole City run to hear the ſweet Voice and the admired Lines of his Thebais, when [g] Statius ſets a Day to divert the Town, by repeating his Poem. He captivates their Minds with ſuch Delight, he is heard with ſuch Attention by the Croud; yet, tho' his mighty Numbers break the Benches, he ſtarves unleſs he ſells his new Play of Agave to Paris the Actor. This Favourite beſtows military Honours, puts Summer Annulets and Winter Rings on the Fingers of Poets in Diſtreſs. A Player, you ſee, outgives the greedy

[d] Had Virgil been poor, he could not have given ſuch noble Deſcriptions of Furies, ſuch as Alecto with her Curls of Snakes about her Ears, inſtead of Hair, &c.

[e] An excellent Poet at that Time, who, had he met with Encouragement as he deſerved, would have been equal to the old Tragedians.

[f] A learned and rich Poet of Cordoba in Spain, who coming to Rome was made a Knight; he writ, but lived not to finiſh, the Civil Wars between Cæſar and Pompey in an Heroic Poem.

[g] He was a Neapolitan. His Tragedy of Agave was purchaſed by Paris, an Actor and a Favourite of Domitian's, a more bountiful Patron to Men of Learning, than moſt of the Nobility.

Quod non dant proceres, dabit bistrio. Tu Camerinos
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.
Quis tibi Mecænas? quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus alter?
Tunc par ingenio pretium: tunc utile multis
Pallere, & vinum toto nescire Decembri.
Vester porrò labor fœcundior, historiarum
Scriptores: petit hic plus temporis, atque olei plus:
Namque oblita modi millesima pagina surgit
Omnibus, & crescit multâ damnosa papyro.
Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet, atque operum lex.
Quæ tamen inde seges? terræ quis fructus apertæ?
Quis dabit historico, quantum daret acta legenti?
Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet & umbrâ.
Dic igitur, quid Causidicis civilia præstent
Officia, & magno comites in fasce libelli?
Ipsi magna sonant; sed tunc cùm exceditur audit
Præcipuè, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo,
Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen,
Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles,
Consputuique sinus. Verùm deprendere messem
Si libet; hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,
Parte aliâ solùm vulsati pone Lacertæ.
Consedêre duces: surgis tu pallidus Ajax,
Dicturus dubiâ pro libertate, Bubulco

Judice.

greedy Lord. Will you then ſtill attend the Levees of the Great, the Camerini and the Bareæ? Dedicate a Play to Paris[h], the Tragedy of Pelopea makes a Præfect, Philomela a Tribune. Yet envy not the Poet that gets his Bread by the Stage. Where now is your Mecænas, where will you find another Proculeius, a Fabius, a Cotta, a Lentulus? In thoſe times Reward was equal to Merit; then it was worth while to ſtudy hard, and to drink no Wine in December, a time of Freedom and Feſtivity.

No doubt, you Writers of Hiſtory take Pains to more Advantage; your Method of Study requires more Time and more Labour; your Works, without Bounds as it were, ſwell to a thouſand Pages, at the Expence of many Reams of Paper; the great Variety of things you treat of, and the Laws of Hiſtory require it. But what Harveſt, what Fruit ariſes from this labour'd Ground? Who will give the Hiſtorian ſo much as an Attorney's Fee? No, they are a lazy Set of Fellows, they write lolling upon their Couches, and diverting themſelves in the Shade.

Tell me then, what Benefit Attendance at the Bar and a large Bundle of Briefs produce to the Lawyers. They mouth it with a mighty Noiſe, eſpecially when the Client hears; and if one, more eager than the reſt, twitches them by the Sleeve, who comes to prove a doubtful Debt, with his great Book of Accompts with him; then their hollow Lungs breathe mighty Lyes, and their Boſom is ſlavered all over with foaming at the Mouth. But were you to compute the Profit, lay the Eſtate of an hundred Lawyers in one Scale, and the Fortune of [i] Lacerta a Charioteer of the red Party in the other, and this one ſhall outweigh them all. The Judges take their Seats, you like pale Ajax riſe up to plead for the Liberty of your

[h] This ſeeming Compliment was no more than a Sneer upon vain the Players, who ſo underſtood it, and turned our Author's ſell into his Puniſhment; for in his old Age he ſent him into Egypt, by way of an honorary Service, with a military Command.

[i] Domitian's Coachman.

Judice. Rumpe miser tensum jecur, ut tibi lasso
Figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmæ.
Quod vocis pretium? siccus petasunculus, & vas
Pelamidum, aut veteres, Asiarum Epimenia, bulbi;
Aut vinum Liberi devectum: quinque lagenæ,
Si quater egisti. Si contigit aureus unus,
Inde cadunt partes, ex fœdere pragmaticorum,
Æmilio dabitur, quantum petet: & melius nos
Egimus: hujus enim stat currus abeneus, alti
Quadrijuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci
Bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur
Eminùs, & statuâ meditatur prælia lusca.
Sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit: exitus hic est
Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari
Qui solet, & vexat lutulentâ balnea turbâ,
Perque forum juvenes longo premit assere Medos,
Empturus pueros, argentum, myrrhina, villas:
Spondet enim Tyrio stlataria purpura filo.
Et tamen hoc ipsis est utile: purpura vendit
Causidicum, vendunt amethystina: convenit illis
Et strepitu, & facie majoris vivere census.
Sed finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma,
Ut redeant veteres, Ciceroni nemo ducentos
Nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit annulus ingens.
Respicit hoc primùm qui litigat, an tibi servi

your Client, in diſpute before Judge Bullhead. Crack your ſtretch'd Lungs, vain Wretch, that tired as you are you may pleaſe yourſelf with a [k] Garland of green Palm, fixed upon the Door of your Garret, the Honour of your lofty Stair-caſe. What are you paid for all this Noiſe? A ruſty Ham, a Diſh of Sprats, or old ſtinking Onions ſent every Month from Ægypt, or coarſe Wine brought down the Tiber, five Flagons perhaps for four Cauſes. But if you chance to touch one golden Guinea, you ſhare it with your Brother-Pettifoggers according to Contract. Indeed Æmilius may command what Fees he pleaſes, tho' we are able to ſpeak more to the Purpoſe; but a brazen Chariot with four ſtately Prancers glitter in his Court-yard, himſelf in Marble ſitting on a fierce War-Horſe, brandiſhes aloft his trembling Spear, the Statue with its aiming Eye ſeems ready to engage. Thus Lawyer Pedo becomes a Bankrupt, Matho fails; this is the End of Tongillus, who uſed to carry his Oil to the Bath with him in the Horn of a Rhinoceros, and ſet the whole Company in Confuſion with his dirty Equipage. He rides through the Forum in his eaſy Litter, upon the Shoulders of young luſty Medes, as if he hurried to buy Boys, Bowls of Silver, or of Myrrh, and Country Seats. His Robe of foreign Purple, glowing with Tyrian Dye, procures him Credit. This is of mighty Uſe, the Richneſs of the Gown raiſes the Lawyer's Fee. The Robe of Violet-colour obliges the Clients to come down. They are under a Neceſſity of making a great Flutter, and to ſhew away above their Fortune; but the Extravagance of Rome admits no Bounds.

If the moſt eminent Orators were alive again, no Client would give a Fee of two hundred Seſterii to Tully himſelf, unleſs a large Diamond ſparkled on his Finger; if a Man goes to Law, his firſt Enquiry

[k] It was the Cuſtom for the Client, if he ſucceeded in his Cauſe, to fix this Garland at his Lawyer's Door.

Octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
Ante pedes. Idcò conductâ Paulus agebat
Sardonyce, atque idcò pluris, quàm Cossus agebat,
Quàm Basilus. rara in tenui facundia panno.
Quando licet flentem Basilo producere matrem?
Quis beùt dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
Gallia, vel potiùs nutricula causidicorum
Africa, si placuit mercedem imponere linguæ.
Declamare doces? ô ferrea pectora! Vetti,
Cùm perimit sævos classis numerosa tyrannos.
Nam quæcunque sedens modò legerat, hæc eadem stans
Proferet, atque eadem cantabit versibus isdem.
Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
Quis color, & quod sit causæ genus, atque ubi summa
Quæstio, quæ veniant diversâ parte sagittæ,
Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
Mercedem appellas? quid enim scio? culpa docentis
Scilicet arguitur, quòd lævâ in parte mamillæ
Nil salit Arcadico juveni, cujus mihi sextâ
Quicquid id est, de quo deliberat; an petat urbem
A Cannis; an post nimbos & fulmina cautus
Circumagat madidas à tempestate cohortes.
Quantum vis stipulare, & protinus accipe quod do,
Ut totiès illum pater audiat. Ast alii sex

is, Have you eight Men in Livery? Have you ten Clients? Does your Chair follow you? Have you a Number of Friends going before you? Paulus, for this Reason, pleads always with a Sardonyx hired by the Day, and therefore demands larger Fees than Cossus or Basilus; for who expects Eloquence in ...? Who entrusts Basilus with a Cause of Consequence, to introduce a weeping Mother into Court, begging for her Son's Life? Who hears Basilus, let him plead ever so well? Betake yourself to France, or rather to Africa, that Nurse of Lawyers, if you think of living by the Bar?

Friend Vectius, do you profess to teach Rhetorick to Boys? O that Iron Heart of yours! when a Number of such Scholars has broken the Spirit of the most cruel [l] Tyrants. Sitting or standing you are obliged to repeat the same Rules over and over, tuning the same Lessons in the very same Words; such insipid Work, like cold Cabbage heated up at every Meal, is enough to kill a Man. Every Pupil is willing to have as much Learning as he can, to know the best Side of a Cause, what sort of Plea to use, where the Pinch of the Controversy lies, what Objections may be offered against him; but not one cares to pay. "What, Sir, do you mean by Pay? What do I know more than before?" The Fault is all laid upon the Master, if the Boy be as dull and heavy at Heart as an Arcadian Ass. Every Week does the Case of cruel [m] Hannibal torment my poor Head upon a declaiming Day. Then he calls a Council of War, whether he should go directly to Rome after the Battle of Cannæ, or, terrified by Thunder and Rain, lead off his Troops well washed some other way. Ask me ever so much, and I will give it, to oblige the Father to hear the same Stuff as often as I do. But many of this Profession wisely con-

[l] He seems to allude to Dionysius Tyrant of Syracuse, who being ... out of his Kingdom by Dion, set up a School at Corinth.
[m] No Theme was more common in the Roman Schools, than the Adventures of Hannibal.

Et plures uno conclamant ore ſophiſtæ,
Et veras agitant lites, raptore relicto:
Fuſa venena ſilent, malus ingratuſque maritus,
Et quæ jam veteres ſanant mortaria cæcos.
Ergo ſibi dabit ipſe rudem, ſi noſtra movebunt
Conſilia, & vitæ diverſum iter ingredietur,
Ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ deſcendit ab umbrâ,
Summula ne pereat, quâ vilis teſſera vænit
Frumenti: quippe hæc merces lautiſſima. tenta
Chryſogonus quanti doceat, vel Pollio quanti
Lautorum pueros, artem ſcindens Theodori.
Balnea ſexcentis, & pluris porticus, in quâ
Geſtetur dominus quoties pluit: anne ſerenum
Exſpectet, ſpargatve luto jumenta recenti?
Hic potiùs: namque hic mundæ nitet ungula mulæ.
Parte aliâ longis Numidarum ſulta columnis
Surgat, & algentem rapiat cœnatio ſolem.
Quanticunque domus, veniet qui ſercula doctè
Componit, veniet qui pulmentaria condit.
Hos inter ſumptus ſeſtertia Quintiliano,
Ut multùm, duo ſufficient; res nulla minoris
Conſtabit patri, quàm filius. *Unde igitur tot*
Quintilianus habet ſaltus? exempla noverum
Patrum tranſi: felix & pulcher & acer,

Felix

considering how little is to be got, unanimously apply themselves to the Bar, where they plead real Causes, no more declaiming on fictitious Subjects, of the Rape of Helen, of the Poisons of Medea, of the base Ingratitude of Jason, and what Medicines recovered old Æson to his Sight again. If my Advice be of any Force, these Gentlemen should discharge themselves from this poor Employment, should enter upon some other Course of Life, and instead of fighting with Shadows, engage in substantial Pleadings, for a very good Reason, lest they should not have a Farthing left to buy Bread; for here they come into ample Fees. To prove this, enquire only what a poor Allowance, what a wretched Salary, a Chrysogonus and Pollio receive for teaching Youth of the first Rank, and explaining the whole Art of Rhetorick by the Rules of Theodorus. At the same Time, they never grudge six hundred Sestertia for their Baths, and for their Porticos more, where their Honours ride when it rains. Is it fit his Lordship should wait for fair Weather, and daub his Mules with fresh Dirt? By no Means; here the Beasts are in the dry, and their Hoofs look neat and unsullied. Then again, you see a grand Dining-Room, supported by tall Columns of Numidian Marble, rising to the Eye, and fronting the cool Eastern Sun; let the Building cost more or less, you are sure to find a Cook exquisitely skilled in setting out a Table, and making elegant Sauces after the newest Taste. With all this Luxury and Expence, Quintilian, who has the Care of young Master, is put off with two Sestertia at the most; for no Furniture in the House costs less than the Son's Education. How then, you'll say, came Quintilian to be a Man of that Estate? Urge not the strange Success of one single Precedent; the Fortunate are handsome and

a Chrysogonus and Pollio were Rhetorick Masters, who read to their Pupils the Works of Theodorus Gadareus, he was an excellent Orator, born at Gadara a Syrian City, not far from Abydos.

M

Felix & ſapiens & nobilis & generoſus
Appoſitam nigræ lunam ſubtexit alutæ:
Felix, orator quoque maximus, & jaculator,
Et ſi perfrixit, cantat benè. Diſtat enim, quæ
Sidera te excipiant, modò primos incipientem
Edere vagitus, & adhuc à matre rubentem.
Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetore conſul:
Si volet hæc eadem, fies de conſule rhetor.
Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud quam
Sidus, & occulti miranda potentia fati?
Servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphos.
Felix ille tamen, corvo quoque rarior albo.
Pœnituit multos vanæ ſteriliſque cathedræ,
Sicut Thraſymachi probat exitus, atque Secundi
Carrinatis; & hunc inopem vidiſtis, Athenæ,
Nil præter gelidas auſæ conſerre cicutas.
Di majorum umbris tenuem, & ſinè pondere terram,
Spiranteſque crocos, & in urnâ perpetuum ver,
Qui præceptorem ſanctî voluere parentis
Eſſe loco. Metuens virgæ jam grandis Achilles
Cantabat patriis in montibus: & cui non tunc

Illiterati

and witty; the lucky Man is wise, is noble, is generous, is advanced among Senators, distinguish'd by the Figure of the Moon upon their black Shoe. The Darlings of Fortune are Orators of the first Rank, know all the Quirks and Subtilties of the Law; they sing like Nightingales, tho' quite hoarse with Colds. There is a mighty Difference what Star presided at your Nativity, under what Influence you were born, and drew your first Breath. Fortune, if she pleases, of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. What raised o Ventidius, what advanced p Tullius into a Throne, what but the Stars, and the strange Powers of hidden Fate? Fate, that gives Kingdoms to the Slave, and Triumphs to the Captive. Quintilian indeed is a happy Man, but you may as soon shew me a white Crow, as another Example. Most of the Profession repent too late of following that barren and beggarly Employment; witness the fatal End of q Thrasymachus, who hanged himself, and of r Secundus Carrinas, who was banished. And, ungrateful Athens, you saw the great Socrates starving, and paid him nothing for his Lectures, but the barbarous Reward of cold Hemlock.

Ye Gods, lay the Earth thin and light upon the Ashes of our great Ancestors; may the sweet-smelling Crocus and perpetual Spring smile upon their Urns, for they justly considered a Tutor as invested with the Authority of a Father. Achilles, almost a Man, and fearful of the Rod, sung on Thessalian Hills the Praises of the learned s Centaur; and yet who

o Ventidius Bassus, son to a Bond-woman of Asculum; he was first a Carman, then a Muleteer, afterwards in one Year he was created Prætor and Consul.

p The sixth King of Rome, born of a Captive.

q A Rhetorician of Athens, born at Carthage.

r He came from Athens to Rome, and declaiming against Tyrants, by way of Exercise, was banished by Caligula.

s Chiron, one of the Centaurs, whose upper Part was like a Man, and the lower like a Horse; he was Tutor to Achilles, and taught Æsculapius Physick, Apollo Musick, and Hercules Astronomy.

Eliceret visum citharœdi cauda magistri?
Sed Ruffum, atque alios cædit sua quæque juventus:
Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.
Quis gremio Enceladi, doctique Palæmonis affert
Quantum grammaticus meruit labor? & tamen ex hâc,
Quodcunque est (minus est autem, quàm rhetoris æra)
Discipuli custos præmordet Acœnitus ipse,
Et qui dispensat, frangit sibi. Cede, Palæmon,
Et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter, quàm
Institor hybernæ tegetis, niveique caduci:
Dummodò non pereat, mediæ quòd noctis ab horâ
Sedisti, quâ nemo faber, quâ nemo sederet,
Qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro:
Dummodò non pereat totidem olfeciſſe lucernas,
Quot stabant pueri, cùm totus decolor esset
Flaccus, & bæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.
Rara tamen merces, quæ cognitione Tribuni
Non egeat. Sed vos sævas imponite leges,
Ut præceptori verborum regula constet,
Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes,
Tanquam ungues digitosque suos; ut fortè rogatus
Dum petit aut thermas, aut Phœbi balnea, dicat
Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen, patriamque novercæ
Arithemori: dicat quot Aceſtes vixerit annis,

Quot

who could avoid laughing, to see a Harper with a long Tail? But now, Boys in the lowest Form have the Insolence to strike Ruffus their Master, the great [t] Ruffus, who often disputed the Purity of Tully's Latin, and said he wrote like a Savoyard. Who in this Age offers the noted Enceladus, or the learned [u] Palæmon, a Reward equal to a Grammarian's Labour? And yet out of the Salary, whatever it be, (always less than a Rhetorick Master's Pay) Acænitus the Usher, who has the Care of the Boy, claims something; the Housekeeper likewise cuts off a Share. Rest contented, Palæmon, suffer some of your Fees to be taken off, as a Tradesman, who sells thick Rugs and white Blankets, falls, and makes abatement in the Price: provided that you have something left for the Fatigue of sitting up from Midnight, which no Smith, no Woolcomber, who teaches his Servants to use the Cards with their crooked Teeth, is obliged to; so that something remains as a Recompence for smelling the Stink of so many Lamps as you have Boys; when Horace appears of another Colour, soil'd with the Oil, and Virgil is all besmeared with black Smoke. These Gentlemen seldom receive their Salary without a Law-Suit, and bringing the Cause before the Tribune: but be sure tie down the Master to the hardest Terms, insist that he is perfect in the Grammar Rules, that he reads History, that he understands all Authors, that he has them to a Hair, and at his Fingers Ends; that he should be always ready (ask him where-ever you chance to meet him, either going to the hot Baths or the cold) to tell you who was Anchises's Nurse, or where Archemorus' Stepmother was born: to tell you how many Years Accesles lived,

[t] Satrius Ruffus, who charged Cicero with writing barbarous Latin, like an Allobrogian or a Savoyard.

[u] Remmius Palæmon, born at Vincentia; he lived at Rome in the Reign of Tiberius, was an excellent Grammarian, and Tutor to Quintilian; he was exceeding proud, and would often say, that Learning was born and would die with him.

Quot Siculus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.
Exigite, ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit: exigite, ut sit
Et pater ipsius cœtûs, ne turpia ludant,
Ne faciant vicibus. Non est leve tot puerorum
Observare manus, oculosque in fine trementes.
Hæc, inquit, cures; sed cùm se verterit annus,
Accipe, victori populus quod postulat, aurum.

SATIRA VIII.

Ad Ponticum =

STemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum, & stantes in curribus Æmilianos;
Et Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem
Corvinum, & Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem?
Quis fructus generis tabulâ jactare capaci
Corvinum, & post hunc multâ deducere virgâ
Fumosos equitum cum Dictatore Magistros,
Si coram Lepidis malè vivitur? effigies quò
Tot bellatorum, si luditur alea per nox
Ante Numantinos? si dormire incipis ortu
Luciferi, quo signa Duces & castra movebant?

= Stemmata quid faciunt? What Signify Nobleness?

Cur

lived, how many Urns of Wine the Sicilian Prince presented to his Countrymen the Trojans. Oblige him to form the tender Manners of the Boy, as one moulds a Face of Wax. Insist that he be a Father to the Youth he teaches, to see that there be no Filthiness, no mutual Obscenities among them: it is no small Concern to watch the Hands of so many Boys, and the leud twinkling Corners of their Eyes. Be this your Care, and at the Year's End, you'll be glad of the same Pay that a Fencer picks up that comes off Conqueror at a Prize.

SATIRE VIII.

To Ponticus

WHAT signify your Coats of Arms? where is the Advantage, Friend Ponticus, to be esteemed only for your long Pedigree? to shew the painted Faces of your Ancestors, the Statues of the [a] Æmilii standing in their triumphal Chariots, of the Curii half wasted by Time, of Corvinus with but one Arm, and Galba without Nose or Ears? Of what Use is is to boast of Corvinus at the Head of your large Table of Genealogy, and from him to deduce, thro' several Brances, a Dictator, and many Masters of the Horse now black with Smoke, if before the Faces of the Lepidi you lead an infamous Life? To what Purpose are the Images of so many Warriors, if you spend the whole Night at Dice, under the Eye as it were of your Ancestors, of the great Scipio that conquer'd Numantia? if you go to Bed at Break of Day, the Time when those Generals moved their Standards, and advanced towards the Enemy? Why should

[a] The Æmilii, Curii, Corvini, and other great Names, too many to be explained, were noble Romans, the Founders of illustrious Families, and an Honour to their Country.

Cur Allobrogicis, & magnâ gaudeat arâ
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare? ſi cupidus, ſi
Vanus, & Euganeâ quantumvis mollior agnâ?
Si tenerum attritus Catinenſi pumice lumbum
Squallentes traducit avos: emptorque veneni
Frangendâ miſeram funeſtat imagine gentem?
Tota licèt veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica Virtus.
Paulus, vel Coſſus, vel Druſus moribus eſto:
Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum:
Præcedant ipſas illi, te conſule, virgas.
Prima mihi debet animi bona. Sanctus haberi,
Juſtitiæque tenax factis dictiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem: ſalve, Getulice, ſeu tu
Silanus, quocunque alio de ſanguine rarus
Civis, & egregius patriæ contingis avanti.
Exclamare libet, populus quod clamat Oſiri
Invento: quis enim generoſum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantam
Inſignis? nanum cujuſdam Atlanta vocamus:
= [illegible] =

Æthiopem

ſhould [b] Fabius, born of Herculean Blood, value himſelf upon a Title obtained by Conqueſt over the Allobroges, and that the Care of the great Altar of Hercules was hereditary to his Family, if he at the ſame time be covetous, if he be vain, if he be effeminate, and his Skin more ſoft than the Wool of an [c] Euganean Lamb, if he ſmooths his lewd Loins with a [d] Sicilian Pumice, and becomes a Scandal to his rough-hair'd Anceſtors? if he be a Poiſoner, a Reproach to his unhappy Progenitors, by placing his own Effigies among them, that deſerves to be broken in Pieces? Let your long Galleries be ever ſo well ſet off with the waxen Figures of your Anceſtors, be aſſured that Virtue alone is their true Nobility. Live like Paulus, or Coſſus, or Druſus; prefer the Examples of thoſe good Men before the Statues of your Family: eſteem them, when you are Conſul, before the Faſces, the Enſigns of your Dignity. The Ornaments of your Mind are what I firſt inſiſt upon. Do you, by your Words and Actions, deſerve the Character of being virtuous, and a Lover of Juſtice? I then confeſs your Quality: Hail, noble Sir! whether from the Race of Coſſus, or from Silanus, or from whatever other Blood deſcended, you approve yourſelf a choice Citizen, a bright Ornament to your rejoicing Country; let us receive you with as loud Applauſe as Ægypt ſhouts when ſhe has found Oſiris. Who will pronounce that Man eminent, who, unworthy of his Family, is diſtinguiſhed only by a lofty Title? We may as well call ſome Great Man's Dwarf

[b] The Fabii were famous in Rome, and derived themſelves from Hercules, whoſe Altar and holy Rites were hereditary to that Family. This Altar was called Ara Maxima, and ſtood in Foro Boario, or the Beaſt Market. Fabius Maximus was called Allobrogicus, for his Victory over the Allobrogians; from him deſcended this Fabius Perſicus, deſcribed by Seneca as the moſt filthy and obſcene of all Men living.

[c] The Sheep bred upon the Euganean Downs had the fineſt and faireſt Wool in Italy. Some ſay Padua belonged to the Euganeans; others affirm them to be the Tarentines, Calabrians, and Venetians.

[d] The beſt Pumice Stones are gathered in Sicily, about Mount Ætna; with theſe the effeminate Italians uſed to ſmooth their Skins.

Æthiopem cygnum: parvam extortamque puellam,
Europen: canibus pigris, ſcabieque vetuſtâ
Lævibus, & ſiccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo; ſi quid adhuc eſt,
Quod fremat in terris violentiùs. Ergo cavebis,
Et metues, ne tu ſic Creticus, aut Camerinus.

His ego quem monui? tecum eſt mihi ſermo, Rubelli
Plaute: tumes alto Druſorum ſanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipſe aliquid, propter quod nobilis eſſes;
Ut te conciperet, quæ ſanguine fulget Iŭli,
Non quæ ventoſo conducta ſub aggere texit.
Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima noſtri,
Quorum nemo queat patriam monſtrare parentis:
At ego Cecropides. Vivas, & originis hujus
Gaudia longa feras: tamen imâ ex plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies: ſolet hic defendere cauſas
Nobilis indoctus: veniet de plebe togatâ,
Qui juris nodos, & legum ænigmata, ſolvat.
Hic petit Euphraten juvenis, domitique Batavi
Cuſtodes aquilas, armis induſtrius: at tu
Nil niſi Cecropides, truncoque ſimillimus Hermæ:
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quàm quòd
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago.

Dwarf a Giant, say an Æthiop is as white as a Swan, or a little crooked Wench as fine-shaped as Europa; you may as well give the Name of Leopard, Lion, Tyger, or of any Creature upon Earth (if there be any such) of a more fierce kind, to a Pack of creeping mangy Hounds, fit for nothing but to lick the Outside of stinking Lamps. Take you care, be always in fear, lest the World flatters you with the Mock-Titles of Camerinus or Creticus in the same way.

To whom do I apply this Advice? I speak to you, Rubellius Plautus; you swell with the high Blood of the Drusi, as if you had distinguished yourself by some Action to make you illustrious, to deserve the Honour of a Mother of the Julian Line, not the Reproach of being the Offspring of a Trull, who knits for her Living in the Wind under the Town-Wall. "You are poor Rogues, you cry, the very Dregs of "our Plebeians; not a Man of you can tell the "Country his Father came from, I sprung from "e Cecrops." May you live, and long enjoy the Glory of your Race; yet out of these very Dregs you will often find a learned Roman, the Ornament of the Bar? one capable to defend the Causes of you ignorant Nobility, to unravel the Difficulties and Riddles of the Law. Another, from the same low Descent, goes to the Wars to the Banks of the Euphrates, and joins our Garrisons that protect our Conquests over the Batavi, and becomes an excellent Soldier; you, proud of the Name of Cecrops, are of no more Consequence than the shapeless Post with a Head of f Mercury upon it; with this Difference only, you are a living Statue, his Head is Stone.

Tell

e The first King of Athens; the Romans must have been excellent Heralds, that could derive a Descent from this King, who reigned before Deucalion's Flood.

f He alludes to the Statues of Mercury, which were commonly among them placed by way of Religion over the Gates of their Houses. The Statue was a Marble Head, set upon a shapeless Post.

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
Quis generosa putat, nisi fortia? nempe volucrem
Sic laudamus equum, facilis cui plurima palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo.
Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, cujus
Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis,
Sed venale pecus Corythæ, posteritas & Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit;
Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum: Dominos pretiis mutare jubentur
Exiguis, tritoque trahunt epirhedia collo
Segnipedes, dignique molam versare Nepotis.
Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primùm aliquid da,
Quod possim titulis incidere præter honores,
Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.
Hæc satis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama superbum
Tradit, & inflatum, plenumque Nerone propinquo.
Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ. Sed te censeri laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim, sic ut nihil ipse futuræ
Laudis agas: miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.
Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambiguæ si quando citabere testis
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus

Tell me, you Sons of Troy, who values a Beaſt for the Breed, unleſs he proves ſtrong and bold? So we praiſe a fleet Horſe, that frequently carried off the Prize amidſt the hoarſe Acclamations of the Circus. This Horſe will be always diſtinguiſh'd, let him be bred where he will, if he has clearly the Heels of the reſt, and firſt prints his Conqueſt on the Duſt. But if the Colts prove Jades, (tho' their Dam were [g] Corytha, and their Sire Hirpinus) and ſeldom win a Match, they are ordered to be ſold. There is no regard to their Pedigrees, no favour ſhewn upon the account of their Grandſires dead long ago, but they are obliged to change their Maſters at a low Price: they are ſlow-footed, and therefore are forced to drag a Cart with their gall'd Necks, or are fit for nothing but to turn a Mill. That we may therefore admire not Yours but You, firſt do ſome great Action of your own, that may be inſcribed upon your Statue, beſides the Honours beſtowed upon your Anceſtors by their Country, which is all you have to boaſt of.

So much for Rubellius Plautus, a Youth (as Fame repreſents him) haughty, and ſwelling, and full of his near Relation to Nero. Indeed we ſeldom find ſo much as common Senſe in an exalted Fortune. But, Ponticus, I would not have you eſteemed only by hereditary Praiſe, ſo as to contribute nothing your ſelf to raiſe your Character; 'tis poor relying on another's Fame; the Building muſt tumble into Ruins, if you take away the Pillars that ſupport it; the Vine lies along upon the Ground, parted from the Embraces of the Elm ſhe loves.

Be you a good Soldier, a faithful Tutor, an impartial Umpire; if you are ſummoned as a Witneſs in a Caſe doubtful and uncertain, tho' [h] Phalaris ſhould threaten to broil you in his Bull, unleſs you would

[g] Of an excellent Breed, that came originally from Achaia. Hirpinus, a Race-horſe ſo called from the Place where he was bred, being a Hill in the Country of the Sabines.

[h] King of Agrigentum, the cruelleſt of all the Sicilian Tyrants; he had a brazen Bull, in which he roaſted Offenders alive.

Falſus, & admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.
Dignus morte perit, cœnet licèt oſtrea centum
Gaurana, & Coſmi toto mergatur abeno.
Expectata diu tandem provincia cùm te
Rectorem accipiet, pone iræ fræna modumque
Pone & avaritiæ: miſerere inopum ſociorum.
Oſſa vides regum vacuis exhauſta medullis.
Reſpice, quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet;
Præmia quanta bonos maneant; quàm fulmine juſto
Et Capito & Tutor ruerint, damnante ſenatu,
Piratæ Cilicum: ſed quid damnatio confert,
Cùm Panſa eripiat quicquid tibi Natta reliquit?
Præconem, Chærippe, tuis circumſpice pannis,
Jamque tace. Furor eſt poſt omnia perdere naulum.
Non idem gemitus olim, nec vultus erat par
Damnorum, ſociis florentibus, & modò victis.
Plena domus tunc omnis, & ingens ſtabat acervus
Nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
At cum Parrhaſii tabulis, ſignisque Myronis,
Phidiacum vivebat ebur, nec non Polycleti

would forſwear and give the falſe Evidence he directs, think it the higheſt Wickedneſs to prefer your Safety to your Innocence, and for the ſake of Life to loſe the very Ends of Living. Such a Wretch deſerves to periſh, tho' he lives in Luxury, ſwallows a hundred [i] Gaurane Oyſters at a Meal, and like [k] Coſmus dips himſelf all over in a brazen Bath of the moſt exquiſite Ointments.

When you come at laſt to take Poſſeſſion of the Government of the Province you ſo long deſired, confine your Paſſion within proper Bounds; reſtrain your Avarice; take Pity upon our poor Allies. You ſee ſome of the Kings we conquer'd unmercifully ſqueez'd, and the very Marrow ſuck'd out of their Bones. Have regard to what the Laws preſcribe, what the State commands. Conſider what Rewards wait upon the Good, with how juſt a Stroke Capito and Tutor fell, thoſe Plunderers of the Cilicians, by Decree of the Senate. But to what Purpoſe were they condemned, when Panſa who ſucceeded, ſeized upon the little that Natta his Predeceſſor had left? O [l] Chœrippus, look out for a Crier to ſell your ſorry Rags that remain, and ſay nothing of the Money for fear of the Governor; it would be Madneſs after all to loſe the laſt Stake. You heard no ſuch Lamentation formerly; the Wounds received by the Rapine of Governors were not ſo deep, when our Allies were in a flouriſhing Condition, and firſt ſubdued by us. Then Plenty appeared in every Houſe, Money lay about in Heaps, Spartan Cloaks, Purples from Co, Pictures by Parrhaſius, Statues by Myro, Images by Phidias taught to live; the curious Hand of

[i] Lucrine Oyſters taken about the Port at Baiæ, near the Mountain Gaurus in Campania.

[k] So effeminate, that the Ointment he uſed in Bathing was called Unguentum Coſmianum.

[l] He introduces Chœrippus as a Subject of this plundered Province, whom he adviſes to ſell his Clothes, and the reſt of his poor Goods he had left, before the Succeſſor comes with a new Hunger, and devours all; ſuppoſing, if he turned what he had into Money, it might be the better concealed.

Multus ubique labor; rarae sinè Mentore mensae.
Inde Dolabella est, atque hinc Antonius, indè
Sacrilegus Verres. Referebant navibus altis
Occulta spolia, & plures de pace triumphos.
Nunc sociis juga pauca boum, & grex parvus equarum,
Et pater armenti capto eripietur agello:
Ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum,
Si quis in aediculâ Deus unicus: haec etenim sunt
Pro summis: nam sunt haec maxima. despicias tu
Forsitan imbelles Rhodios, unctamque Corinthum:
Despicias meritò: quid resinata juventus,
Cruraque totius facient tibi laevia gentis?
Horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis,
Illyricumque latus. parce & messoribus illis,
Qui saturant urbem, circo, scenaque vacantem.
Quanta autem inde feres tam diræ premia culpæ,
Cùm tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros?
Curandum imprimis, ne magna injuria fiat
Fortibus & miseris, tollas licèt omne quod usquam est
Auri atque argenti; scutum gladiumque relinques,
Et jacula, & galeam: spoliatis arma supersunt.
Quod modò proposui, non est sententia; verùm
Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
Si tibi sancta cohors comitum; si nemo tribunal
Vendit acersecomes; si nullum in conjuge crimen;
Nec per conventus, & cuncta per oppida curvis
Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno:

Tunc

of Polycletus ſurprized you in every Room, ſcarce a Table without Bowls imboſſed by Mentor. Prizes like theſe tempted the Avarice of Dolabella, the Rapine of Antony, and the Sacrilege of Verres. Theſe Plunderers ſent home in lofty Ships thoſe ſtolen Spoils, and triumph'd often over their Provinces in times of Peace; but now our Allies have few Oxen left to till the Ground, a ſmall Number of Mares, the Father of the Herd is carried off from the Paſture ravaged and deſtroyed. The very Houſhold Gods, a ſmall Statue of any Price, the little Deity of the Cottage, theſe are all ſeized inſtead of better, yet things of the higheſt Value to the poor People. You may perhaps deſpiſe the weak Rhodians, and the Softneſs of Corinth, and with reaſon; for what can the effeminate Youth, and the ſmooth Limbs of thoſe Nations attempt againſt you? But be cautious how you meddle with the rough Spaniards, the Chariots of the Gauls, and the Coaſts of Illyria. Spare the Labours of the Huſbandmen who ſupply the City, which attends to nothing but the Diverſions of the Circus and the Theatres. For what Booty can you expect from the cruel Ravage you make, when Marius ſo lately ſtript the poor Africans to the Skin? But chiefly take care you do not preſs too hard upon the wretched and the brave; tho' you carry off all the Gold and Silver they have, you will ſtill leave them Shields and Swords, and Spears and Helmets; the plundered never are in want of Arms. What I have now obſerved is no uncertain Notion of my own, but believe it fixed and ſure as an Oracle of the Sibyl.

If you employ Perſons of Reputation under you, if no favourite Boy receives a Bribe to pervert Juſtice; if your Wife be of unblemiſh'd Character, and does not run into the publick Courts thro' every Town in the Province, like a Harpy with her crooked Claws, to ſeize the Golden Prey; if you are free from theſe Reproaches, derive your Deſcent from

Tunc licèt à Pico numeres genus; altaque si te
Nomina delectent, omnem Titanida pugnam
Inter majores, ipsumque Prometbea ponas:
De quocunque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.
Quòd si præcipitem rapit ambitus atque libido,
Si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
Delectant bebetes lasso lictore secures:
Incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
Nobilitas, claramque facem præferre pudendis.
Omne animi vitium tantò conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quantò major, qui peccat, habetur.
Quò mihi te solitum falsas signare tabellas
In templis, quæ fecit avus; statuamque parentis
Ante triumphalem? quò, si nocturnus adulter
Tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo?
Præter majorum cineres, atque ossa volucri
Carpento rapitur pinguis Damasippus; & ipse,
Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine Consul:
Nocte quidem; sed luna videt, sed sidera testes
Intendunt oculos. Finitum tempus honoris
Cùm fuerit, clarâ Damasippus luce flagellum
Sumet, & occursum nusquam trepidabit amici
Jam senis, at virgâ prior innuit, atque maniples
Solvet, & infundet jumentis hordea lassis.
Interea dum lanatas, servumque juvencum
More Numæ cædit Jovis ante altaria, jurat
[illegible] Hipponam,

Picus m, if you will; or, if you are fond of great Names, higher in Time, place the Titans who fought against the Gods, among your Ancestors, or old n Prometheus himself. You may chuse your Pedigree from any History you please. But if you are carried headlong by Ambition or by Lust, if you cruelly break the Rods upon the Backs of your Allies, and love to see the Axe blunt, and the Lictor tired by using it, the Nobility of your Blood is a strong Objection against you, and exposes your Shame in a clearer Light; for every Vice carries a greater Malignity with it, in Proportion to the Rank and Quality of the Person that commits it. What is your Family to me, if you have the Impudence to be Witness to a false o Will, in the very Temples built by your Ancestors, before your Father's triumphal Statue? If, to conceal your Night Adulteries, you disguise your Face with a French Hood?

Damasippus, with his fat Guts, drives furiously by the Ashes and Bones of his great Progenitors; he, the Consul, he submits to lock the Wheel of the Chariot with the Drag-Chain. This indeed he does in the Night, but the Moon sees him, the Stars with their intentive Eyes witness against him. When he is out of his Office, you will find p Damasippus playing the Charioteer at Noon-day; nor would he blush to meet the gravest of his Friends, but first salute them with a Crack of his Whip. He unbinds the Trusses of Hay, and gives the tired Horses their Corn with his own Hands. But when he sacrifices a Sheep or a Bullock at the Altar of Jupiter, as Numa ordained, the cleanly Deities he swears by, are Hippona,

m The first King of the Aborigenes, the Son of Saturn.

n Who was supposed to make Man of moist Clay.

o It was usual to sign as a Witness to a Will in the Temples of the Gods, to put Men in mind that they were obliged by Religion to be true and faithful.

p An extravagant young Nobleman, was a Consul, a Charioteer, a common Drunkard, and a Stage-player.

Hipponam, & facies olida ad præsepia pictas.
Sed cùm pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,
Obvius assiduo Syrophœnix udus amomo
Currit, Idumææ Syrophœnix incola portæ,
Hospitis affectu Dominum, Regemque salutat,
Et cum venali Cyane succincta lagenâ.
Defensor culpæ dicet mihi: fecimus & nos
Hæc juvenes. esto; desisti nempè, nec ultrà
Fovisti errorem. breve sit, quod turpiter audes.
Quædam cum primâ resecentur crimina barbâ,
Indulge veniam pueris: Damasippus ad illos
Thermarum calices, inscriptaque lintea vadit,
Maturus bello Armeniæ, Syriæque tuendis
Amnibus, & Rheno, atque Istro. Præstare Neronem
Securum valet hæc ætas. mitte Ostia, Cæsar;
Mitte; sed in magnâ legatum quære popinâ.
Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem,
Permistum nautis, aut furibus aut fugitivis;
Inter carnifices, & fabros sandapilarum,
Et resupinati cessantia tympana Galli:
Æqua ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
Non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
Quid facies, talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?
Nempe in Lucanos, aut Thusca ergastula mittas.
At vos, Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, & quæ

Hippona q, and ſuch ſweet Divinities, whoſe Faces you ſee painted over the middle of the ſtinking Stalls. Yet when he pleaſes to viſit the Tavern, where he revels Night and Day, a Syrophœnician, always greaſy with his Eſſence, runs to meet him, a Perfumer that lives by the Idumæan Gate, accoſts him in the fawning Stile of the Maſter of the Houſe, calls him My Lord, my Prince; and Cyane, a tight Girl, waits upon him with the full Bottle of the beſt. You'll ſay perhaps in excuſe, we did the ſame when we were young; I grant it: yet you left off, you did not indulge the Miſtake further; ſtop ſhort, and never perſiſt in doing ill. Some Vices ſhould be entirely left off, when the Razor firſt comes upon your Face. An Allowance, you cry, ſhould be made for Youth: True; but Damaſippus drinks Bumpers as if he were ſweating in a hot Bath, and reels to the Stews, known by the lewd Inſcriptions o'er the Doors, tho' ripe by Age for the Armenian War, to defend our Syrian Rivers from Attempts, the Banks of the Rhine or the Danube. His Years qualify him to protect the Perſon of the Emperor; ſend, Cæſar, ſend your Ambaſſador to the Mouth of the Tiber; but look for this worthy Deputy of yours in a common Tap-houſe, you'll find him ſwilling with ſome Cut-throat, in Company with Seamen, Thieves, Fugitives, Hangmen, and Undertakers; or among the ſilent Drums of Cybele's Prieſt, who drunk lies ſnoaring on his Back. Theſe Sots are all upon a Level here, drink all out of the ſame Glaſs; there is no Place of Diſtinction among them, but all ſit round the ſame Table. What would you do, my Friend, had you a Slave like this Wretch of a Lord? you would ſurely ſend him to hard Labour among the Lucani, or to one of the Tuſcan Work-houſes. But you, great Sons of Troy, diſpenſe with one another, and imagine what a Cobler would be aſham'd

q The Goddeſs of Stables, placed in the middle of the Stalls, and curiouſly bedecked with Chaplets of freſh Roſes.

Turpia cerdoni, Voleſos Brutoſque decebunt.
Quid, ſi nunquam adeò fœdis, adeòque pudendis
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora ſuperſint?
Conſumptis opibus vocem, Damaſippe, locâſti
Sipario, clamoſum ageres ut Phaſma Catulli.
Laureolum Velox etiam benè Lentulus egit,
Judice me, dignus verâ cruce. nec tamen ipſi
Ignoſcas populo: populi frons durior hujus,
Qui ſedet, & ſpectat triſcurria patriciorum:
Planipedes audit Fabios, ridere poteſt qui
Mamercorum alapas. quanti ſua funera vendant,
Quid refert? vendunt, nullo cogente Nerone,
Nec dubitant celſi Prætoris vendere ludis.
Finge tamen gladios inde, atque hinc pulpita pone:
Quid ſatius? mortem ſic quiſquam exhorruit, ut ſit
Zelotypus Thymeles, ſtupidi collega Corinthi?
Res haud mira tamen, citharœdo principe, mimus
Nobilis: hæc ultra, quid erit niſi ludus? & illic
Dedecus urbis habes: nec mirmillonis in armis,
Nec clypeo Gracchum pugnantem, aut falce ſupinâ,
(Damnat enim tales habitus, ſed damnat & edit)
Nec galeâ frontem abſcondit; movet ecce tridentem,

Poſtquam

asham'd of, looks becoming in the Posterity of the illustrious Volsci or the Bruti.

What, if after the Examples we have produced, tho' never so infamous and shameful, there should be worse behind? O Damasippus, thy Fortune quite spent, thou letteſt thy Voice out upon the Stage, to whine out a Part in the Vision of Catullus. Velox Lentulus, another of these Lords, performs the Character of [r] Laureolus to a Miracle, worthy, in my Opinion, of the Death he represents, to be really crucified; nor can you excuse the People, the Spectators, who with more harden'd Impudence are delighted to sit and divert themselves with these Buffooneries of the Nobility; who are pleased to hear the renowned Fabii acting barefoot, and laugh to see the great Mamerci box'd about the Stage. No matter for what Price these Nobles run the Hazard of their Lives, they do it voluntarily; there is no Nero now to force them, they engage willingly in those Plays exhibited by the haughty Prætor to divert the People [s]. Suppose the Lists on one Hand, and the Stage on the other, which would you chuse? Is any Man so fearful of Death, as to submit to act the Part of Latinus jealous of his Thymele, or to be on a Level with that stupid Stroller Corinthus? It is no Wonder, when the Emperor is a Harper, that the Nobles are all Mimicks; after this what can you expect, but that the whole World should turn Players? See, the Disgrace of Rome enters the Lists, the infamous Gracchus, not furnished like a Sword-player, not fighting with a Shield or crooked Falchion, nor wears his Helmet down (such Armour he condemns, condemns and hates) but lo, he shakes his Trident, and

[r] A Slave condemned to be crucified for running away from his Master; this Slave was personated upon the Stage by a Nobleman, one of the Lentuli.

[s] Of the two, says the Poet, it is more shameful to act upon the Stage, than to fight as a Gladiator, tho' at the Hazard of his Life; for who would not detest to play the Part of the Cuckold Latinus, the jealous Husband of Thymele, or be a Fellow-Actor with that Loggerhead Corinthus?

Poſtquam libratâ pendentia retia dextrâ
Nequicquam effudit, nudum ad ſpectacula vultum
Erigit, & totâ fugit agnoſcendus arenâ.
Credamus tunicæ, de faucibus aurea cùm ſe
Porrigat, & longo jactetur ſpira galero.
Ergo ignominiam graviorem pertulit omni
Vulnere, cum Graccho juſſus pugnare ſecutor.
Libera ſi dentur populo ſuffragia, quis tam
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni?
Cujus ſupplicio non debuit una parari
Simia, nec ſerpens unus, nec culeus unus.
Par Agamemnonidæ crimen; ſed cauſa facit rem
Diſſimilem: quippe ille Deis auctoribus ultor
Patris erat cæſi media inter pocula: ſed nec
Electræ jugulo ſe polluit, aut Spartani
Sanguine conjugii: nullis aconita propinquis
Miſcuit: in ſcena nunquam cantavit Oreſtes:
Trœïca non ſcripſit. Quid enim Virginius armis
Debuit ulciſci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba?
Quid Nero tam ſævâ, crudâque tyrannide fecit?
Hæc opera, atque hæ ſunt generoſi principis artes,
Gaudentis fædo peregrina ad pulpita contu
Proſtitui, Graiæque apium meruiſſe coronæ.
Majorum effigies habeant inſignia vocis,

and as a Retiarius, caſting his Net, poiſed in his Hand in vain, he ſhews his Face bare to all the People, flies round the Circus, glad to be known, and beg his Life. You may depend it is he by his purple Tunic, by the Gold Ribband blown by the Wind, that ties on his high Cap, and hangs down under his Chin. The Secutor got no Credit, but ſuffered a Reproach deeper than any Wound he could feel, when he was ordered to try his Skill upon ſuch a Coward of Quality.

If the People were to ſpeak freely, where is the Man ſo loſt to Virtue, that would ſcruple to prefer Seneca to Nero? whoſe many [t] Parricides deſerve more than one Death, more Apes, more Serpents, more Sacks than one. Oreſtes, I own, killed his Mother likewiſe; but Circumſtances make the Caſe different: he, by the Command of the Gods, revenged the Death of his Father, ſlain in the midſt of a Feaſt; but he was not ſtained with the Murder of his Siſter Electra, nor with the Blood of Hermione, his Spartan Wife: he made up no Draughts of Poiſon for his Neighbours. Oreſtes never ſung upon the Stage, never wrote Verſes upon the Deſtruction of Troy. What Crimes could Virginius, Vindex, Galba, revenge with more Juſtice? What great Exploits, beſides the moſt execrable Cruelties, were ever done by the Tyrant Nero? Theſe are the Employments, theſe the Accompliſhments of a noble Prince, to delight in proſtituting his Majeſty by ſinging upon a foreign Stage, and make a Merit of carrying from the Greeks their [u] Parſley Crown. Let the Statues of your Anceſtors be adorned with this Chaplet, this Trophy of your Voice; lay at the Feet of

[t] A Parricide, by the Roman Law, was ſown up in a Sack, with a Cock, a Serpent, an Ape, and a Dog, and thrown into the Sea.

[u] Nero carried away the Parſley Crown, or Chaplet, in the Nemean Games, from the Greek Muſick Maſters. Theſe Games were celebrated to the Memory of Archemorus the youngſon of Lycurgus, who was killed by a Serpent as he was playing upon a Bed of Parſley.

Ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestæ
Syrma, vel Antigones, seu personam Menalippes,
Et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso.

Quis, Catilina, tuis natalibus, atque Cethegi
Inveniet quicquam sublimius? arma tamen vos
Nocturna, & flammas domibus templisque parâstis,
Ut Braccatorum pueri, Senonumque minores,
Ausi, quod liceat tunicâ punire molestâ.
Sed vigilat Consul, vexillaque vestra coërcet.
Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, & modò Romæ
Municipalis eques galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, & in omni gente laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
Nominis, & tituli; quantum non Leucade, quantum
Thessaliæ Campis Octavius abstulit udo
Cædibus assiduis gladio. Sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.
Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
Poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro;
Nodosam post hæc frangebat vertice vitem,
Si lentus pigrâ muniret castra dolabrâ:
Hic tamen & Cimbros, & summa pericula rerum
Excipit, & solus trepidantem protegit urbem.
Atque ideo postquam ad Cimbros, stragemque volabant,
Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera, corvi,
Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secundâ.

+ Catiline & Cicero

Plebeia

of the Domitii the long Robe in which you acted the Character of Thyestes, or the Mask you used in the Parts of Antigone or Menalippe, and hang your Harp upon the Marble Images of your great Progenitors.

Who, Catiline, and Cethegus, can boast of a more noble Descent than you; yet you conspired to destroy the City and the Temples by Night with Fire and Sword, as if you had been Sons of the Gauls, or the Posterity of the Senones; you dared such Villainies, for which you ought to have been punished with a pitched Shirt. But the Consul watched your Motions, and restrained the Fury of your Arms. This ~~Cicero~~ of Arpinum, ~~a Man~~ of no Family, meanly born, and coming from a Country Town, but lately admitted at Rome into the Equestrian Order, placed an armed Guard in every Part, to protect the People frightened at the Alarm, and bestirr'd himself in all Quarters, for the Security of the City. The peaceful Gown bestowed more Fame and Honour upon this great Man at home within our Walls, than Octavius carried off from the Fight at Actium, or from the Thessalian Plains, by his Sword stained with continual Slaughter. Rome, ~~the~~ free, pronounced him her ~~Father~~, called this Cicero the Father of his Country.

Marius, another from the same Arpinum, tired out with plowing on the Volscian Hills for Hire, turned Soldier, and had had many a knotty Cudgel broke upon his Head, if he worked lazily with his Axe in fortifying the Camp; yet this Man subdued the Cimbrians, and relieved the State in the utmost Danger: This Man alone preserved the trembling City; and therefore after the Battle, when the Crows flew to prey upon the Barbarians, and to devour the Carnage (and larger Bodies they had never seen) his Collegue Quintus Catulus, of noble Birth, received only the second Honours of the Day.

Those

Plebeiæ Deciorum animæ, plebeia fuerunt

Nomina: pro totis legionibus hi tamen, & pro

Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni plebe Latinâ

Sufficiunt Dîs infernis, Terræque parenti.

Pluris enim Decii, quàm qui ſervantur ab illis.

Ancillâ natus trabeam & diadema Quirini,

Et faſces meruit, Regum ultimus ille bonorum.

Prodita laxabant portarum clauſtra tyrannis

Exulibus juvenes ipſius conſulis, & quos

Magnum aliquid dubiâ pro libertate deceret,

Quod miraretur cum Coclite Mutius, & quæ

Imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit.

Occulta ad patres produxit crimina ſervus

Matronis lugendus: at illos verbera juſtis

Afficiunt pœnis, & legum prima ſecuris.

Malo pater tibi ſit Therſites, dummodò tu ſis

Achilles + Thetis

Æacida

Thoſe brave Souls the [x] Decii were of Plebeian Deſcent, their Families were Plebeian, yet they devoted themſelves to the Infernal Deities, and to Mother Earth, to ſave our Legions, our Auxiliaries, the whole Roman Name; theſe Decii were more regarded by the Gods, than the great Numbers by their Death preſerved.

Servius Tullius, born of a captive Maid, that laſt good King of Rome, yet merited the Robe of Majeſty, and the Diadem of Romulus, and all the Honours of the State; when the [y] Sons of the Conſul himſelf, of Brutus, tho' nobly born, conſpired to betray the City Gates to baniſhed Tyrants; theſe Youths ſhould rather have attempted ſome great Deſign for the Liberty of their Country not yet ſecure, ſome glorious Act that Mutius, that Cocles, Clælia (that fearleſs Maid that ſwam the Tiber's Stream, the Bounds of our narrow Empire) would have wondered to hear. Vindicius, a Slave, diſcovered this dark Conſpiracy to the Senators (ſad News for the tender Mother's Heart!) who firſt made the Youths feel the lawful Puniſhment of the Rods and the Axe, never uſed in Rome before. I had rather your Father had been that Fellow [z] Therſites, ſo that you

[x] The Decii devoted their Lives as voluntary Sacrifices to ſave their Country. The Father, in the War with the Latins; the Son, in the Hetrurian War; the Grandſon, in the War againſt Pyrrhus.

[y] Tarquinius Superbus, after his Expulſion, attempted to recover his Kingdom; for which Purpoſe Titus and Tiberius, the Sons of Junius Brutus the Conſul, undertook to deliver up one of the City Gates. This was diſcovered by Vindicius a Slave, for which he was made free; from him the Rod laid upon the Head of the Slave when he was manumitted, was called Vindicta. The Conſul's Sons were firſt whipt, and then beheaded. Porſenna, King of Hetruria, engaging in favour of Tarquin, Horatius Cocles withſtood him and all his Army upon the Bridge over the Tiber, till it was broken, and then he jumped with an Arrow in his Thigh into the River. Mutius Scævola, attempting to kill Porſenna in his Camp, and being taken, burnt his Right-hand off before him, which by Miſtake had killed the Secretary inſtead of the King. Clælia, with other Virgins, was given as an Hoſtage to Porſenna; but ſhe, deceiving her Keepers, ſwam over the River Tiber into the City.

[z] An impudent, ugly, cowardly Fellow at the Siege of Troy; for his

Æacidæ ſimilis, Vulcaniaque arma capeſſas,
Quàm te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles.
Et tamen, ut longè repetas, longéque revolvas
Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis aſylo.
Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud, quod dicere nolo.

SATIRA IX.

SCIRE velim, quare toties mihi, Nævole, triſtis
Occurras fronte obductâ, ceu Marſya victus.
Quid tibi cum vultu, qualem deprenſus habebat
Ravola, dum Rhodopes udâ terit inguina barbâ?
Nos colaphum incutimus lambenti cruſtula ſervo.
Non erat hâc facie miſerabilior Crepereius
Pollio, qui triplicem uſuram præſtare paratus
Circuit, & ſatuos non invenit. Unde repentè
Tot rugæ? certè modico contentus agebas

Vernam

you behave like Achilles, and can manage his Arms made by Vulcan, than that Achilles got you, and you prove a Thirſites, an ill-bred Scoundrel. Yet carry back your Pedigree ever ſo far, trace your Name ever ſo high, you ſtill deſcend from an infamous [a] Aſylum; your firſt Anceſtor, whoever he be, was either ſome Shepherd, or ſomewhat worſe that I am unwilling to name.

SATIRE IX.

JUVENAL, NÆVOLUS.

JUV. I SHOULD be glad to know, [b] Nævolus, why I meet you ſo often with that ſad cloudy Face like Marſyas overcome by Apollo. What have you to do with that confounded Countenance, ſuch as Ravola ſhew'd when he was caught ſcrubbing the lewd Rhodope with his bedrivelled Beard? He ſhould have ſuffer'd for that; for a Servant that licks his Lips with Sweet-meats, we chaſtiſe with a ſound Box on the Ear. Crepereius Pollio never had a more wretched Phiz, when he ran all the Town over to borrow Money at treble Intereſt, and could find no Fools to lend it. Whence of a ſudden ſo many Wrinkles? Tho' you are a Slave, you uſed to be

his foul Mouth Achilles gave him a Box on the Ear, which ſilenced him for ever.

a Rome was firſt an Aſylum or Sanctuary for Rogues.

b The Poet, in deſcribing the execrable Impurities of the Romans, introduces one Nævolus a Monſter of Vice; he tells him, with all his Lewdneſs he looks as wretchedly as Marſyas, as Ravola, and Crepereius Pollio. The firſt was an audacious Muſician, who challenged Apollo, but was overcome and flayed; the ſecond was an impure Villain, who being taken with his Rhodope, was confounded with a juſt Shame at the Diſcovery; the third, a noted Spendthrift, who deſperately offering for Money three times as much as the common Intereſt, could yet find no ſuch Creditor.

Vernam equitem, convîva joco mordente facetus,
Et salibus vehemens intra pomœria natis.
Omnia nunc contrà: vultus gravis, horrida siccæ
Sylva comæ; nullus totâ nitor in cute, qualem
Præstabat calidi circumlita fascia visci;
Sed fruticante pilo neglecta & squallida crura.
Quid macies ægri veteris, quem tempore longo
Torret quarta dies, olimque domestica febris?
Deprêndas animi tormenta latentis in ægro
Corpore, deprêndas & gaudia: sumit utrumque
Inde habitum facies: igitur flexisse videris
Propositum, & vitæ contrarius ire priori.
Nuper enim (ut repeto) fanum Isidis, & Ganymedem
Pacis, & advectæ secreta palatia matris,
Et Cererem (nam quo non prostat fœmina templo?)
Notior Ausidio mœchus celebrare solebas,
(Quod taceo) atque ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.
N. *Utile & hoc multis vitæ genus: at mihi nullum*
Indè operæ pretium: pingues aliquando lacernas,
Munimenta togæ, duri crassique coloris,
Et malè percussas texteris pectine Galli
Accipimus; tenue argentum, venæque secundæ.
Fata regunt homines. *fatum est in partibus illis,*
Quas sinus abscondit: nam si tibi sidera cessant,
Nil faciet longi mensura incognita nervi:
Quamvis te nudum spumanti Virro labello
Viderit,

be content with a ſmall Fortune, and to live as merry as a Lord, you were a pleaſant Companion at Table with your biting Jeſts, and quick at Repartees, that would pleaſe in the beſt-bred Converſation. But now the Scene is quite changed; your Look is ſtern, your dry Locks uncombed ſtand on end like a Wood, there is none of that Smoothneſs on your Skin that you ow'd to the Poultice of warm Pitch, laid on to take off the Hair, your Legs are neglected and grow rough like a Coppice. How came you by that meager pale Aſpect of an old Fellow that has been burnt up, and a long time confined to his Room by a Quartan Ague? You may diſcover the Troubles of an uneaſy Mind by the languid Appearance of the Body, and the Tranquillity within you may know by the Outſide; for the Face is the Indication of both. You ſeem therefore to have changed your Method, and to act contrary to your former Courſe of Life. It was but lately (as I remember) that Nævolus the Adulterer (more noted than [b] Aufidius himſelf) frequented the Haunts of all the Whores in Town, the Fane of Iſis, the Statue of Ganymede in the Temple of Peace, the ſecret Chapel of Cybele the Mother of the Gods, brought from Phrygia (for what Place is there ſo ſacred where you may not pick up a Wench?) and (under the Roſe) the Wife and the Huſband had you by turns.

NÆV. I own this has been a profitable Trade to ſome, but I could never make it worth while. I am forced to take up now and then with a greaſy Cloke (of coarſe Cloth and a worſe Dye, ſadly woven in the Loom of a bungling French Weaver) to ſave my Gown. Sometimes I receive a ſmall Bit of Silver, but of the baſer ſort. In ſhort, Fate rules the World, and preſides in thoſe very Parts concealed from common Sight: If your lucky Stars forſake you, your private Length of Luſt will be of no Service, tho' Virro with his rank Deſire chanced to ſee you

[b] A notorious luſty Grecian.

Viderit, & blandæ, assiduæ, densæque tabellæ
Sollicitent: Αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναιδο.
Quod tamen ulterius monstrum, quàm mollis avarus?
Hæc tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti.
Computat, & cevet. ponatur calculus, adsint
Cum tabulâ pueri: numera sestertia quinque
Omnibus in rebus; numerentur deinde labores.
An facile & pronum est agere intrà viscera penem
Legitimum, atque illic hesternæ occurrere cœnæ?
Servus erit minùs ille miser, qui foderit agrum,
Quàm dominum. sed tu sanè tener, & puerum te,
Et pulchrum, & dignum cyatho cœloque putabas.
Vos humili asseclæ, vos indulgebitis unquam
Cultori, jam nec morbo donare parati?
En cui tu viridem umbellam, cui succina mittas
Grandia, natalis quoties redit, aut madidum ver
Incipit; & stratâ positus longâque cathedrâ
Munera fœmineis tractas secreta calendis.
Dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot prædia servas
Appula, tot milvos intrà tua pascua lassos?
Te Trifolinus ager fœcundis vitibus implet,
Suspectumque jugum Cumis, & Gaurus inanis:
Nam quis plura linit victuro dolia musto?
Quantum erit exhausti lumbos donare clientis

Jugerib

you raked, and courted you by many ſoft and importunate Letters; for theſe Catamites have engaging ways of ſeducing Men to their Deſigns. But is there a greater Monſter upon Earth than a Wretch made up of Lechery and Avarice? "You had ſo much, "ſays he, at firſt, then I gave you ſo much, afterwards you received more (he computes the Charge, "but uſes me ſtill) let us caſt up what the whole "comes to; Boy, bring the Account; you ſee you "have had in all five Seſtertia, now reckon what "you have done for it." Is it an eaſy a ready Matter to force one's ſelf into ſecret Naſtineſs, and to take into the digeſted Filth of laſt Night's Supper? The Slave is the more miſerable of the two, that digs the Maſter, than the Maſter's Ground. But you, forſooth, are all over Charms; you think yourſelf young and beautiful, and fit to be celeſtial Cup-bearer to Jove; will ſuch as you ever beſtow your Bounty upon a poor Client that attends you, when you are ſo cloſe-fiſted to us that ſerve your Luſts? See the firſt Virro, whom you are to preſent like a Miſtreſs with a green Umbrella; here you are to ſend the large Amber Bowl as oft as his Birth-day returns, or the ſhow'ry Spring begins; ſee how he ſits on his Carpet in his Chair of State, and receives the ſecret Favours of his Admirers on the [c] Calends of March, like a fine Lady! Tell me, thou ſalacious Sparrow, for whom you ſave ſo many Mountains, ſo many Farms in Apulia, Eſtates that the Kites are tired in flying over? Your Triſoline Plains, the Mount Mimas hanging over Cumæ, and Gaurus with his hollow Caverns, ſupply you with fruitful Vines. Who tops up more Caſks with Wine ſure to laſt long? What a mighty Matter would it be to beſtow a few Acres upon me your Drudge, worn out in your Service?

[c] Upon the Calends, or the firſt Day of March, they celebrated the Matronalia, when the Roman Beauties dreſſed up, ſate in Chairs and ſtood upon Carpets, and received rich Preſents from their Husbands and Admirers. This Ceremony was imitated by the Pathic Sex.

Jugeribus paucis? melliúsne hic ruſticus infans
Cum matre, & caſulis, & cum luſore catello
Cymbala pulſantis legatum ſiet amici?
Improbus es, cùm poſcis, ait; ſed penſio clamat,
Poſce: ſed appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi
Lata acies, per quam ſolers evaſit Ulyſſes:
Alter emendus erit; namque hic non ſufficit; ambo
Paſcendi. quid agam brumâ ſpirante? quid, oro,
Quid dicam ſcapulis puerorum menſe Decembri,
Et pedibus? durate, atque expectate cicadas?
Verùm ut diſſimules, ut mittas cætera, quanto
Metiris pretio, quòd, ni tibi deditus eſſem,
Devotuſque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret?
Scis certè quibus iſta modis, quàm ſæpe rogâris,
Et quæ pollicitus. fugientem ſæpe puellam
Amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat, & jam
Signabat: totâ vix hoc ego nocte redemi,
Te plorante foris. teſtis mihi lectulus, & tu,
Ad quem pervenit lecti ſonus, & dominæ vox.
Inſtabile, ac dirimi cæptum, & jam penè ſolutum
Conjugium in multis domibus ſervavit adulter.
Quò te circumagas? quæ prima, aut ultima ponas?
Nullum ergo meritum eſt, ingrate ac perfide, nullum,
Quòd tibi filiolus, vel filia naſcitur ex me?
Tollis enim, & libris actorum ſpargere gaudes

Argu-

vice? Could you with more Juſtice leave your Effects, the Country Boy got by your Slave, his Mother, the poor Cottage with the Dog their Playfellow, as a Legacy to one of Cybele's rank Prieſts beating his Cymbals? "You are never ſatisfied, "ſays he, for ever begging;" Rent calls out, beg on; my only Servant cries for Wages as loud as Polyphemus with his one large Eye, when Ulyſſes by his Cunning had eſcaped; I muſt ſoon purchaſe another, one is not enough for my Buſineſs, and both muſt be fed. What ſhall I do when Winter-Blaſts blow hard? What ſhall I ſay to the Boy's naked Shoulders and bare Feet in the cold Month of December, Have Patience, my Lad, the Graſhoppers are coming? But diſſemble as you pleaſe, and make as light as you will of theſe things, how much are you in debt to me for another Jobb? Had not I ſtood faſt by you, and been your moſt devoted Servant, your Wife had been a Maid ſtill. You know well by what Methods that Affair was brought about, how often you begg'd, what mighty Promiſes you made me. Oft in my Arms I caught the flying Virgin; I prevented her tearing the Marriage-Articles, when ſhe was juſt ready to ſign to another; I could ſcarce ſet Matters right by a whole Night's Labour, while you ſtood whining at the Door. You want no Evidence; the Bed, the Noiſe you heard, convinced you ſufficiently. I am not the firſt Adulterer that in a Family has taſtened the Marriage Knot, untying, cracked, and almoſt looſed. How will you extricate yourſelf from theſe Objections? What can you offer firſt or laſt to this Charge? Is it no Merit then, ungrateful and perfidious Wretch, none at all, that you have the Credit of a Boy or a Girl by me? You bring them up, and are pleaſed to ſee them enter'd in the publick [d] Regiſters, as

U Teſti-

[d] Servius Tullius, in order to fix the Number of Births and Burials, ordered that when a Child was born, the Kindred ſhould bring a Piece of Money into the Ærarium of Juno Lucina; and ſo into the

Argumenta viri. foribus ſuſpende coronas;
Jam pater es: dedimus quod famæ opponere poſſis.
Jura parentis habes; propter me ſcriberis hæres;
Legatum omne capis, nec non & dulce caducum.
Commoda prætereà junguntur multa caducis,
Si numerum, ſi tres implevero. P. *Juſta doloris,*
Nævole, cauſa tui: contrà tamen ille quid affert?
N. *Negligit, atque alium bipedem ſibi quærit aſellum,*
Hæc ſoli commiſſa tibi celare memento,
Et tacitus noſtras intrà te fige querelas.
Nam res mortifera eſt inimicus pumice lævis.
Qui modò ſecretum commiſerat, ardet, & odit;
Tanquam prodiderim quicquid ſcio: ſumere ferrum,
Fuſte aperire caput, candelam apponere valvis
Non dubitat. nec contemnas, aut deſpicias, quòd
His opibus nunquam cara eſt annona veneni.
Ergo occulta teges, ut curia Martis Athenis.

Teſtimonies of your Manhood. Hang the Garland of Laurel upon your Gates, you are now a Father; I took off the Scandal that was againſt you, by me you enjoy the paternal Privileges, I have given you a Right to inherit, you are now qualified to receive the whole [e] Legacy, beſides the Benefit ſometimes of a ſweet [f] Windfall; and many other Advantages, if I complete the Number, and make them up [g] Three.

Juv. Nævolus, you have juſt Reaſon to complain, but what does he ſay to all this?

Næv. He ſcorns me, and looks out for another two-legged Aſs in my room; but, Sir, remember, I beg you, to conceal what I have diſcover'd, and keep theſe Complaints of mine cloſe in your Boſom; for one of theſe Pumice-ſmoothed Gentry, if he turns your Enemy, deſtroys you as ſure as Death. Virro, who truſted me with the Secret, is enraged, and hates me as if I had told all I know; he would not ſtick to ſtab me, to break my Head with his Cane, or ſet my Houſe o' fire. Men of his Fortune (do not deſpiſe this Truth) never think they buy Poiſon too dear, to gratify their Revenge. Be ſilent therefore as the Grave, as ſecret as the [h] Court of Mars at Athens.

Juv.

the Exchequer of Venus Libitina, when any died. The Father was obliged to give Notice of the Birth of the Child, and the Child received its Name within thirty Days afterwards.

e If a Legacy was left to a married Man that had no Children, the tenth Part of it by the Papian Law fell to the Exchequer; but Virro having a Child, had a Right to the whole.

f A Will was ſometimes expreſſed conditionally, as that ſuch things ſhould deſcend to ſuch an one, provided he had Children. Virro was now capable of ſuch a Legacy.

g The Privileges of having three Children were, an Exemption from the Trouble of being a Guardian, a Priority in bearing Offices, and a treble Proportion of Corn. This Privilege was not granted unleſs the Parents lived in Rome; if they lived in any other Part of Italy, they were to have five Children; and if in the Roman Provinces, ſeven: otherwiſe, they could not claim the Advantages of the Jus trium Liberorum.

h As the Athenian Court of the Areopagites, wherein the Judges gave their Suffrages by Night and in Silence, by Characters, and Alphabetical

P. O Corydon, Corydon, ſecretum divitis ullum
Eſſe putas? ſervi ut taceant, jumenta loquentur,
Et canis, & poſtes, & marmora: claude feneſtras,
Vela tegant rimas, junge oſtia, tollito lumen
E medio, taceant omnes, profè nemo recumbat:
Quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille ſecundi,
Proximus ante diem caupo ſciet, audiet & quæ
Finxerunt pariter librarius, archimagiri,
Carptores: quod enim dubitant componere crimen
In dominos, quotiès rumoribus ulciſcuntur
Baltea? nec deerit, qui te per compita quærat
Nolentem, & miſeram vinoſus inebriet aurem.
Illas ergo roges, quicquid paulò antè petebas
A nobis. taceant illi, ſed prodere malunt
Arcanum, quàm ſubrepti potare Falerni,
Pro populo faciens quantum Lauſella bibebat.
Vivendum rectè, cùm propter plurima, tùm bis
Præcipuè cauſis, ut linguas manicipiorum
Contemnas: nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi.
Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit, illis
Quorum animas & farre ſuo cuſtodit, & ære.
N. Idcirco, ut poſſim linguam contemnere ſervi,
Utile conſilium modò, ſed commune, dediſti:
Nunc mihi quid ſuades poſt damnum temporis, & ſpei

Deceptæ?

Juv. O Corydon, Corydon, do you think the Actions of the Rich can be unknown? If the Servants ſhut their Mouths, the very Beaſts, the Dogs, the Poſts, the Marble Pillars will ſpeak out. Shut up the Windows, draw the Curtains cloſe, bar the Doors, put out all the Lights, let all be huſh, let no Soul lie near, what the rich Man does in the dark Morning at three, will be the Talk of the next Tavern before Day; there you will hear the Lies raiſed by the Steward, the Maſter-Cook, the Butler of the Family; for what Crimes will they ſcruple to invent, how often by their vile Reports do they revenge the Stroke of the Belt over their Shoulders? You'll find one of theſe Fellows hunting after you all the Town over, plaguing you with his Story in ſpite of your Teeth, and, very drunken, make you perfectly giddy with his Noiſe. Beg the ſame Favour of theſe Domeſticks as you did of me, let them keep counſel; they had rather divulge the Secret than drink as much Falernian Wine (ſtolen and therefore the ſweeter) as Laufella quaffed, when ſhe ſacrificed to the good Goddeſs for the Safety of the People. A Man would live regularly for many Reaſons, but eſpecially for this, that he might deſpiſe the Tongues of his Servants; for the Tongue of a wicked Servant is the worſt Part he has about him; yet the Maſter is the worſe of the two, that will not put himſelf out of the Power of thoſe mercenary Slaves whom he feeds and pays at his own Charge.

NÆV. You have laid down ſome Rules, I confeſs, very uſeful to ſecure me from the ſpiteful Reflections of my Domeſticks, but they are too general; what Advice do you give me in my particular Caſe, after ſo much Time loſt, and my Hopes ſo often diſap-

phabetical Letters, Theta ſignifying the Sentence of Death; and it was a capital Crime to divulge the Votes by which that Sentence paſſ. The Place where the Court was kept was called Areopagus, or Mars Hill, becauſe Neptune in that Court accuſed Mars for the Murder of his Son. He was acquitted by ſeven Votes of the twelve Gods that were his Judges.

Deceptas? festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio; *dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas*
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

P. *Ne trepida: nunquam patbicus tibi deerit amicus,*
Stantibus & salvis bis collibus: undique ad illos
Convenient & carpentis, & navibus omnes,
Qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera major
Spes superest: tu tantùm erucis imprime dentem.

N. *Hæc exempla para felicibus: at mea Clothe,*
Et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine venter.
O parvi, nostrique Lares, quos thure minuto,
Aut farre, & tenui soleo exornare corond;
Quando ego figam aliquid, quo sit mihi tuta senectus
A tegete & baculo? viginti millia fœnus,
Pignoribus positis? argenti vascula puri,
Sed quæ Fabricius censor notet, & duo sortes
De grege Mœsorum, qui me cervice locatâ
Securum jubeant clamoso insistere Circo?
Sit mihi prætereà curvus cælator, & alter,
Qui multas facies pingat citò. sufficient hæc,
Quando ego pauper ero. votum miserabile, nec spes
His saltem; nam cùm pro me Fortuna rogatur,
Affigit ceras illâ de nave petitas,
Quæ Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo.

SATIRA

diſappointed? For the Flower of our Time, the ſcanty Portion of a ſhort wretched Life flies ſwiftly on; while we drink and feaſt, amidſt our Ointments and the Toys of Love, Old Age ſteals inſenſibly upon us.

Juv. Fear not, you'll never want a pathick Friend ſo long as theſe ſeven Hills are ſtanding ſafe; ſuch Friends will flock to Rome by Sea and Land, to carry on this filthy Trade. You may ſtill hope to find a better Patron, only eat Rocket to keep your ſpirits up.

Næv. Tell this to happier Men: The Deſtinies, Clotho and Lacheſis, that attend my Fate, are ſatisfied, if this ſaid Drudging can procure me Bread: O the ſmall Lares of my Family, to whom I uſed to offer a little Incenſe, a Cake, a Chaplet of Flowers, when ſhall my Prayers ſo ſucceed, as to ſecure old Age from Rags, and begging with a Crutch? When ſhall I receive Thouſands for Intereſt-Money, with Pledges in my hand to ſecure the Principal? See on my Table Veſſels of pure Silver, ſuch as the ſtrict [i] Fabricius would condemn? When ſhall I be carried on the Shoulders of two luſty Mæſians, ſafe from the Croud, into the noiſy Circus? Keep in my Family a ſkilful Carver, retain a Painter, ſoon to fill my Court-yard with noble Pictures; Then I would wiſh no more. But alas, ſince I am doomed to Poverty, my wretched Prayers and all my Hopes are vain! for Fortune, importuned in my Behalf, ſeals up her Ears with Wax, as if ſhe ſailed in the ſame Veſſel with that cunning [k] Greek, who ſaved his Seamen from the Syrens Charms.

i When Caius Fabricius was Cenſor, he adjudged Cornelius Ruffinus, a Senator who had been twice Conſul, unworthy of the Senatorial Dignity, becauſe he had Silver Veſſels which weighed ten Pounds apiece; eſteeming it as a notorious Example of Luxury.

k Ulyſſes ſailing by the Iſland of the Syrens, and fearing their ſweet Singing might inchant his Men, he ordered them to ſtop their Ears with Wax, and commanded that he himſelf ſhould be tied to the Main-Maſt.

SATIRE

SATIRA X.*

OMnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram & Gangem, Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ: quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? quid tam dextrè pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles: nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur
Militiâ. torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia. viribus ille
Confisus periit, admirandisque lacertis.
Sed plures nimiâ congesta pecunia curâ
Strangulat, & cunctis exsuperans patrimonia census,
Quantò delphinis balæna Britannica major.
Temporibus diris igitur, jussuque Neronis
Longinum, & magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos

* This Satire has been always exceedingly admired; Bishop Burnet, in his Pastoral Letter, recommends it (together with Persius) to the serious Perusal and Practice of the Divines in his Diocese, as the best common Places for their Sermons, as the Store-houses and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have Occasion, all manner of Assistance for the Accomplishment of a virtuous Life. The tenth Satire (says Crusius in his Lives of the Roman Poets) is inimitable for the Excellency of its Morality, and sublime Sentiments.

See a admirable Imitation of this Satire, [illegible] by Dr Johnson in his Poem on the Vanity of human Wishes

SATIRE. X.

SURVEY the World over, from [a] Gades Westward to [b] Ganges and the East, you will find few able to distinguish without Prejudice between Good and Evil; for what do we fear or hope for by the Rule of Reason? What do you attempt upon ever such a Prospect of Success, that you do not repent of when accomplished, when your Desires are fully answered? The kind Gods have ruined whole Families at their own Request. In Peace, in War, we pray for what will destroy us. An abundant Fluency of Speech has ruined many, and the Orator has been undone by his own Eloquence. [c] Milo relying upon his Strength, and his wonderful Limbs, perished. But Money scraped together with too much Care has destroyed more; Heaps of Wealth, that as much exceed a common Fortune, as the Bulk of a British Whale compared to a Dolphin. For this it was that in these sad times a Troop of cut-throat Guards, by the command of Nero, beset [d] Longinus, and the great Gardens of the rich [e] Seneca,

[a] An Island without the Streights of Gibraltar, in the South Part of Spain, divided from the Continent by a small Creek. It is call'd still Cadiz, Cadix, and corruptly Calis and Cales.

[b] The greatest River in the East, dividing the Indies into two Parts.

[c] A mighty Wrestler, born at Croton in Italy; but presuming too much upon his Strength, he would try whether he could rend in sunder a Tree which was cleft as it grew in the Forest; it yielded at first to his Violence, but closed presently again, and catching his Hands, held him till the Wolves devoured him.

[d] Cassius Longinus, put to death by Nero; his pretended Crime was, that he had in his Chamber an Image of Cassius, one of Julius Cæsar's Murderers: but that which really made him a Delinquent, was his Wealth.

[e] Nero's Tutor, supposed to be one in Piso's Conspiracy, but put to death for his great Riches.

Clauſit, & egregias Lateranorum obſidet ædes
Tota cohors: rarus venit in cœnacula miles.
Pauca licèt portes argenti vaſcula puri,
Nocte iter ingreſſus, gladium contumque timebis,
Et motæ ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram.
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
Prima ſeri vota, & cunctis notiſſima templis,
Divitiæ ut creſcant, ut opes; ut maxima toto
Noſtra ſit arca foro: ſed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus: *tunc illa time, cùm pocula ſumes*
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
Jamne igitur laudas, quòd de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?
Sed facilis cuivis rigidi cenſura cachinni:
Mirandum eſt, unde ille oculis ſuffecerit humor.
Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat
Democritus, quanquam non eſſent urbibus illis
Prætexta, & trabeæ, faſces, lectica, tribunal.
Quid, ſi vidiſſet Prætorem in curribus altis
Extantem, & medio ſublimem in pulvere circi,
In tunicâ Jovis, & pictæ Sarrana ferentem
Ex humeris aulæa togæ, magnæque coronæ
Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non ſufficit ulla?
Quippe tenet ſudans hanc publicus, & ſibi Conſul
Ne placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem.

Cantabit vacuus &c.

neca, and ſurrounded the ſtately Buildings of the † Lateran Family; the Soldier ſeldom looks for Plunder in the Garrets of the Poor. Do but ſet out by Night with a paltry Charge of a little Silver Plate, you are afraid of the Dagger or the Bludgeon, you ſhake at the Shadow of a Reed trembling by Moonſhine; while the Traveller that has nothing to loſe, ſings in the Robber's Face.

Our firſt Prayers commonly, and what all our Temples ring with, are that our Wealth, our Fortune may improve; that our Money-Cheſts may be the largeſt in all the Forum; but remember that Poiſon is never drunk out of Earthen-ware; then ſuſpect the Draught when the Cup is ſet with Jewels, and your Setine Wine ſparkles in the large Golden Bowl.

What think you now of the § two Sages, one burſting into a Laughter, as ſoon as he moved one Foot over the Threſhold; the other, on the contrary, diſſolved in Tears? But it is an eaſy matter for a Man to ſneer and grin; the Wonder is, where the other could find continual Moiſture for his Eyes. Democritus was always ſhaking his Sides with Laughing, tho' in thoſe Countries they had no ſuch Pageantry as Senatorial Gowns, Robes of State, Rods, Litters, or Ivory Chairs. What, had he beheld the Prætor mounted in his lofty Chariot, conſpicuous in the middle of the duſty Circus, ſtrutting in Jove's triumphal Coat, labouring under the Tyrian Tapeſtry of his embroidered Gown, and ſinking with the Weight of ſo wide a Circumference of a Crown, that no one Neck is able to ſupport. A Slave therefore ſweating bears it up; and to mortify the mighty Conſul, this Slave is carried in the ſame Chariot with him: Not to forget the Eagle held in his

† The Palace of Plautius Lateranus, put to death by the Command of Nero.

§ Democritus of Abdera, who always laughed, becauſe he believed all our Actions to be Folly; and Heraclitus of Epheſus, who always wept, becauſe he thought them to be Miſery.

Da nunc & volucrem ſceptro quæ ſurgit eburno,
Illinc Cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia, & niveos ad fræna Quirites,
Defoſſa in loculis quos ſportula fecit amicos.
Tunc quoque materiam riſûs invenit ad omnes,
Occurſus hominum; cujus prudentia monſtrat,
Summos poſſe viros, & magna exempla daturos
Vervecum in patriâ, craſſoque ſub aëre naſci.
Ridebat curas, necnon & gaudia vulgi,
Interdum & lachrymas, cùm fortunæ ipſe minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumque oſtenderet unguem.
Ergo ſupervacua hæc aut pernicioſa petuntur,
Propter quæ fas eſt genua incerare Deorum.

Quoſdam præcipitat ſubjecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ; mergit longa atque inſignis honorum
Pagina; deſcendunt ſtatuæ, reſtemque ſequuntur;
Ipſas deindè rotas bigarum impacta ſecuris
Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
Jam ſtridunt ignes, jam ſollibus atque caminis

Ardet

his Hand upon an Ivory Staff, the Trumpeters sounding about him, a long Troop of his Dependants before him, and the Citizens in their white Robes walking by the Horses Sides, Friends that wait upon him only for his Charity, that lies deep-buried in the Bottom of his Chest. This Man, in his time, found Subjects of his Mirth in every Company he met; and his distinguished Prudence fully shews, that the greatest Genius's, who are capable of setting us most excellent Examples, may be born among the dull Thracians, and in the thickest Air. He laughed at the Cares, and even at the imaginary Happiness of the Vulgar, and would sometimes make merry with their Tears. To Fortune, who threatened him, he presented a Halter, and held out the middle Finger at her in Contempt. Our Vows therefore which we so eagerly fasten upon the [h] Knees of the Gods, are Prayers for what will be of no Use, or perhaps prove fatal to us.

Power, liable to a Load of Envy, hurries others into Ruin; a long and extraordinary Catalogue of [i] Titles overwhelms him; down come his Statues dragged about the Streets at a Rope's End. The Strokes of the Axe beat to Pieces the very Wheels of his triumphal Chariot, and the poor Horses have their Legs undeservedly broken in revenge to their Master: Hark, the Fires snap, that [k] Head, once the

h It was the manner of the Ancients, when they made their Vows to the Gods, to write them in Paper, (or in waxen Tables) seal them up, and with Wax fasten them to the Knees of the Gods, or to the Thighs of them, that being supposed to be the Seat of Mercy. When their Desires were granted, they took away the Paper, tore it, and offered to the Gods what they had promised.

i Before the Statues of eminent Persons, there was placed a Plate or Table of Brass, containing all the Honours of him whose Statue it was.

k The Head of Sejanus, Collegue to Tiberius. He had a Design upon the Empire, which coming to the Ears of Tiberius, who was scandalously indulging himself at Capreæ, he wrote a long Letter to the Senate, who immediately seized him; and after he was condemned, he was drawn by a Hook to the Gemonian Stairs, and thrown into the Tiber. The Statues erected in his Honour were upon his Fall

Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe secundâ
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ.
Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum,
Cretatumque bovem: Sejanus ducitur unco
Spectandus: gaudent omnes: quæ labra? quis illi
Vultus erat? numquam (si quid mihi credis) amavi
Hunc hominem: sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
Delator? quibus indiciis? quo teste probavit?
Nil horum: verbosa & grandis epistola venit
A Capreis: bene habet; nil plus interrogo: sed quid
Turba Remi? Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
Damnatos. *Idem populus, si Nursia Thusco*
Favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
Principis, hâc ipsâ Sejanum diceret horâ
Augustum. Jampridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
Vendimus, effugit curas. nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
Continet, atque duas tantùm res anxius optat,
Panem & Circenses. perituros audio multos:
Nil dubium: magna est fornacula: pallidulus mi
Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram.
Quàm timeo, victus ne pœnas exigat Ajax,
Ut malè defensus! curramus præcipites, &,
Dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæsaris hostem.

Sid

the Idol of the People, is now diſſolving in the Melting-pot heated by the Bellows; the great Sejanus crackles in the Flames, and of that Face, the ſecond in the Roman World, are made Water-pots, Baſons, Frying-pans, and Platters. Crown your Doors with Laurel, lead a large milk white Bull to the Capital; Sejanus the Prime Miniſter is dragged with a Hook, as a Spectacle to the City; the People triumph at his Fall. 'What Blubber-Lips are there? What a 'hanging Look? Believe me, I could never endure 'the Fellow. But what Crime was he charged with? 'who was the Informer? What Diſcoveries, what 'Evidence was there againſt him?" Nothing of all this, only a long and ſolemn Letter came from Capreæ. 'Enough, I aſk no more, but what did the 'People?" As they always do, follow Fortune, and hate the Unhappy. Had Nurſcia, the Goddeſs of his Country, favoured this Tuſcan Stateſman with Succeſs; had he ſupplanted the ſecure old Tyrant, this very People, at that Inſtant, had proclaimed Sejanus Emperor. Long ſince, when we no more ſold our [m] Suffrages, we have lived void of publick Care; we who once beſtowed Empires, Honours, Legions, all things, now look no farther, are anxious only for two weighty Matters, for Bread and the Circenſian Games. 'I hear many more will ſuf-'fer for the Plot." No doubt of it, that Furnace is made for more than one. My Friend Brutidius met me at Mars's Altar, and looked very pale; how I fear leſt Cæſar ſhould exact ſevere Revenge like Ajax, as if we left him unſupported; let us therefore hurry away in time, and trample upon Cæſar's Enemy

pulled down, dragged about, broken and melted, together with the Chariot and Horſes, who are introduced by the Poet as if they had been ſenſible of the Execution.

[l] Sejanus was a Tuſcan, born at Volſciniura; where the Goddeſs Nurſcia, the ſame as Fortune, was worſhipped.

[m] The poorer ſort of Plebeians uſed to ſell their Votes to the Candidates for publick Offices, before Julius Cæſar took from the People the Right of electing their Magiſtrates.

Sed videant ſervi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
Cervice aſtrictâ dominum trahat: hi ſermones
Tunc de Sejano: ſecreta hæc murmura vulgi.
Viſne ſalutari ſicut Sejanus? habere
Tantundem, atque illi ſummas donare curules?
Illum exercitibus præponere? tutor haberi
Principis, Auguſtâ Caprearum in rupe ſedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo? vis certè pila, cohortes,
Egregios equites, & caſtra domeſtica? quidni
Hæc cupias? & qui nolunt occidere quenquam,
Poſſe volunt. ſed quæ præclara, & proſpera tanti,
Cùm rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum?
Hujus, qui trahitur, prætextam ſumere mavis,
An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque eſſe poteſtas?
Et de menſurâ jus dicere, vaſa minora
Frangere pannoſus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris?
Ergo quid optandum foret, ignorâſſe fateris
Sejanum: nam qui nimios optabat honores,
Et nimias poſcebat opes, numeroſa parabat
Excelſæ turris tabulata, unde altior eſſet
Caſus, & impulſæ præceps immane ruinæ.
Quid Craſſos, quid Pompeios evertit? & illum,
Ad ſua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
Summus nempè locus, nullâ non arte petitus,
Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.

my as he lies upon the Bank; be ſure our Slaves ſee us, leſt any of them ſhould deny it, and drag us trembling by the Neck to the Bar, and try us for our Lives. Such then was the common Talk, ſuch the private Whiſpers about Sejanus. Would you now receive the Honours of a prime Miniſter? poſſeſs his Wealth? make this Man Conſul, another General? Be called Guardian of the Prince, ſitting in his Room of State, devoted to ſecret Luſt at Capreæ, with his Chaldean Fortune-tellers about him? I know you would wiſh to be an Officer, to have a Company, to command a Troop of Horſe, or be Captain of the Prætorian Guard; for why? Every Man deſires the Power, that would avoid the Opportunity to kill. But what Titles, what good Fortune is of that Value, when an equal Share of Unhappineſs is tempered with the higheſt Proſperity? Would you rather wear the Robe of this Sejanus, dragged about the Streets, or enjoy a ſmall Poſt at Gabii or Fidenæ, or be an Ædile in a patched Coat at poor Ulubræ, to ſit upon falſe Weights and Meaſures? You ſee then, Sejanus knew not what he ſhould have wiſhed for; he who deſired too many Honours, who prayed for too much Wealth, raiſed only more Stories in his Tower of State, from whence his Fall was the higher, and the Precipice that daſhed him to pieces the more dreadful.

What overthrew the [n] Craſſi, what the [o] Pompeys, and [p] Julius Cæſar himſelf, who bent the ſtubborn Romans to his Will, but ſupreme Power by wicked Arts obtained, and Prayers heard by ſome malignant God?

n M. Craſſus making War upon the Parthians for the ſake of Plunder, Surena General of the Enemy ſlew him, and cut off his Head and Hand, which he carried into Armenia to his Maſter.

o Pompey the Great, being routed at the Battle of Pharſalia, fled into Ægypt, where he was perfidiouſly ſlain: he left two Sons, Cneius and Sextus, the firſt was defeated in a Land-Battle at Munda in Spain, the other in a Sea-Fight upon the Coaſt of Sicily.

p After he had obtained the Soveraignty by Arms and Violence, he was murdered publickly in the Senate-houſe.

Ad generum Cereris ſinè cæde & vulnere pauci
Deſcendunt reges, & ſiccâ morte tyranni.
Eloquium ac famam Demoſthenis, aut Ciceronis
Incipit optare, & totis Quinquatribus optat,
Quiſquis adhuc uno partam colit aſſe Minervam,
Quem ſequitur cuſtos angustiæ vernula capſæ.
Eloquio ſed uterque perit orator: utrumque
Largus & exundans letho dedit ingenii fons:
Ingenio manus eſt & cervix cæſa; nec unquam
Sanguine cauſidici maduerunt roſtra puſilli.
O fortunatam natam, me Conſule, Romam!
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, ſi ſic
Omnia dixiſſet: ridendo plūmata malo,
Quàm te conſpicuæ, divina Philippica, famæ,
Volveris à prima quæ proxima. ſævus & illum
Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenæ
Torrentem, & pleni moderantem frænа theatri.
Dis ille adverſis genitus, fatoque ſiniſtro,
Quem pater ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
A carbone & forcipibus, gladioſque parantis
Inde, & Lutea Vulcano ad rhetora miſit.
Bellorum exuviæ, truncis affixa trophæis
Lorica, & fractâ de caſſide buccula pendens,

God? Few Kings and Tyrants to the Shades descend by a dry Death, or without Wounds and Blood.

The Boy that goes to School, that scarce can shew three Farthings worth of Learning, attended by a Slave to carry his little Satchel after him, yet soon begins to wish, and on Minerva's five Days Festival, [q] invokes the Goddess that he may obtain the Eloquence and Fame of [r] Tully and Demosthenes; yet both these Orators perished by their Eloquence, a rapid and overflowing Torrent of Wit was fatal to both. Wit struck off Tully's Hand and Head. You never heard of a mean paltry Pleader sprinkling the Rostrum with his Blood: "[s] O Rome, "deem'd lost, redeem'd by me thy Consul!" Had all his Writings been in this poor Strain, he might have scorned the Sword of Antony. I had rather write a Poem to be laughed at, than be thy Author, O Divine Philippic! the second of the Name, for ever praised. A cruel Death took off [t] Demosthenes whom Athens once admired, bearing all before him like a Torrent, and leading the full Assembly as he pleased. This Man, begot with the Gods against him, in an evil Hour, his Father a blear-eyed Smith sent to the fatal School of Rhetorick, removed from the reeking Heat of glowing Iron, from Coals, and Tongs, and Anvils where Swords are tempered, and all the sooty Trade of Vulcan's Shop.

The Spoils of War, a Coat of Mail fixed as a Trophy on a ragged Stump, a chap-fallen Bever, hanging from the broken Helmet, a Chariot without

[q] The Goddess of Eloquence; her Festival was celebrated for five Days; it began on the nineteenth of March, and ended on the twenty-third.

[r] His Death was agreed upon by the Triumvirs, Augustus Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus. Accordingly an Officer of Antony's (against whom he writ his Philippics, so called from the Orations of Demosthenes, delivered by that Orator against Philip King of Macedon) cut off his Hand, and nailed his Head to the Rostrum.

[s] A paltry Verse made by Tully upon his Discovery of Catiline's Conspiracy.

[t] An excellent Orator, the Son of a Blacksmith at Athens, who poisoned himself for fear of falling into the Hands of Antipater.

Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis
Aplustre, & summo tristis captivus in arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc se
Romanus, Graiusque ac Barbarus induperator
Erexit: causas discriminis atque laboris
Inde habuit. Tantò major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas? *patriam tamen obruit olim*
Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido
Hæsuri saxis cinerum custodibus; ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficûs:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.
Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
Invenies? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
Perfusa oceano, Niloque admota tepenti.
Rursus ad Æthiopum populos, aliosque elephantos
Additur imperiis Hispania: Pyrenæum
Transilit: opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque:
Diduxit scopulos, & montem rupit aceto.
Jam tenet Italiam, tamen ultrà pergere tendit;
Actum, inquit, nihil est, nisi Pœno milite portas
Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono Suburrâ.
O qualis facies, & quali digna tabellâ,
Cùm Gætula ducem portaret bellua luscum!
Exitus ergò quis est? ô gloria! vincitur idem

Hannibal =
Manifest description

Nemps,

out a Beam, the Flag of a Galley taken, a melancholy Captive ſitting on the Summit of the Triumphal Arch; theſe are accounted Bleſſings more than Human; for theſe the Roman, the Greek, the Barbarian Captain exerts all his Courage; theſe are the Spurs to Labour and to Danger. So much the Love of Fame inſpires before the Eſteem of Virtue; for Virtue who would wed, with all her Charms, without a Dowry? Yet time has been, when the Ambition of a Few, the Deſire of Titles fixed upon their Tombs, the Keepers of their Aſhes, have brought Ruin and Deſtruction to their Country; Monuments thro' which the barren Fig-tree ſtrikes her piercing Roots, and tumbles to the Ground: for Sepulchres themſelves muſt yield to Fate.

Place [a] Hannibal in the Scale, how many Pounds will you find of that great General? Yet this is he whom Africa, waſhed by the Atlantic Ocean ~~to the Weſt~~, and ſtretching ~~Eaſtward~~ to the heated Waters of the Nile, could not contain. Not content with his Æthiopian Subjects, and ~~Lybian~~ Elephants, all Spain is added to his Empire; he paſſed the Pyrenees; Nature offered to ſtop him by the rugged Alps covered with Snow; he opened Rocks, and crumbled Mountains ~~to Pieces~~ by the Force of Vinegar. He ~~is~~ now ~~come into~~ Italy, and reſolves to purſue his March. "We have done nothing, ſays "he, unleſs we break the Gates with Punic Troops, "and fix our Standards in the middle of Suburra, "~~the chief Street of Rome~~." O what a Face was there, ~~how worthy to be painted~~, mounted as the one-eyed General rode on his Gætulian Elephant! But what was his End? O Glory! ~~this great Hannibal~~

[a] He gave the Romans many ſignal Overthrows, particularly at Canna, where he took above three Buſhels of Gold Rings, which, ſays the Poet, were fully revenged by a little Ring he always carried about him, in which he concealed a Doſe of Poiſon. He was at laſt routed by Scipio, and forced to fly for Refuge to Pruſias King of Bithynia, of whom the Romans demanded him: ſo that finding no hopes of Safety, he took the Poiſon, and died.

Nempe, & in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi magnus
Mirandusque cliens sedet ad prætoria Regis,
Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miscuit olim,
Non gladii, non saxa dabant, non tela; sed ille
Cannarum vindex, & tanti sanguinis ultor,
Annulus. I, demens, & sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.
Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis:
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvâque Seripho.
Cùm tamen à figulis munitam intraverat urbem,
Sarcophago contentus erat. Mors sola fatetur,
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. *Creditur olim*
Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ; cùm stratum classibus isdem,
Suppositumque rotis solidum mare: credimus altos
Defeciisse amnes, epotaque flumina Medo
Prandente, & madidis cantat quæ Sostratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictâ,
In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
Ipsum

~~rival is at last subdued~~, flies headlong into Exile, there as a mighty Spectacle of Wonder, waits at the Court of ~~the Bithynian~~ King, until the haughty Monarch pleased to wake. This Man, that used to set the World on fire, was not destroyed by Swords, or Stones, or Darts, but that Avenger of the Field at Cannæ, which satisfied for so much Blood, a little Ring concealed the Poison. Go, Madman as thou art, scour over the rugged Alps to please the Boys, and be a Theme at School!

One World did not suffice the warlike [x] Youth of Pella; he chafes unhappy, cooped in the narrow Compass of the Globe, as if shut up within the Rocks of Gyaras, or small Seriphus: but when he made his Entry into Babylon, fortified with Towers of Brick, he had Room enough within the strait Dimensions of a Tomb. How small a Space our puny Bodies fill, Death only shews.

It is believed, that formerly Mount [y] Athos was sailed round, with other Tales like what the lying Greeks record in Story, as that the Sea was covered with those very Ships, and as a Pavement passed over by Chariot Wheels; we believe that deep Rivers failed, and their waters were drunk up by [z] Xerxes's Army at a Meal, and every thing that [a] Soſtratus (his Fancy moistened and inspired with Wine) relates. But how did the Persian Monarch look flying from Salamis? that proud Barbarian who used to scourge the Winds, North, East, and West, that never bore so great Indignity in their Æolian Prison?

x Alexander the Great, born at Pella a City of Macedon, died of a Fever at Babylon; he lamented there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

y A Mountain of Macedon, running like a Peninsula into the Ægean Sea. Xerxes dug thro' Part of it to make a Passage for his Fleet.

z King of Persia; he joined Europe and Asia by a Bridge of Boats over the Hellespont: but his mighty Fleet being beaten at Salamis by Themistocles, and finding his Bridge broken by a tempest, he took a poor Fisher-boat, and so escaped. In his Pride he shot Arrows against the Sun, cast Irons into the Sea to fetter Neptune, and ordered the Sea to be scourged with three hundred Lashes.

a A Great Poet, that wrote the Persian Expedition into Greece.

Ipſum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennoſigæum?
Mitius id ſanè, quòd non & ſtigmate dignum
Credidit: huic quiſquam vellet ſervire deorum.
Sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tardâ per denſa cadavera prorâ.
Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.
Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos:
Hoc rectò vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optas.
Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis! *deformem & tetrum ante omnia vultum,*
Diſſimilemque ſui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendenteſque genas, & tales aſpice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus,
In vetulâ ſcalpit jam mater ſimia buccâ.
Plurima ſunt juvenum diſcrimina, pulchrior ille
Hòc, atque ille alio: multùm hic robuſtior illo:
Una ſenum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
Et jam læve caput, madidique infantia naſi.
Frangendus miſero gingivâ panis inermi:
Uſque adeò gravis uxori, gnatiſque, ſibique,
Ut captatori moveat faſtidia Coſſo.
Non eadem vini atque cibi, torpente palato,
Gaudia: nam coitûs jam longa oblivio: vel ſi
Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus;
Et quamvis totâ palpitur nocte, jacebit.
Anne aliquid ſperare poteſt hæc inguinis ægri
Canities? quid, quòd meritò ſuſpecta libido eſt,
Quæ Venerem affectat ſine viribus? aſpice partis
Nunc damnum alterius: nam quæ cantante voluptas,

Old age 250

Priſon? He that bound Neptune Shaker of the Earth in Fetters? It was gently done, he might with the ſame Eaſe have branded him for his Slave, no God would murmur to obey ſo mild a Prince! But how returned he? Truly in one ſmall Cock-boat thro' the bloody Waves, that hardly made its way o'er Heaps of Slain. Glory, ſo often wiſhed for, thus takes Vengeance on the Ambitious.

Give Length of Life, Great Jove, give many Years: This you deſire; for this alone you pray, with Eyes to Heaven, trembling for fear of Death. But what great and continued Evils attend upon a long old Age? See the Face ill-favoured and frightful to look upon, unlike to what it was; inſtead of a Skin, a naſty Hide; a flabby Pair of Cheeks, the Wrinkles of an old Grandam Ape (bred in the ſhady Woods of [b] Tabracha) that numbs and ſcrubs her leathern Face. The Complexion of Youth is different, this is fairer than that, he than another, a third has the Advantage in Strength; but the Appearance of old Men is always the ſame; the Limbs trembling with the Voice, a bald Pate, a running Noſe like a Child, the poor Wretch forced to mumble his Cruſt with his toothleſs Gums; and ſo grievous is he to his Wife, his Children, and to himſelf, that Coſſus, with all his fawning Patience, could not endure him. His Pleaſure of Eating and Drinking is quite changed, his Taſte gone, the Rites of Love long ſince forgot; or, if he makes a faint Attempt, his little Power, with his broken Belly, flags and flag it will, tho' all the Night he tries to raiſe the Spirit. For what are the Hopes of grey Hairs and Impotence? Is not that Warmth deſervedly ſuſpected, that Venus courts without the Strength to pleaſe her?

Look now into the Loſs of another of his Senſes. What Pleaſure has he in the Voice of the beſt Muſician,

[b] A City in Africa Propria, now called Tunis, on the Mediterranean, near which was a Wood where was great Store of Apes.

Sit licet eximius, citharœdo, ſive Seleuco,
Et quibus auratâ mos eſt fulgere lacerna?
Quid refert, magni ſedeat quâ parte theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum
Concentus? clamore opus eſt, ut ſentiat auris,
Quem dicat veniſſe puer, quot nunciet horas.
Præterea minimus gelido jam in corpore ſanguis
Febre calet ſolâ: circumſilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus, quorum ſi nomina quæras,
Promptiùs expediam, quot amaverit Hippia mœchos;
Quot Themiſon ægros autumno occiderit uno;
Quot Baſilus ſocios, quot circumſcripſerit Hirrus
Pupillos: quot longa viris exſorbeat uno
Maura die, quot diſcipulis inclinet Hamillus.
Percurram citiùs, quot villas poſſideat nunc,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba ſonabat.
Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxâ debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luſcis invidet: hujus
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.
Ipſe ad conſpectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Surtus, hiat tantùm, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. ſed omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina ſervorum, nec vultum agnoſcit amici,
Cum quo præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos,
Quos genuit, quos eduxit: nam codice ſævo
Heredes vetat eſſe ſuos; bona tota feruntur
Ad Phialen: tantum artificis valet halitus oris,
Quod ſtetirat multos in carcere fornicis annos.

Ut

ſician, or if [c] Seleucus ſings, or thoſe that uſed to ſhine upon the Stage in an embroidered Coat? What ſignifies it in what Part of the large Theatre he ſits, who can ſcarce hear the Cornets, or the Sound of Trumpets? His Boy muſt bawl with all his Force to reach his Ear, when he wants to tell him who called to ſee him, or what is the Time of Day. Beſides the ſmall Current of his Blood in his cold Body can be heated by a Fever only. A whole Troop of all kinds of Diſeaſes pour in upon him; if you would know their names, I could as ſoon reckon how many Adulterers Hippia entertained, how many Patients Doctor Themiſon killed in one Autumn; how many Provinces were ſpoiled by Baſilus, how many Orphans Hirrus over-reached, how many Men a Day long-ſided Maura could diſpenſe with, or the Boys the Pedagogue Hamillus could defile; I could ſooner count the Country-Houſes now poſſeſſed by Cinnamus, my Barber once, whoſe nimble Sciſſars ſnipped my youthful Beard.

One is lame in his Shoulder, another in his Loins, this in his Hip, the other has loſt both his Eyes, and envies the Man that has one left; the pale Lips of a Fifth receive Meat from another's Hand. At the Sight of a Supper, he opens his Jaws, he makes a ſhift to gape like a young Swallow, when the hungry Dam flies to feed her with a full Mouth. But a greater Unhappineſs than the Loſs of Limbs, is, that he does not know ſo much as the Names of his own Servants, nor the Face of a Friend with whom he ſupped the Night before; he forgets his Children whom he got and brought up; he excludes them by a cruel Codicil from inheriting his Eſtate, that his whole Fortune may paſs to his Whore Phigle; ſo inſinuating is the Breath of a cunning Strumpet, that many Years plied at a common Bawdy-houſe. But allow

[c] A noted Muſician, who, according to the Faſhion of theſe times, uſed a rich embroidered Garment, for the Delight of the Spectators, to walk and ſing in upon the Stage.

Ut vigeant ſenſus animi, ducenda tamen ſunt
Funera gnatorum, rogus aſpiciendus amatæ
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque ſororibus urnæ.
Hæc data pœna diu viventibus; ut renovatâ
Semper clade domûs, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, & nigrâ veſte ſeneſcant.
Rex Pylius (magno ſi quicquam credis Homero)
Exemplum vitæ fuit à cornice ſecundæ:
Felix nimiùm, qui tot per ſecula mortem
Diſtulit, atque ſuos jam dextrâ computat annos,
Quique novum toties muſtum bibit: ora, parumper
Attendas, quantùm de legibus ipſe queratur
Fatorum, & nimio de ſtamine, cùm videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem: nam quærit ab omni,
Quiſquis ad-ſt, ſocio, cur hæc in tempora duret;
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiſerit ævo?
Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cùm luget Achillem,
Atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
Incolumi Trojâ Priamus veniſſet ad umbras
Aſſaraci magnis ſolennibus, Hectore ſunus
Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
Iliadum lachrymas, ut primos edere planctus
Caſſandra inciperet, ſciſſâque Polyxena palla:
Si foret extinctus diverſo tempore, quo non
Cœperat audaces Paris ædificare carinas.
Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
Everſa, & flammis Aſiam ferroque cadentem.
Tunc miles tremulus poſitâ tulit arma tiarâ,

allow him to retain the uſe of his Senſes, he lives to attend the Funerals of his Children, to ſee the Pile of his beloved Wife, and the Urn filled with the Aſhes of his Brother and Siſters; theſe are the Torments that purſue thoſe that live long, a Scene of Death in their Family continually renewing, much Sorrow, conſtant Trouble, always in Mourning. [d] Neſtor, the King of Pylus (if we believe what the great Homer ſings) was, next to the Raven's Age, an Example of the longeſt Life; happy, no doubt, that could ward againſt the Stroke of Death for ſo many Centuries, that counted the Number of his Years upon his Right-hand, and guzzled new Wine for ~~three hundred~~ many Seaſons. But pray, hear a little, what Complaints he made againſt the Laws of Fate, and his Thread of Life too long extended, when he ſaw his Son Antilochus, in the Prime of Youth, burning upon the Pile. He demands of every Friend about him, why he lived to ſee that Day, what Crime condemned him to ſo great an Age? Peleus made the ſame Complaint, lamenting the Loſs of his Son Achilles; and Laertes likewiſe, grieving for Ulyſſes toſſed upon the Sea. Had Troy ſtood, Priam had viſited the Shade of Aſſaracus his Anceſtor with great Solemnity, carried upon the Shoulders of Hector and the other Brothers, amidſt the Tears of the Trojan Ladies, his Daughters Caſſandra, and Polyxena with her Clothes rent, beginning the Funeral Lamentation; had he died at any time before Paris fitted out an inſolent Fleet for the Rape of Helen. What Advantage had he by his long Life? He ſaw his whole Empire overthrown, and Aſia ravaged by Fire and Sword. Then the old Soldier trembling with Years, took Arms, laying his Diadem aſide; he

[d] He was ſaid to be three hundred Years old; for having told two hundred and eighty upon the Fingers and Thumb of his Left-hand, by twenty Years a Joint, he began the other twenty upon his Right. This ſeems to be the eaſieſt Conſtruction, without the long Account of what is called Hand Arithmetick, mentioned by various Authors.

[e] His Son was ſlain by Memnon at the Siege of Troy.

Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, ut vetulus bos,
Qui domini cultris tenue & miserabile collum
Præbet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.
Exitus ille utcunque hominis: sed torva canino
Latravit rictu, quæ post hunc vixerat, uxor.
Festino ad nostros, & regem transeo Ponti,
Et Crœsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.
Exilium & carcer, Minturnarumque paludes,
Et mendicatus victâ Carthagine panis,
Hinc causas habuêre. quid illo cive tulisset
Naturâ in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam?
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni
Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalâsset opimam,
Cùm de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?
Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas; sed multæ urbes, & publica vota
Vicerunt: igitur fortuna ipsius, & urbis
Servatum victo caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hâc pœnâ caruit, ceciditque Cethegus
Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.

Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cùm Veneris fanum videt anxia mater
Usque ad delicias votorum. cur tamen, inquit,

Crasus – Caius Marius
Pompey – Catiline

Corripias

he ruſhed before the Altar of great Jupiter, as an Ox worn out that offers his lean miſerable Neck to the Maſter's Knife, his paſt Service to the Plough ungratefully forgotten. This Prince, however, died a Man, but his [e] Wife, who outlived him, barked with her fierce Jaws and died a Bitch.

I haſten to Examples at home, and paſs by Mithridates the Pontic King, and Crœſus commanded by the Eloquence of the wiſe Solon, not to applaud his Fortune, till he arrived at the laſt Stage of Life. The Exile, the Impriſonment of [f] Marius, the Marſhes of Minturnæ, and the begging of his Bread about the Streets of conquered Carthage, all this was owing to a Length of Life; What had Nature thro' the World produced more happy? Whom had Rome ſeen more fortunate than that great Citizen, had he breathed out his mighty Soul in all the Pomp of War, amidſt the Troops of Captives led before him, when he deſcended from his Teutonic Chariot in Triumph o'er the Cimbri? Pompey by Providence had a Fever in Campania; happy had he then died: but the Prayers of many Cities, and the publick Vows prevailed; yet conquered, his own Fortune, and the Fate of Rome, took off his Head, unhappily preſerved. A cruel Death, a Puniſhment unfelt by Lentulus; Cethegus died undiminiſhed, and Catiline (all Traytors to their Country) fell with his Body whole.

The anxious Mother, at the Shrine of Venus, prays ſoftly for the Boys a moderate Share of Beauty, but for the Girls ſhe begs aloud a Form complete even to the greateſt Nicety. Why, ſays ſhe, do you

[e] Hecuba, the Wife of Priam King of Troy, was turned into a Bitch.

[f] Being overcome in the Conteſt between him and Sylla, for the Empire of Rome, he was forced to skulk in the Marſhes of Minturnæ, where he was found; he was impriſoned, and a Soldier ſent to kill him: but the Man, daunted at his Preſence, his ſtern Looks and Words, durſt not attempt it. He eſcaped into Africa, where, it ſeems, he begged in the Streets of Carthage, till he was recalled by Cinna, and made Conſul the ſeventh time, and died in that Conſulſhip, in the ſixty-eighth of his Age.

Corripias? pulchrâ gaudet Latona Dianâ.
Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipſa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque ſuam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii, miſeros, trepidoſque parentes
Semper habet. Rara eſt adeò concordia formæ,
Atque pudicitiæ! *ſanctos licèt horrida mores*
Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas:
Prætercà caſtum ingenium, vultumque modeſto
Sanguine ſerventem tribuat natura benigna
Larga manu: (quid enim puero conferre poteſt plus
Cuſtode, & curâ Natura potentior omni?)
Non licet eſſe viros: nam prodiga corruptoris
Improbitas ipſos audet tentare parentes.
Tanta in muneribus fiducia. *Nullus ephebum*
Deformem ſævâ caſtravit in arce tyrannus:
Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero loripedem, vel
Strumoſum, atque utero pariter, gibboque tumentem.
I nunc, & juvenis ſpecie lætare tui, quem
Majora expectat diſcrimina. fiet adulter
Publicus, & pœnas metuet, quaſcunque maritus
Exigit iratus: nec erit felicior aſtro
Martis, ut in laqueos nunquam incidat: exigit autem
Interdum ille dolor plus, quàm lex ulla dolori
Conceſſit. necat hic ferro, ſecat ille cruentis
Verberibus, quoſdam mœchos & mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion dilectæ fiet adulter

Matrona.

you blame me? Was not Latona glad to ſee Diana fair? But the Fate of [g] Lucretia is no Encouragement to wiſh for a Face like her's. [h] Virginia would have been glad to exchange her Shape for Rutila's Camel-Back. A Son with a moſt accompliſhed Perſon, makes his Parents unhappy, and keeps them perpetually in fear; for Beauty and Modeſty ſeldom meet together, tho' the plain honeſt Family had furniſhed him with the beſt Morals, and brought him up after the Sabine Education. Beſides, let liberal Nature, with a kind Hand, beſtow upon him a chaſte Diſpoſition, and a Face glowing with a modeſt Bluſh (for what of greater Value can Nature, ſuperior to all the Art and Care of Guardians, beſtow upon a Youth?) yet ſtill the Boy cannot preſerve the Honour of his Sex; for the vile Prodigality of thoſe Corrupters of Virtue will dare to bribe his very Parents; ſuch is the Confidence that comes armed with Gold. No Tyrant in his cruel Palace ever felt a Boy deformed; Nero never defiled a noble Youth club-footed, Neck-ſwelled, with Back and Belly prominent. Go now, vain Mother, pleaſe yourſelf with the Beauty of your Son, ſtill expoſed to greater Dangers. You will ſee him a publick Stallion, dreading whatever Puniſhment the enraged Huſband pleaſes to inflict. Nor ſhall he eſcape more happily than Mars, as never to be caught in Vulcan's Net. A Huſband's Rage ſometimes demands ſeverer Vengeance than what the Letter of the Law requires. Some of theſe Gallants are ſtabbed with Poignards, ſome bleed with cruel Strokes, and the live Mullet enters ſome behind. But your ſweet Endymion, forſooth, will be engaged with a Lady for

[g] A beautiful Roman Lady, raviſhed by Sextus Tarquinius, which ſhe ſo reſented, that ſhe immediately ſent for her Father and Huſband, and ſtabbed herſelf before them.

[h] A Roman Virgin, exceeding handſome, whom her own Father, to prevent her being expoſed to the Luſt of Appius, one of the Decemviri, ſtabbed in the middle of the Forum. Rutila, an ugly deformed old Woman, above threeſcore and ſeventeen, as Pliny ſays, was in no danger of ſuch a Death. Danger of Beauty.

Matronæ. mox cum dederit Servilia nummos,
Fiet & illius, quam non amat: exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum. quid enim ulla negaverit udis
Inguinibus, ſive eſt hæc Hippia, ſive Catulla?
Deterior totos habet illic fœmina mores.
Sed caſto quid forma nocet? quid profuit olim
Hippolyto grave propoſitum? quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu faſtidita repulſâ:
Nec Sthenobœa minùs quàm Creſſa excanduit, & ſe
Concuſſêre ambæ. Mulier ſævissima tunc eſt,
Cùm ſtimulos odio pudor admovet. *Elige quidnam*
Suadendum eſſe putes, cui nubere Cæſaris uxor
Deſtinat. optimus hic, & formoſiſſimus idem
Gentis patriciæ rapitur miſer extinguendus

for Love, for her Beauty only; but when Servil'a, tho' deformed, loads him with golden Presents, he will do her Drudgery whom he hates; she will strip herself of all her Jewels for him: for what will a Woman prodigal as Hippia, or covetous as Catulla, what will she deny to gratify her Lust? The closest of them all will open their Purse upon this Occasion. But, you'll say, how can Beauty hurt the Chaste? Pray what Advantage had [i] Hippolitus by his inflexible Virtue? Of what Use was it to [k] Bellerophon? Truly Phædra reddened as slighted by Denial, nor was Sthenobœa less on fire than she. Both worked themselves to Rage: A Woman rises then to hot Revenge, when Fear of Shame adds Spurs to her Resentment.

Say, what Advice would you think proper for the unfortunate [l] Silius, whom Messalina the Wife of Cæsar resolves to marry? This most noble, most beautiful Youth of the first Quality, is hurried to Destruction

i The Son of Theseus, who refusing the Love of his Stepmother Phædra, was by her accused of tempting her to Incest. He fled away in a Chariot by the Sea Side; but the Horses, affrighted by the Sea-Calves that lay on the Shore, overturned and broke the Chariot, and killed him.

k The Son of Glaucus. Sthenobœa the Wife of Prœtus, King of the Argives, falling in Love with him, he refused her, at which she was so incensed, that she accused him to her Husband. This forced him upon many desperate Adventures, which he overcame. Sthenobœa, hearing of his Success, killed herself.

l A noble Roman, designed to be Consul. The insatiable Empress Messalina doated on him, that she made him put away his Wife Julia Syllana, and resolved to marry him in the Absence of her Husband Claudius, who was gone no farther than Ostia. Accordingly she omits nothing of the Hymenæal Ceremony, she put on the flame-coloured Marriage-Veil, the Conjugal Bed was richly adorned with Purple, and prepared in the Lucullan Gardens; she had her Portion ready of a thousand Sestertia, which was generally given with Ladies of the Senatorial Order. The Southsayer and those that sealed were present; for before Marriage they writ down in Tables, by way of Record, the Form of the Contract, unto which the Witnesses set their Seals. The Southsayer attended according to Custom, to take an Observation, and the most fortunate Sign on that Occasion was a Cow. They pleased themselves in all Solemnity that Day and Night, till they were both seized by the Emperor's Command, and put to death.

Meſſalinæ oculis: dudum ſedet illa parato
Flammeolo; Tyriuſque palam genialis in hortis
Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
Antiquo: veniet cum ſignatoribus auſpex.
Hæc tu ſecreta, & paucis commiſſa putabas?
Non niſi legitimè vult nubere. quid placeat, dic:
Ni parêre velis, pereundum eſt antè lucernas:
Si ſcelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota urbi & populo, contingat principis aures:
Dedecus ille domûs ſciet ultimus. interea tu
Obſequere imperio, ſi tanti eſt vita dierum
Paucorum, quicquid melius, leviuſque putâris,
Præbenda eſt gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
Nil ergo optabunt homines? ſi concilium vis,
Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Di.
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi: *nos animorum*
Impulſu, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris: at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit uxor.
Ut tamen & poſcas aliquid, voveaſque ſacellis
Exta, & candiduli divina tomacula porci;
Orandum eſt, ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.
Fortem poſce animum, & mortis terrore carentem,
Qui ſpatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoſcunque labores;
Neſciat iraſci; cupiat nihil; & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, ſævoſque labores,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Monſtr

ſtruction by Meſſalina's Eyes; ſhe ſits expecting in her Bridal Veil flame-coloured; the Marriage-Bed of Tyrian Dye is ſpread; the cuſtomary Portion of a thouſand Seſtertia is ready; the Soothſayer with the Publick Notaries attend. Do you think ſhe does this privately, as a Secret entruſted with a few? No, ſhe reſolves to marry in due form of Law. Adviſe what the Youth ſhould do; unleſs you comply, you are ſure to die before Candle-light; if you commit the Crime, you will gain a few Hours, till the News reach the City and the People, and come to the Prince's Ears (for he will be laſt acquainted with the Diſgrace of his Family) pleaſe the Lady then for ſo ſmall a time, if you think a few Days Life of ſuch Conſequence; but whatever Reſolution you judge ſafeſt, your fair and white Neck is ſure to bleed by the Sword of the Executioner.

Muſt Men therefore wiſh for nothing? If you will be adviſed, leave it to the Gods to determine what is ſuitable to us, and uſeful to our Affairs: for the Deities, inſtead of what is pleaſing, will give what is moſt proper for us. We Mortals are dearer to them than we are to ourſelves. We, led on by the Impulſe of our Minds, by blind and ſtrong Deſire, pray for a Wife and Children; they only know how that Wife and thoſe Children will prove. But that you may aſk ſomewhat (and vow the choiceſt Entrails to their Shrines, the ſacred Puddings of a whitiſh Hog) pray for a ſound Mind in a ſound Body; beg for a great Soul, not terrified by the fear of Death, that eſteems the laſt Stage of a long Life among the Gifts of Nature, that is able to bear Misfortune, that knows not how to be angry, that deſires nothing, and thinks the Troubles and cruel Labours of Hercules more agreeable than the Laſciviouſneſs, the Luxury, the Softneſs of [m] Sardanapalus.

I ſhew

m The laſt King of Aſſyria, a Prince ſo ſoft and effeminate, that his Subjects, diſdaining him, revolted, and being overcome, he made

Monſtro, quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare: Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Nullum numen habes, ſi ſit prudentia: ſed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloque locamus.

SATIRA XI.

ATTICUS eximiè ſi cœnat, lautus habetur:
Si Rutilus, demens: quid enim majore cachinno
Excipitur vulgi, quàm pauper Apicius? omnis
Convictus, thermæ, ſtationes, omne theatrum
De Rutilo. Nam dum valida ac juvenilia membra
Sufficiunt galeæ, dumque ardens ſanguine, fertur
(Non cogente quidem, ſed nec prohibente Tribuno)
Scripturus leges, & regia verba laniſtæ.
Multos porrò vides, quos ſæpe eluſus ad ipſum
Creditor introitum ſolet expectare macelli,
Et quibus in ſolo vivendi cauſa palato eſt.
Egregiùs cœnat, meliùſque miſerrimus horum,
Et citò caſurus jam perlucente ruinâ.
Interdùm guſtus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obſtantibus: interiùs ſi

Attendas:

I ſhew you what is in your own Power to beſtow upon yourſelf. Be aſſured, that the only Path to a Life of Peace is thro' ~~a Courſe of~~ Virtue. O Fortune! did Men act right, thou wouldſt have no Divinity about thee; but we make thee a Goddeſs, and place thee in the Skies.

SATIRE XI.

IF Atticus ſups nobly, he is accounted ſplendid; if [a] Rutilus, he is called a Madman: for what is treated by the Vulgar with greater Ridicule than Apicius the Glutton all in Rags? Every Company, the Baths, the Forum, every Theatre, they talk of nothing but Rutilus. For ſo long as his robuſt and youthful Limbs are able to ſtand under a Helmet, while his Blood is warm, he eagerly ſtudies the Laws and the Words of Command in Fencing, under the Maſter of the Gladiators, the Tribune neither compelling him indeed, nor forbidding him. You ſee many of theſe Fellows (whom their Creditors, often diſappointed, wait to meet with going into the Butcher-row) who place the end of Life only in pleaſing their Palate. The moſt wretched of theſe Gluttons eat elegantly and of the beſt, when they are viſibly falling into Ruin. They ranſack all the Elements for Dainties, never troubling themſelves about the Price; and if you attend cloſely, the Diſh pleaſes beſt that is deareſt bought. They make nothing

[a] Pile, ſet it on fire, and burnt himſelf and his moſt precious Moveables in it; the only thing, ſays Juſtin, he ever did like a Man.

[a] A Spendthrift, and Diſgrace to the noble Family of his Anceſtors; he ſtudied the Rudiments of Fencing, to qualify himſelf to be a public Gladiator for Money. Not like young Proculus, compelled by Caligula to fight with a Thracian Fencer; or Domitius Glabrio, who, by the Neceſſity of the Times was forced to fight in the Circus.

Attendas: magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.
Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam
Lancibus oppositis, vel matris imagine fractâ;
Et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
Fictile: sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludi.
Refert ergo quis hæc eadem paret: in Rutilo nam
Luxuria est; in Ventidio laudabile nomen
Sumit, & à censu famam trahit. Illum ego jure
Despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas
Omnibus in Lybiâ sit montibus: hic tamen idem
Ignoret, quantùm ferratâ distet ab arcâ
Sacculus: è cœlo descendit, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,
Figendum, & memori tractandum pectore, sive
Conjugium quæras, vel sacri in parte senatûs
Esse velis. nec enim loricam poscit Achillis
Thersites, in quâ se traducebat Ulysses
Ancipitem: seu tu magno discrimine causam
Protegere affectas; te consule, dic tibi quis sis;
Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho. Buccæ
Noscenda est mensura tuæ, spectandaque rebus
In summis, minimisque; etiam cùm piscis emetur:
Nec mullum cupias, cùm sit tibi gobio tantùm
In loculis: quis enim te, deficiente crumenâ,
Et crescente gulâ, manet exitus; ære paterno,
Ac rebus mersis in ventrem, fœnoris atque
Argenti gravis, & pecorum agrorumque capacem?
Talibus à dominis post cuncta novissimus exit
Annulus, & digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
Non præmaturi cineres, nec funus acerbum

Gnothi Seauton

Luxuria,

thing therefore to borrow a Sum, that will ſoon be ſpent, upon the Security of the Family Plate, or of the Golden Image of their Mother, firſt broken in Pieces to prevent Diſcovery, and to provide a luxurious Diſh at the Expence of four hundred Seſtertii: thus are they at laſt reduced to the mixt coarſe Diet of a common Prize-fighter. The difference therefore is, who makes the Entertainment: In Rutilus it is called Luxury, in Ventidius it obtains the laudable Name of Generoſity, and aſſumes a Character from the Fortune of the Giver. I cannot but juſtly deſpiſe that Man who knows plainly how much Atlas is higher than the other Mountains of Lybia, and yet cannot diſtinguiſh between a ſmall Purſe and a large Iron-Cheſt. That divine Maxim that dropped from the Skies, KNOW THYSELF, ſhould be fixed and impreſſed upon your Mind in every State of Life, whether you deſire to marry, or be a Member of the venerable Senate; for Therſites had not the Impudence to contend for the Armour of Achilles, in which Diſpute even Ulyſſes behaved with a diſtruſt of himſelf. If you attempt to plead at the Bar in a Cauſe of Conſequence, conſult your own Abilities, ſatisfy yourſelf who you are, whether an Orator of ſtrong Eloquence, or any empty Advocate like Curtius, or a common Barretor as Matho. The Extent of your Capacity ſhould always be conſidered, this ſhould be regarded in the higheſt and the loweſt Concerns; even when you are buying of Fiſh, you ſhould not wiſh for a Barbel, when you have but a Gudgeon in your Purſe: for what will be the End of you, when your Throat grows wider as your Pocket fails? when the Eſtate and Fortune of your Family is ſwallowed up in that Gulph your Belly, that Devourer of Uſe and Principal, of Fields and Cattle upon the Ground. Laſt of all the Ring goes to pawn, and poor Sir Pollio is forced to beg with his Finger bare. Death never comes too ſoon, the Funeral Pile is never bitter to theſe Spendthrifts, Old

Luxuriæ, sed morte magis metuenda senectus.
Hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romæ,
Et coram dominis consumitur: inde ubi paulum
Nescio quid supereſt, & pallet fœneris auctor,
Qui vertêre solum, Baias, & ad Ostia currunt.
Cedere namque foro jam non tibi deterius, quàm
Esquilias à ferventi migrare Suburrâ.
Ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
Mœstitia est, caruisse anno Circensibus uno.
Sanguinis in facie non hæret gutta; morantur
Pauci ridiculum, & fugientem ex urbe pudorem.
Experière bodiè numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Perfice, non præstem vitâ, nec moribus, & re;
Sed laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
Coram aliis dictem puero; sed in aure placentas.
Nam, cùm sis conviva mihi promissus, babebis
Evandrum, venies Tirynthius, aut minor ille
Hospes, & ipse tamen contingens sanguine cœlum;
Alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis:
De Tiburtino veniet pinguissimus agro
Hœdulus, & tuto grege melior, inscius herbæ,
Necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere salicti;
Qui plus lactis habet quàm sanguinis: & montani

Asparagi,

Age they dread more to be feared than Death. These are the Steps by which they are undone, they first take up Money at Rome, then they spend it in the Face of their Creditors; after this, when a small matter is left, and the Usurer turns pale for fear of his Money, they leave their native Soil, and away they run to Baiæ or to Ostia. It is no more Discredit now to leave the City for Debt, than to retire from the hot Street Suburra, to the cool Shade of Mount Esquiline. The only Grief they feel, these Fliers of their Country are concerned for nothing, but that for a whole Year they shall lose the Pleasure of the Circensian Games. They have not a Drop of Blood to blush in their Faces, Modesty is treated with Contempt, is flying out of the City, and there are few left to stop her.

This Day, Friend Persicus, you shall be convinced whether I do not practise these fair Rules in my Life, my Conduct, and my Affairs; whether I recommend a Meal of Herbs, and at the same time am a private Glutton; call to my Cook for a Dish of Pulse before Company, but whisper Sweet-meats in his Ear. Now since you have promised to be my Guest, you will find me frugal as [b] Evander; you to me shall be as [c] Hercules or [d] Æneas, the least Hero of the two, yet springing from Celestial Blood, the one by Water and the other by Fire consigned to Immortality.

Hear now your Bill of Fare, not furnished from the Shambles: First, a Kid, the fattest on my Farm at Tibur, the most tender of the Herd, that never cropped a Leaf of Grass, nor brouzed upon the Twigs of the low Willow, that in his Veins has more of Milk than Blood. Then a Dish of Mountain Asparagus,

b A King of Arcadia, who having accidentally slain his Father, sailed into Italy by the Advice of his Mother, beat the Aborigenes, and possessed himself of the Place, where afterwards Rome was built; he entertained Hercules, and hospitably received Æneas when he landed in Italy.

c He burnt himself to death on Mount Oeta in Thessaly.

d He was drowned in Numicus, a River in Italy, which was afterwards consecrated to his Deity.

Asparagi, pesito quos legit villica fuso.
Grandia præterea, tortoque calentia fœno
Ova adsunt ipsis cum matribus, & servatæ
Parte anni, quales fuerant in vitibus uvæ:
Signinum, Syriumque pyrum: de corbibus isdem
Emula Picenis, & odoris mala recentis,
Nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam
Autumnum, & crudi posuêre pericula succi.
Hæc olim nostri jam luxuriosa senatûs
Cœna fuit: Curius, parvo quæ legerat horto,
Ipse focis brevibus ponebat oluscula: quæ nunc
Squallidus in magnâ fastidit compede fossor,
Qui meminit, calidæ sapiat quid vulva popinæ.
Sicci terga suis, rarâ pendentia crate,
Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus,
Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,
Accedente novâ, si quam dabat hostia, carne.
Cognatorum aliquis titulo ter Consulis, atque
Castrorum imperiis, & Dictatoris honore
Functus, ad has epulas solito maturius ibat,
Erectum domito referens à monte ligonem.
Cum tremerent autem Fabios, durumque Catonem,
Et Scauros, & Fabricios, rigidique severos
Censoris mores etiam collega timeret:
Nemo inter curas, & seria duxit habendum,
Qualis in oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
Clarum Trojugenis factura ac nobile fulcrum:
Sed nudo latere, & parvis frons ærea lectis

Vil

paragus, gathered by my Bayliff's Wife, her Spindle laid aside. The largeſt Eggs, yet warm in the Neſt of twiſted Hay, are ſet next, together with the Hens that laid them; Grapes preſerved for half a Year, and as freſh as they were upon the Vine; the Signian and Syrian Pear; Apples of a quick Flavour, that match the Picene, are ſerved out of the ſame Baſkets. You need not fear to eat them, ſince they are cured of the raw Taſte they have in Autumn by the Cold, and you are in no Danger from the Crudity of their Juice. This formerly was a luxurious Entertainment for a Senator; Curius the great Dictator boiled his Pot-herbs, gathered in his ſmall Garden, over a little Fire, with his own Hands. But now the dirty Rogue that digs in Chains, diſdains ſuch Meat, who has upon his Tongue the Reliſh of a Sow's Belly, dreſſed at a Cook's Shop. It was the Cuſtom formerly to reſerve a Flitch of dried Bacon, laid upon the wide Rack, for Holidays; to treat your near Relations on a Birth-day with a Raſher, with an Addition perhaps of a Steak of freſh Meat, if any remained after you had ſacrificed to your good Genius. One of your great Anceſtors, who had thrice borne the Name of Conſul, who had been General of Armies, and diſcharged the Honour of a Dictator, would hurry away ſooner than uſual to ſuch an Entertainment, as to a Feaſt of Dainties, returning with his Spade mounted on his Shoulder, proud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Hill. In old time, when the People trembled at the Fabian Name, at ſtern Cato, the Scauri, and Fabricii, when Decius, a Cenſor more remiſs, feared the ſevere Rules of his rigid Colleague, no one thought it worth their Care, or a matter of any ſerious Concern, to know how large a Tortoiſe ſwam in the wide Sea, whoſe Shell inlaid was to adorn the Couches of the luxurious Romans. Then were their [a] Beds ſmall, plain, and without Backs; in the

[a] The Couches upon which they ſupped in antient Times, were not adorned with Pearls and curious Shells; they had plain and ordi-

Ancient Frugality of the Romans.

Vile coronati caput oſtendebat aſelli,
Ad quod laſcivi ludebant ruris alumni.
Tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque ſupellex.
Tunc rudis, & Graias mirari neſcius artes,
Urbibus everſis, prædarum in parte repertâ,
Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
Ut phaleris gauderet equus, cælataque caſſis
Romuleæ ſimulacra feræ manſueſcere juſſæ
Imperii fato, & gemino ſub rupe Quirino,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & haſtâ,
Pendentiſque Dei, perituro oſtenderet hoſti.
Argenti quod erat, ſolis fulgebat in armis.
Ponebant igitur Tbuſce farrata catino
Omnia tunc; quibus invideas, ſi lividulus ſis.
Templorum quoque majeſtas præſentior, & vox
Nocte ferè mediâ, mediamque audita per urbem,
Littore ab oceani Gallis venientibus, & Dis
Officium vatis peragentibus, bos monuit nos.
Hanc rebus Latiis curam præſtare ſolebat
Fictilis, & nullo violatus Jupiter auro.
Illa domi natas, noſtrâque ex arbore menſas
Tempora viderunt; bos lignum ſtabat in uſus,
Arnoſam ſi fortè nucem dejecerat Eurus.
At nunc divitibus cænandi nulla voluptas,
Nil rhombus, nil dama ſapit: putêre videntur
Unguenta, atque roſæ; latos niſi ſuſtinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno ſublimis pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis, quos mittit porta Syenes,

the Front, which was of Brass, appeared the despicable Figure of an Ass's Head, with a Garland upon it, at which the wanton Boys of the Village used to make Sport. In short, their Diet, their Houses and Furniture, were all of a piece. The Soldier, then rough and unpractised in the Grecian Arts, after the Sack of Cities, among a Heap of Spoils, finding a weighty Bowl, the Work of some curious Hand, would break it into Pieces, to adorn his Horse with pompous Trappings; his Helmet was embossed with various Figures that amazed the Foe designed for Death; the Wolf appeared, by Rome's happy Fate made tame, suckling the Infant-Twins, there shewed the Brothers as they lay exposed under the Rock, and the naked Image of God Mars, glittering with Shield and Spear, hovering aloft; the Silver got in War, shone only in the Soldiers Arms; all their homely Fare was then served up in Thuscan Platters, which you would envy, had you the least Tincture of the Spleen about you. Then was the Majesty of the Gods more present in all our Temples; a Voice almost at Midnight, and heard throughout the City, gave Notice that the Gauls were coming from the Western Shore: The Gods themselves were Prophets for our Safety, and warned us of the Enemy's Approach. Thus Jupiter with his Earthen Statue, not yet profaned with Gold, used to shew his Care for the Affairs of Italy. Those times saw our Tables made at home, and of Timber of our own Growth; if a Storm of Wind by Chance blew down an old Walnut-Tree, the Wood was always applied to these Uses. Now our rich Gluttons take no Pleasure at a Feast, the Turbut, the Venison are insipid, the Ointments, the Roses seem to stink, unless a huge Pedestal of Ivory bears up the wide Circumference of your Table, supported by a lofty Panther, gaping with his wide Jaws, carved from the Teeth of Elephants, sent hither, from the Port Syene, by

ary Sides, or Sides which had no Backs rising from them, to lean upon for their Ease. Simple modes of life of the ancient Romans —

Et Mauri celeres, & Mauro obscurior Indus,
Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
Jam nimios, capitique graves: hinc surgit orexis,
Hinc stomacho vires: nam pes argenteus illis,
Annulus in digito quod ferreus. Ergo superbum
Convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat, & res
Despicit exiguas; adeò nulla uncia nobis
Est eboris, nec tessellæ, nec calculus ex hâc
Materiâ; quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
Ossea: non tamen his ulla unquam opsonia fiunt
Rancidula; aut ideò pejor gallina secatur
Sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis
Pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, atque pygargus,
Et Scythicæ volucres, & Phœnicopterus ingens,
Et Gætulus oryx, hebeti lautissima ferro
Cæditur, & totâ sonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.
Nec frustum capreæ subducere, nec latus Afræ
Novit avis noster tyrunculus, ac rudis omni
Tempore, & exiguæ frustis imbutus ofellæ.
Plebeios calices, & paucis assibus emptos
Porriget incultus puer, atque à frigore tutus;
Non Phryx, aut Lycius, non à mangone petitus
Quisquam erit, & magno: cùm poscis, posce Latinè.
Idem habitus cunctis, tonsi, rectique capilli,
Atque hodie tantùm propter convivia pexi.
Pastoris duri est hic filius, ille bubulci;
Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulam, & notos tristis desiderat hædos:

Ingen

by the ſwift Moors, or blacker Indians, caſt by the Beaſts in the Arabian Woods, now grown too great, too heavy for their Head. This whets the Appetite, this gives Vigour to the Stomach. A Table with a Silver foot they ſcorn, as they would to wear upon their Finger an Iron Ring; therefore a haughty Gueſt I ſhun, who meaſures my Expences by his own, and loaths my meaner Fare. I have not one Ounce of Ivory, neither my Cheſs-board nor the Men are of this Stuff; the very Handles of my Knives are Bone, and yet my Meat taſtes ne'er the ranker, nor does a Pullet cut the worſe on that Account. I'll have no Carver more ſkilful in his Art than all the Trade, a Pupil to the dextrous † Trypherus, in whoſe School we ſee cut up in Wood the large Udder of a Sow, the Hare, the Boar, the Pygarg, Pheaſants, the huge Phœnicopter and Gætulian Goat, choice Diſhes carved with a blunt dull Knife, ſo that the wooden Feaſt reſounds o'er all the Street. My raw Lad knows nothing how to take off a Slice of a Goat, or the Wing of a Turkey, quite clumſy from his Cradle; indeed he can broil a Pork-ſteak, and that's all. My Boy in his Country Frock (and yet it keeps him from the Cold) ſhall ſerve you in common Glaſſes purchaſed for a few Pence; no Phrygian or Lycian Youth waits at my Table, bought of the Slave Merchants at a monſtrous Price; when you call for any thing, ſpeak plain Roman. My two Waiters are both dreſſed alike, with cropt lank Hair; to-day indeed, in honour of our Feaſt, you will find it combed. The one is my rough Shepherd's, the other my Ploughman's Son; he moans, alas! the tedious Abſence from his Mother's Arms, with Tears he longs to ſee the lowly Cottage, and his dear Play-fellows the Kids again. He

is

† Trypherus was eminent for his Skill in Carving, which he taught in a public School; in which he had all kind of Proviſion for a Feaſt, made in Wood, as being the beſt Materials for the Conveniency of teaching: which, among all the Scholars, made no ſmall Noiſe.

Ingenui vultûs puer, ingenuique pudoris,
Quales esse decet, quos ardens purpura vestit.
Nec fugillares defert in balnea raucus
Testiculos, nec vellendas jam præbuit alas;
Crassa nec opposito pavidus tegit inguina gutto.
Hic tibi vina dabit diffusa in montibus illis,
A quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice lusit:
Namque una atque eadem est vini patria, atque ministri.
Forsitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire choro, plausuque probatæ
Ad terram tremulo descendant clunе puellæ,
Spectent hæc nuptæ, juxtà recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis;
Irritamentum Veneris languentis, & acres
Divitis urticæ. major tamen ista voluptas
Alterius sexûs: magis illa incenditur, & mox
Auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur.
Non capit has nugas humilis domus: audiat ille
Testarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum elido stans
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet: ille fructur
Vocibus obscœnis, omnique libidinis arte,
Qui Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem.
Namque ibi fortunæ veniam damus, alea turpis,
Turpe & adulterium mediocribus: hæc tamen illi
Omnia cùm faciant, hilares nitidique vocantur.
Nostra dabunt alios hodiè convivia ludos:
Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
Quid refert, tales versus quâ voce legantur?
Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis,

Et

is a Lad of an honeſt Countenance, and of a generous Modeſty, ſuch as would become the noble Youth cover'd with glowing Purple. Nor, hoarſe with Luſt, does he in the Bath produce his monſtrous Furniture, nor offers his Hair to be pulled off with Gums; nor, pale with fear of being diſcovered, does he conceal with the Diſtillatory his large Obſcenities. This Lad ſhall ſerve you with the chearful Juice made from the fruitful Hills from whence he came, under whoſe Brow he often played; for the Wine and he are the Growth of the ſame Soil.

You may expect perhaps a Spaniſh Curtezan, leading a Round of ſinging Girls with wanton Air; theſe Wenches, once encouraged, will proſtitute themſelves upon the Ground with trembling Limbs: let wanton Wives behold ſuch Sights, their Huſbands ſitting by, which would be ſhameful to relate before them; Provocatives to dying Luſt, the rich Man's ſharpeſt Sting to Lechery! and yet the Women take the greateſt Pleaſure in ſuch Impurities, they are more inflamed, they ſuck the Poiſon with their Eyes and Ears, they can't contain. A ſmall Income is not capable of ſuch Follies; let the Rich enjoy the Muſick of Caſtanets with wanton Songs, which a poor tatter'd Whore, ſtanding in a filthy Brothel, would be aſhamed of; let him delight in obſcene Ribaldry, and every Art of Luſt, who makes the Floor, paved with round Spartan Marble, ſlippery with drunken Vomits. In ſuch a Caſe we make Allowance for a large Fortune; Gaming is ſcandalous, Adultery is vile in low Life; yet the Rich who act all this are called polite well-bred Gentlemen.

My Entertainment to-day ſhall afford you other ſort of Diverſion; the Author of the Iliad ſhall be ſung, and lofty Maro's Verſe, which makes it doubtful where to give the Prize: what ſignifies in what Tone ſuch Lines are read? Now therefore lay aſide Buſineſs, ſuſpend all Care, afford yourſelf ſome

Et gratam requiem dona tibi; quando licebit
Per totam ceſſare diem: non fœnoris ulla
Mentio, nec, primâ ſi luce egreſſa rêverti
Nocte ſolet, tacito bilem tibi contrabat uxor,
Humida ſuſpectis referens multitia rugis,
Vexataſque comas, & vultum, auremque calentem.
Protinus ante meum, quicquid dolet, exue limen:
Pone domum & ſervos, quicquid frangitur illis,
Aut perit: ingratos ante omnia pone ſodales.
Interea Megaleſiacæ ſpectacula mappæ
Idæum ſolenne colunt, ſimiliſque triumpho
Perdix caballorum Prætor ſedet: ac, mihi pace
Immenſæ nimiæque licet ſi dicere plebis,
Totam hodie Romam Circus capit; & fragor aurem
Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
Nam ſi deficeret, mœſtam attonitamque videres
Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis
Conſulibus. ſpectent juvenes, quos clamor, & audax
Sponſio, quos cultæ decet aſſedisſe puellæ:
Noſtra bibat vernum contracta cuticula ſolem,
Effugiatque togam. jam nunc in balnea ſalvâ
Fronte licet vadas, quanquam ſolida hora ſuperſit

Ad

ſweet Refreſhment; and ſince you may command a whole Day's Pleaſure, ſay not a Word of Intereſt of Money; nor if your Wife ſlips from you at Day-break, and ne'er returns till Night, let her provoke your Rage, forced as you are to hide your Shame; tho' her ſtained Silks ſuſpected Rumples ſhew, her Hair betowſed, her Face and Ears on fire. Lay down whatever grieves you at my Door, think not of home, of Servants, of what they broke or what is loſt; but, above all, forget the ingrateful Uſage of falſe Friends.

And now the [g] Flag is hung out, the Megaleſian Games grace the Idæan Feſtival of Cybele: there the [h] Prætor (the Bane of Horſes) ſits as in Triumph; and (if without Offence it might be ſaid to ſuch a mighty Multitude of People) the Circus comprehends within its Walls all Rome to-day. A Shout this Moment ſtrikes my Ear, by which I gueſs the [i] Green has won the Honour of the Prize. If once theſe Shews ſhould fail, you would ſee the City all in Tears, aſtoniſhed as when the Conſuls were overcome in Cannæ's fatal Field. Let Youth theſe Sports behold, pleaſed with Noiſe, and boldly laying Wagers, with their tight Laſſes ſitting by their Side. Let our rough Skin drink in the vernal Sun, and lay aſide the Buſineſs of the Gown; you at your Years may bathe with a good Grace, tho' it ſhould want a complete

g At the Circenſian and Megaleſian Games, inſtituted in honour of Cybele, they hung out a Towel to ſhew the Plays were going to begin. Nero introduced this Cuſtom: for hearing, as he ſat at Dinner, how impatiently the People expected his Coming, he threw them out of the Window the Towel he wiped his Hands with, to give them Notice that he had dined, and would be preſently at the Circus.

h Many of the Horſes were provided by the Prætor at theſe Games, where they were ſpoiled and made uſeleſs. This Conſtruction of this difficult Paſſage ſeems the eaſieſt.

i The four Parties that ran Chariot-Races in the Circus were divided into ſeveral Liveries; the Green Coats, the Ruſſet Coats, the Blue Coats, and the White Coats. To theſe four Domitian added two Companies more, the Gold Coats and the Purple Coats.

Ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
Continuis: quia sunt talis quoque tædia vitæ
Magna. Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

SATIRA XII.

NATALI, Corvine, die mihi dulcior hæc lux,
Quâ festus promissa Deis animalia cespes
Expectat: niveam Reginæ cædimus agnam:
Par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maurâ.
Sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem,
Tarpeio servata Jovi, frontemque coruscat:
Quippe ferox vitulus, templis maturus & aræ,
Spargendusque mero, quem jam pudet ubera matris
Ducere, qui vexat nascenti robora cornu.
Si res ampla domi, similisque affectibus esset,
Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus, & ipsâ
Mole piger, nec finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Bulls bred on the pastures.
Clitumnus.

Iret,

plete [k] Hour of Noon; and yet you would not care for theſe five Days ſucceſſively, a great Fatigue attends even ſuch a Life. Pleaſures you ſeldom taſte, go down the ſweeteſt.

SATIRE XII.

THIS Day, Corvinus, (on which the ſacred [a] Altars expect my promiſed Sacrifices to the Gods) is more welcome to me than a Birth-day. A ſnow-white Lamb I kill to Juno; another, with a Fleece as white, ſhall be preſented to Pallas, bearing the [b] Mauritanian Gorgon on her Shield. But ſee the wanton Victim, devoted to Tarpeian Jove, ſhakes his long Rope, and brandiſhes his Brow. 'Tis a fierce Calf ripe for the Temple and the Altar, fit to be ſprinkled with pure Wine; ſo grown, that longer he is aſhamed to ſuck the Dam: and gores the Oak with his young budding Horns. Had I a large Fortune, and equal to my Love, a Bull much fatter than Hiſpulla ſhould be made to bleed, ſlow with his Weight of Fat, not bred in the adjacent Plains, but his flowing Blood ſhould ſhew the rich Paſtures

[k] The Romans uſed to follow their Buſineſs till Noon, that is, the ſixth Hour, or our twelve o'clock; and then to the ninth Hour, or three o'clock in the Afternoon, they exerciſed and bathed themſelves: but to do this before Noon, was allowed only on Feſtival Days, or to Perſons aged and infirm.

[a] In the Capitol was the Temple of Jupiter, to which joined the Temples of Juno and Minerva, under one Roof. To theſe principal Deities milk-white Beaſts were ſacrificed. But our Poet confining his Devotion within the Limits of his Fortune, built an Altar of green Turf, and offered white Victims to theſe Deities.

[b] The Gorgons, Meduſa, Sthenio, and Euryale, were Daughters to Phorcus and Ceto. They reſided near Mount Atlas, upon the Borders of Mauritania, and were conquered by Minerva, who is fabled to bear in her Shield Meduſa's Head, that had Vipers dangling down inſtead of Hair, and turned Men into Stones.

Iret, & à grandi cervix ferienda miniſtro,
Ob reditum trepidantis adhuc, horrendaque paſſi
Nuper, & incolumem ſeſe mirantis amici.
Nam præter pelagi caſus, & fulguris ictum
Evaſi, denſæ cœlum abſcondêre tenebræ
Nube unâ, ſubituſque antennas impulit ignis;
Cùm ſe quiſque illo percuſſum crederet, & mox
Attonitus nullum conſerri poſſe putaret
Naufragium velis ardentibus. Omnia fiunt
Talia, tam graviter, ſi quando poëtica ſurgit
Tempeſtas. Genus ecce aliud diſcriminis: audi,
Et miſerere iterum, quanquam ſint cætera ſortis
Ejuſdem: pars dira quidem, ſed cognita multis,
Et quam votivâ teſtantur ſana tabellâ
Plurima. Pictores quis neſcit ab Iſide paſci?
Accidit & noſtro ſimilis fortuna Catullo,
Cùm plenus fluctu medius foret alveus, & jam
Alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis
Arboris incertæ, nullam prudentia cani
Rectoris conferret opem; decidere jactu
Cœpit cum ventis, imitatus Caſtora, qui ſe
Eunuchum ipſe facit, cupiens evadere damno
Teſticulorum: adeò medicatum intelligit inguen.
Fundite quæ mea ſunt, dicebat, cuncta, Catullus;
Præcipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, veſtem
Purpuream, teneris quoque Mæcenatibus aptam,

Aliqui

Paſtures on [c] Clitumnus' Banks; his Neck not to be ſtruck but with a mighty Blow. This for my Friend's Return, yet trembling after dreadful Dangers lately paſſed, and wondring at the Safety he enjoys. For, beſide the Hazards of the Sea, and the Stroke of Lightning happily eſcaped, thick Darkneſs hid the Sky in one great Cloud, and then a ſudden Fire ſtruck the Sail-yards, when each believed the Flaſh was levelled at his Head; and, quite aſtoniſhed, thought a Shipwreck was nothing to the Terrors of the burning Sails. All things ſo diſtreſſed, ſo dreadful, as when Poetic Tempeſts riſe, and are deſcribed in Fiction. But ſee another kind of Danger, attend and pity once again, tho' the Caſe be of the ſame unfortunate Nature, a terrible Calamity indeed, but undergone by many; witneſs the Number of Shrines with [d] Votive Tablets, hung upon the Walls: who knows not that Painters are maintained by theſe Deſigns in Iſis's Temple? The ſame ill Fortune happened to my Friend Catullus; for when the Hold was half-full of Water, when the Waves were ready to o'erſet the Ship rolling from Side to Side, the Planks were not to be depended on, and the Skill of the old Pilot could afford no Help; then my Friend began to compound with the Winds to his Loſs; having the Beaver for Example, who gelds himſelf, and is glad to get off without his Stones, ſo ſenſible is the Creature of the Phyſical Virtue of his Teſticles. Over with all that's mine, cries Catullus, willing to caſt away the choiceſt of his Goods, the purple Veſt fit for the tender

Clitumnus p. 240

[c] A River that divides Umbria and Tuſcany, whoſe Water gives ſuch Virtue to the rich Paſtures adjoining, that the Cows grazing there had white Calves; therefore the Capitoline Sacrifices came from thence.

[d] Perſons that eſcaped a Shipwreck uſed to have a Painting of their Danger drawn upon a Tablet, which they vowed to Neptune in their Diſtreſs, and hung up in ſome Temple near the Sea-Coaſts. The Romans, it ſeems, made ſo many Vows to the Egyptian Goddeſs Iſis, that the whole Company of Picture-drawers were employed in drawing Votive Tablets, that were to be hung up in her Temple.

Atque alias, quarum generoſi graminis ipſum
Inſecit natura pecus, ſed & egregius fons
Viribus occultis, & Bæticus adjuvat aër.
Ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio ſactas, urnæ cratera capacem,
Et dignum ſitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Fuſci.
Adde & baſcaudas, & mille eſcaria, multum
Cælati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
Sed quis nunc alius, quâ mundi parte, quis audet
Argento præferre caput, rebuſque ſalutem?
Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.
Jactatur rerum utilium pars maxima; ſed nec
Damna levant. Tunc, adverſis urgentibus, illûc
Recidit, ut malum ferro ſummitteret, ac ſe
Explicat anguſtum: diſcriminis ultima, quando
Præſidia afferimus, navem ſactura minorem.
I nunc, & ventis animam committe, dolato
Confiſus ligno, digitis à morte remotus
Quatuor, aut ſeptem, ſi ſit latiſſima tæda.
Mox cum reticulis, & pane, & ventre lagenæ,

Aſpice

tender Favourites of Princes, and other Garments which received their Dye from the rich Nature of the Graſs which fed the Sheep, improved by the ſecret Quality of noble Springs, and [e] Bætic Air. He never ſcrupled to throw over his Silver Veſſels, Chargers of Parthenius' Work, a Goblet of two Gallons, a Draught for [f] Pholus when a-dry, or Fuſcus' Wife. Beſides, in went the Britiſh Baſkets, a thouſand Diſhes, and that Golden Cup imboſſed, which [g] Philip uſed to quaff, who by his artful Bribes bought the Surrender of Olynthus. But where is there another, in what Part of the World does he live, who is he that now-a-days has the Courage to prefer his Life to his Money, his Safety to his Eſtate? Few Men now raiſe a Fortune with a Proſpect of enjoying it while they live, but blind with Covetouſneſs, deſire Life only for the Sake of raiſing a Fortune. In ſhort, the greateſt Part of the moſt uſeful Goods are thrown over-board, and the Danger continues; the contrary Winds blowing hard, it came to this, that he was forced to cut down the Maſt, and ſo got rid of that Incumbrance. A Caſe of the laſt Diſtreſs, when we are thus obliged for Safety to make the Ship light. Go now, commit your Life to the Winds, relying on a hewn Plank, removed four or ſeven Fingers Breadth at moſt from Death, if the Bottom be of the thickeſt; and remember, along with your Sea Proviſions, your netted Knapſack, your Biſcuit, and large bell'd Flaggons,

[e] He means the Country in the South-Weſt of Spain, called Andaluſia, and in that the River Bætis, commonly called Guadalquiver, (or the *great River*) whoſe Water gives a natural Tincture to the Sheeps Wool upon their Backs, between black and red.

[f] A notorious drunken Centaur. When he treated Hercules, he brought out a Tun of Wine which he had buried in the Sand; and being pierced, it caſt a Perfume upon the Air, which his Brother Centaurs preſently ſmelt, and would have ſtormed the Place, had it not been defended by Hercules, who killed many of them, and made the reſt fly.

[g] A Golden Cup that Philip King of Macedon uſed, and ſlept with it under his Pillow. This Veſſel, and others, he gave to Lathenes, and bribed him to betray Olynthus, a City of Thrace, into his Hands.

Aſpice ſumendas in tempeſtate ſecures.
Sed poſtquam jacuit planum mare, tempora poſtquam
Proſpera vecteris, ſatumque valentius Euro,
Et pelago; poſtquam Parcæ meliora benignâ
Penſa manu ducunt hilares, & flaminis albi
Lanificæ; modicâ nec multò fortior aurâ
Ventus adeſt; inopi miſerabilis arte cucurrit
Veſtibus extenſis, &, quod ſuperaverat unum,
Velo, prora, ſuo: jam deficientibus Auſtris,
Spes vitæ cum ſole redit: tum gratus Iŭlo,
Atque novercali ſedes prælata Lavino,
Conſpicitur ſublimis apex, cui candida nomen
Scroſa dedit (lætis Phrygibus mirabile ſumen)
Et nunquam viſis triginta clara mamillis.
Tandem intrat poſitas incluſa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, torrectaque brachia rurſum,
Quæ pelago occurunt medio, longéque relinquunt
Italiam, non ſic igitur mirabere portus,
Quos natura dedit; ſed truncâ puppe magiſter
Interiora petit Baianæ pervia cymbæ
Tuti ſtagna ſinûs, gaudent ibi vertice raſo

Garrula

gons, to take an Axe with you in caſe of a Storm. But when the Sea lay ſmooth, when the happy Fortune of my Friend, and Fate, more powerful than Wind and Waves, prevailed; when the pleaſed Deſtinies, with a kind Hand, and in a better Humour, followed their Taſk, and drew a [h] whiter Thread, and the Wind blew no ſtronger than a gentle Gale, the ſhattered Veſſel made a ſad ſhift to ſteer her Courſe, aſſiſted by the Seamens Clothes ſpread out, and a Fore-ſprit-ſail, the only one left: and now the Wind was laid, and the Hope of Life returned with the Sun, the lofty Alban Mount, (loved by [i] Iülus, and preferred to Lavinum, built in honour of his Step-mother) was deſcried, the City had its Name from a white Sow, (a Sight admired by the joyful Trojans) famous for her thirty Pigs ne'er ſeen before. At laſt [k] ſhe enters the Mole, through the Tide incloſed, and arrives at our Tyrrhene Pharos, and thoſe Arms ſtretched out which reach the Mid-Sea, and leave far behind the Shore of Italy. The Havens formed by Nature admit of no ſuch Wonder. The Steerſman, with his ſhatter'd Bark, drops anchor in the inmoſt Bay, where ſmall Boats ride ſafe from Winds. The Sailors, there ſecure with their ſhaved

h It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that when the Deſtinies intended long Life to a Man, they ſpun a white Thread, when Death, a black.

i Alba Longa was built by Iulus Aſcanius, who having before dwelt at Lavinum, built by Æneas, and ſo called from his ſecond Wife Lavinia, left that Place to his Mother-in-law. The Trojans were told by the Oracle, that where they found a white Sow with thirty Pigs ſucking her, there they ſhould build a City, which they did, and called it from the Colour of the Sow, Alba; a happy Sight, ſays the Poet, to the wandring Trojans, who here made themſelves a Settlement.

k The Ship enters the Haven of Oſtia, whoſe two Sides (artificial Mounts like two Arms) run ſo far into the Tyrrhene Sea, that they ſeemed to incloſe it, and, as it were, to leave Italy behind them. In this Haven there was a Pharos, or Watch-Tower, in Imitation of that of Egypt, and for the ſame Uſe, to give Notice to Seamen in the Night, by a Lanthorn hanged up, of the Nearneſs of the Shore.

Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.
Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animiſque faventes,
Sertaque delubris, & farra imponite cultris,
Ac molles ornate focos, glebamque virentem.
Jam ſequar, & ſacro, quod præſtat, ritè peracto,
Inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
Accipient fragili ſimulacbra nitentia cerâ.
Hic noſtrum placabo Jovem, Laribuſque paternis
Thura dabo, atque omnes violæ jactabo colores.
Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos,
Et matutinis operatur feſta lucernis.
Nec ſuſpecta tibi ſint bæc, Corvine: Catullus,
Pro cujus reditu tot pono altaria, parvos
Tres habet hæredes. libet expectare, quis ægram
Et claudentem oculos gallinam impendat amico
Tam ſterili. verùm hæc nimia eſt impenſa: coturnix
Nulla unquam pro patre cadet. ſentire calorem
Si cæpit locuples Gallita & Paccius, orbi,
Legitimè fixis veſtitur tota tabellis
Porticus. Exiſtunt, qui promittant hecatomben.
Quatenus hic non ſunt nec venales elephanti,
Nec Latio, aut uſquam ſub noſtro ſidere talis
Bellua concipitur: ſed furvâ gente petita
Arboribus Rutulis, & Turni paſcitur agro
Cæſaris armentum, nulli ſervire paratum
Private: ſiquidem Tyrio parere ſolebant
Hannibali, & noſtris Ducibus, Regique Moloſſo,
Horum majores, ac dorſo ferre cohortes,
Partem aliquam belli, & euntem in prælia turrim.

Nulla

shaved Heads, delight to prate of Dangers they escaped.

Haste then, my Boys, assist me with your Hearts and Voice, lay Garlands on the Temples, and Meal upon your sacrificing Knives, and dress your soft Hearths of Turf, your Altars of green Grass; I'll follow soon, and when the holy Rites are finished in due Form, and as they should, home I'll repair, and all my little Deities, shining in brittle Wax, shall be adorned with Chaplets; here will I appease our mighty Jove, and Incense burn to the old Lares of my Family, and scatter to their Honour the various Colours of the Violet. Every thing looks gay, my Gates with lofty Branches are adorned, and celebrate this Festival with Morning-lights.

Think not, Corvinus, that these Ceremonies are paid for selfish Ends; for Catullus (for whose Return I raise so many Altars) has three little Heirs. I should be glad to see, who besides would sacrifice a rotten Hen, just dying, for a Friend so little to be got by; this truly is an Expence too great, not a poor Quail will be offered up for such a Father: but if rich Gallita and Paccius, childless both, should chance to have a Fever, all the Porches of the Temples are covered solemnly with Votive Tablets for their Recovery; some would even vow an hundred Oxen: for Elephants, you know, cannot be purchased here, this Beast is never bred in Italy, or in our Climate, but is hither brought by Moors, fed in the Rutilian Woods, or in the Plains of Turnus, Cæsar's Imperial Herd, at no private Man's Command: their great Sires were used to serve the Tyrian Hannibal, our mighty Generals, Pyrrhus the Molossian King, to bear Cohorts, part of the warlike Force, and Towers moving in the Fight, upon

shaved before they put on the Cap of Liberty, because they had escaped the Tempest of Servitude: Thus Seamen professed themselves preserved to Life and Liberty, after they had escaped the Danger of Shipwreck.

Nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Iſtrum
Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras,
Et cadat ante Lares Gallitæ victima ſacra,
Tantis digna Deis, & captatoribus horum.
Alter enim, ſi concedas macſtare, vovebit
De grege ſervorum magna, aut pulcherrima quæque
Corpora; vel pueris, & frontibus ancillarum
Imponet vittas: &, ſi qua eſt nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etſi
Non ſperet tragicæ furtiva piacula cervæ.
Laudo meum civem, nec comparo teſtamento
Mille rates: nam ſi Libitinam evaſerit æger,
Delebit tabulas, incluſus carcere naſſæ,
Poſt meritum ſanè mirandum; atque omnia ſoli
Forſan Pacuvio breviter dabit. ille ſuperbus
Incedet victis rivalibus. ergo videſ, quàm
Grande operæ pretium faciat jugulata Mycenis.
Vivat Pacuvius, quæſo, vel Neſtora totum:
Poſſideat, quantum rapuit Nero: montibus aurum
Exæquet; nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo.

SATIRA

their Backs. Novius, no doubt, would inſtantly, and Iſter Pacuvius too with utmoſt Haſte, lead one of theſe Ivory Brutes up to the Altar, there ſhould the ſacred Victim fall before the Lares of rich Gallita, a Victim worthy of Deities ſo great, and of thoſe Knaves that flatter them. Pacuvius, give him but leave, would ſlay the comelieſt and the faireſt of all his Servants, would dreſs the Foreheads of his favourite Boys and Maids with Chaplets; and if he had a Daughter, an [m] Iphigenia, marriageable at home, he will devote her to the Altars, tho' in her Place he cannot hope for the ſecret Expiation of the Hind ſo famed in Tragic Verſe. I commend my Countryman, and make no Compariſon between a thouſand Ships, and a rich Man's Will; for if the ſick Miſer now eſcapes the Stroke of Death, he will cancel all former Diſpoſitions of his Eſtate; and, hamper'd in the Net laid for him, perhaps will make Pacuvius (upon the Account of ſuch wonderful Merit) in a few Words ſole Heir to his whole Fortune. Then will the Fellow ſtrut triumphant, his Rivals all o'ercome. See how a fair [n] Mycenian, with her bleeding Throat, has brought him mighty Gains. Long may Pacuvius live, I beg, even Neſtor's Age: May he poſſeſs as much as Nero plundered, heap Riches mountain-high, not have a Friend to love, and be by none beloved.

[m] The Grecians having killed a Hind conſecrated to Diana, were by the offended Goddeſs detained a long Time at the Haven of Aulis, with their fleet, by a contrary Wind; upon this, conſulting the Oracle, they were anſwered, that they muſt ſacrifice Iphigenia the Daughter of Agamemnon. The Father, by the Eloquence of Ulyſſes, was perſuaded; but when the Time came, Diana conveyed her away, and ſubſtituted a Hind as a Sacrifice in her room. Our Poet obſerves, if Pacuvius ſhould ſacrifice an only Daughter for the Recovery of Gallita, he ſhould not think the Act of Agamemnon ſo extraordinary; for alas! what is the Freedom of a thouſand Ships, to the glorious Expectation of a Legacy?

[n] Agamemnon was King of Mycenæ.

SATIRA XIII.

EXemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipſi
Diſplicet authori. prima eſt hæc ultio, quòd ſe
Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur; improba quamvis
Gratia fallacis prætoris vicerit urnam.
Quid ſentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti 5
De ſcelere, & fidei violatæ crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis cenſus tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus: nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris; caſus multis hic cognitus, ac jam

Tritus,

SATIRE XIII.

EVERY Crime a Man commits, that gives a bad Example, diſpleaſes even the Author of it; the firſt Revenge is, that no guilty Perſon is acquitted by the Sentence of his own Conſcience, tho' a the wicked Favour of a corrupt Judge may poſſibly declare him innocent. What think you, Calvinus, the World ſays of that late Injuſtice, that villainous Breach of Truſt you complain of? that neither your Circumſtances are ſo ſmall, that the Weight of ſo mean a Loſs ſhould ſink you; nor is the Damage you ſuſtain uncommon: the ſame Caſe has

a Or to tranſlate literally, "Tho' wicked Favour may pervert "the juſtice of the Prætor's Urn." To explain this Expreſſion, Holyday gives a curious Note concerning the Forms of Trials at Law among the Romans. The Prætor, who was ſupreme Judge, had many others appointed him as Aſſiſtants. The Names of theſe were written upon little Balls, and by the Prætor caſt into an Urn; and after they were ſhaken together, he drew out again, as in a Lottery, ſo many as were by Law, according to the Nature of the Cauſe, accounted neceſſary. After which, the Plaintiff and Defendant had Power to reject, upon good Exceptions, ſuch as they thought would be Enemies to the Cauſe. The Number was appointed to be filled up by drawing of other Names out of the Urn. Then the Judges that were appointed, and accepted of the Trouble, (for in ſome Caſes they were allowed their Excuſe) took an Oath to judge according to Law; but, on many Occaſions, others were often ſubſtituted in their room by the Prætor. After pleading of the Cauſe, the Prætor gave to each of the Judges three waxen Tables, wherein were expreſſed ſo many ſeveral Opinions; in one was written the Letter A, to ſignify the Acquittal or Abſolution of the Defendant; in another, the Letter C, to imply his Condemnation; and in the third, the Letters N, L, for Non liquet; ſignifying that the buſineſs required a farther Hearing, as being as yet not clear enough; which Delay of the Cauſe was called Amplıation. Then the Judges being called, expreſſed their Opinions by the Tables, which they choſe to caſt into the Urn; and according to the Conſent of the major part of their Opinions, the Prætor pronounced Sentence. In which many Turns of the Buſineſs, (ſays the Commentator) there was room enough for a Bribe to ſlip in.

Tritus, & à medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.
Tu quamvis levium minimam, exiguamque malorum
Particulam vix ferre potes, spumantibus ardens
Visceribus, sacrum tibi quòd non reddat amicus
Depositum. stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Consule natus?
An nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?
Magna quidem, sacris quæ dat præcepta libellis,
Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia. Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ.
Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum
Quæsitum, & partos gladio vel pyxide nummos?
Rari quippe boni: *numero vix sunt totidem, quot*
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.
Nunc ætas agitur, pejoraque sæcula ferri
Temporibus: quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, & à nullo posuit natura metallo.
Nos hominum Divûmque fidem clamore ciemus,
Quanto Fæsidium laudat vocalis agentem
Sportula. Dic senior bullâ dignissime, nescis,
Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? nescis,
Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cùm
Exigis à quoquam, ne pejeret, & putet ullis
Esse

has happened to many before; you hear of it every day, it is one of the lighteſt Evils drawn out of the Heap of Misfortunes that Men by Fate are liable to ſuffer. Prithee, don't fret thyſelf too much, a Man's Concern ſhould never exceed the proper Bounds, or appear greater than the Wound. You that can ſcarce bear the leaſt, the moſt minute Particle even of the moſt trifling Evils, that are all on fire, your very Bowels boiling with Rage, becauſe your Friend will not give up to you the Pledge he ſwore to return; is this ſuch a Wonder to a Man that has left Sixty behind him, that was born when [b] Fonteius was Conſul? Are you never the better by ſeeing ſo much of the World? 'Tis true, that Wiſdom lays down excellent Rules in the ſacred Volumes of Philoſophy, and triumphs over Fortune; yet we pronounce thoſe Men happy, who, by the Experience of Life only, have learnt to bear common Accidents with Temper, without ſhaking the Yoke. What day ſo ſacred, that does not diſcover to us a Thief, a Scene of Treachery, of Fraud, of Gain gotten by every ſort of Wickedneſs, and Money obtained by Stabbing or by Poiſon? Good Men are thinly ſown, they are ſcarce ſo many as are the Gates of [c] Thebes, or the Mouths of fruitful Nile. An Age is now come much worſe than that of Iron, an Age of Villainy, for which Nature herſelf can find no Name, no Metal baſe enough to call it by. Yet we exclaim againſt the Vices of the Times, we call Heaven and Earth to witneſs, as loud as the noiſy Clients of Fæſidius applaud him pleading at the Bar. Tell me, old Gentleman, worthy again to wear your childiſh Baubles, don't you know the Charms another Man's Money ſhews? Don't you know how your Simplicity will ſet the whole Town a-laughing, when you expect that no Man dares forſwear, but ſhould believe ſome Deity

[b] L. Fonteius Capito was Conſul with C. Vipſanius, in the Reign of Nero.

[c] Thebes in Bœotia had ſeven Gates, as the Nile had ſeven Mouths.

Esse aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti?
Quondàm hoc indigenæ vivebant more, priùs quàm
Sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens: tunc, cùm virguncula Juno,
Et privatus adhuc Idæis Jupiter antris.
Nulla super nubes convivia Cœlicolarum,
Nec puer Iliacus, formosa nec Herculis uxor
Ad cyathos; & jam siccato nectare tergens
Brachia Vulcanus Liparæâ nigra tabernâ.
Prandebat sibi quisque Deus, nec turba Deorum
Talis, (ut est hodie) contentaque sidera paucis
Numinibus miserum urgebant Atlanta minori
Pondere, nondum aliquis sortitus triste profundi
Imperium, aut Siculâ torvus cum conjuge Pluto.
Nec rota, nec Furiæ, nec saxum, aut vulturis atri
Pœna; sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbræ.
Improbitas illo fuit admirabilis ævo.
Credebant hoc grande nefas, & morte piandum,

The Roman Gods
ridiculed by Juvenal

Si

The Golden Age

The Gods 343

Deity presides in every Temple, and delights to see the Victim bleed upon the Altars. Formerly indeed, our home-bred Ancestors knew no better; [d] before Saturn, laying his Diadem aside, and forced to fly, handled the Country-Scythe. It was when Juno was a very little Girl, and [e] Jupiter for fear was hid in the Caves of Ida; when there was no Carousing among the Gods above the Clouds, no Ganymede, no [f] Hebe (fair wife of Hercules) to be Cup-bearer, and Vulcan (not yet allowed to quaff celestial Nectar) scoured his black Arms fouled at his Forge at Lipara. Every God then dined alone; nor was there such a Rout of Godships as we have now: but Heaven, content with few Divinities, pressed groaning [g] Atlas with a lesser Weight. No Deity had yet by Lot obtained the dreadful Empire of the Deep, nor did grim Pluto reign with Proserpine his Sicilian Wife; nor was there then in Hell, [h] a Wheel, or Furies, or a [i] Stone to roll, nor a black [k] Vultur to devour the Liver: but the Ghosts lived jocund then, without their Kings infernal. Villainy was a Wonder in those Times: It was thought a monstrous Crime,

and

[d] In the Golden Age, before Saturn was glad to fly into Latium, being expelled from the Kingdom of Crete by his Son Jupiter; he invented the Scythe, which some make a Symbol of Husbandry, which he taught the rude People; others take to be his Attribute, as the God of Time

[e] Jupiter was hid in the Caves of Mount Ida in Crete, lest his Father Saturn should have devoured him.

[f] The Daughter of Juno alone, (who conceived by eating too freely of Lettuce) and Cup-bearer to Jupiter; she happened to make a Slip at a Banquet among the Gods, so was turned out of her Place, and Ganymede put into it. She was afterwards married to Hercules.

[g] A high Hill in Mauritania, feigned by the Poets to bear up the Heavens.

[h] He alludes to the Story of Ixion, who was thrown down to Hell by Jupiter, for boasting he had lain with Juno. He was there tied to a Wheel, and encompassed with Serpents.

[i] Sisyphus was condemned to roll a great Stone to the Top of a high Mountain, which presently fell down upon his Head; so his Labour was never at an End.

[k] Prometheus was chained to Mount Caucasus, for stealing Fire from Heaven, where a Vultur was continually preying upon his Liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured.

Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat; & ſi
Barbato cuicunque puer: licèt ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, & majores glandis acervos.
Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis,
Primaque par adeò ſacræ lanugo ſenectæ.
Nunc, ſi depoſitum non inficietur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum totâ ærugine follem,
Prodigioſa fides, & Thuſcis digna libellis,
Quæque coronatâ luſtrari debeat agnâ.
Egregium ſanctumque virum ſi cerno, bimembri
Hoc monſtrum puero, vel mirandis ſub aratro
Piſcibus inventis, & fœtæ comparo mulæ;
Sollicitus tanquam lapides effuderit imber,
Examenque apium longâ conſederit uvâ
Culmine dulubri, tanquam in mare fluxerit amnis
Gurgitibus miris, & lacteis vortice torrens.
Intercepta decem quereris ſeſtertia fraude
Sacrilega? quid ſi bis centum perdidit alter
Hoc arcana modo? majorem tertius illâ
Summam, quam patulæ vix ceperat angulus arcæ?
Tam facile & pronum eſt Superos contemnere teſtes,
Si mortalis idem nemo ſciat. Aſpice quantâ
Voce neget; quæ ſit fidei conſtantia vultûs.
Per ſolis radios, Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis framcam, & Cirrhæi ſpicula vatis;

Per

and to be purged by Death, if Youth did not riſe to ſhew reſpect to Age, or if a Boy did not expreſs a Duty to one arrived at Manhood, tho' the Lad had the larger Fortune, could produce more Strawberries and higher Heaps of Acorns in his Houſe. So venerable a Diſtinction was it to have the Precedence but of four Years; and the firſt Down upon the Chin was equal in regard, to the moſt ſacred Reverence of old Age.

But now for a Friend not to deny his Truſt, if he reſtores the old leathern Purſe with all the ruſty Coin, 'tis a Prodigy of Honeſty fit to be recorded among the Miracles in [l] Tuſcan Calendars, to be expiated by a Lamb, crowned with a Chaplet for a Sacrifice. To ſee a Man of Probity and Faith, a Sight ſo portentous, I always liken to a Child, half Man half Brute, or to a wondrous Shoal of Fiſh turned up by the Plough, or to a Mule with Foal; I am all Amazement, as if the Clouds rained Showers of Stones, as if a Swarm of [m] Bees fixed like a long Cluſter of Grapes upon a Temple's Top; as if a River flowed into the Sea with a dreadful Violence, ruſhing impetuous with a Stream of Milk.

Do you complain becauſe you loſt ten Seſtertia by impious Fraud? What if another, in the ſame manner, had loſt two hundred, truſted with equal Secreſy? a third had been cheated of a larger Sum, which the Corner of his wide Cheſt could ſcarce hold? So eaſy, ſo ready a thing is it to deſpiſe the Gods, that witneſs all our Crimes, if we can hide them from the Eyes of Men. See with how bold a Voice the Wretch denies it, what a ſteady Look diſguiſes his falſe Face? he ſwears by the Sun's Rays, and by the Thunder of Tarpeian Jove, by Mars's Javelin, and Apollo's

[l] The Romans received the Art of Divination from Tuſcan Soothſayers, who preſaged of future Events by Prodigies, of which they kept a very exact Record.

[m] It was accounted ominous in the Roman Superſtition, to ſee Bees to ſettle upon the Top of a Houſe, or of a Temple.

Per calamos venatricis, pharetramque puellæ,
Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem:
Addit & Herculeos arcus, haſtamque Minervæ,
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.
Si verò & pater eſt, comedam, inquit, flebile gnati
Sinciput elixi, Pharioque madentis aceto.
Sunt, in Fortunæ qui caſibus omnia ponunt,
Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,
Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni,
Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.
Eſt alius, metuens ne crimen pœna ſequatur,
Hic putat eſſe Deos, & pejerat, atque ità ſecum;
Decernat quodcunque volet de corpore noſtro
Iſis, & irato ſeriat mea lumina ſiſtro,
Dummodò vel cæcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.
Et phthiſis, & vomicæ putres, & dimidium crus.
Sunt tanti? pauper locupletem optare podagram
Ne dubitet Ladas, ſi non eget Anticyrâ, nec
Archigene: quid enim velocis gloria plantæ,
Præſtat, & eſuriens Piſææ ramus olivæ?
Ut ſit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum eſt
Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
Quando ad me venient? ſed & exorabile numen
Fortaſſe experiar: ſolet his ignoſcere. multi

Committunt

Apollo's Darts, by the Arrows and ~~the~~ Quiver of ~~Diana~~, and by thy Trident, Neptune, Father of Ægeus; he adds the Bow of Hercules, and Minerva's Spear, and all the Weapons ſtored in the Armory of Heaven; and if he be a Father, I'll eat, ſays he, if guilty, my Son's lamented Head, boiled and ſeaſoned with Ægyptian Vinegar.

There are who refer all things to the Chances of Fortune, and believe the World is governed by no Firſt Cauſe; Nature herſelf bringing about the Revolutions both of Days and Years, ſo they [n] touch any Altars, and ſwallow Oaths undaunted. Another, fearing leſt a Puniſhment ſhould purſue his Crimes, imagines that there are Gods; and yet forſwears with this Salvo to himſelf. Let Iſis (~~the Scourge of Perjury~~) do as ſhe pleaſes with this Body of mine, and ſtrike my Eyes out with her angry [o] Siſtrum, ſo that, even blind, I may hold faſt the Money I deny; what's a Conſumption, rotten Sores, and half a Leg? Would [p] Ladas, the running Footman, all in Rags, ſtick to wiſh for the rich Gout, unleſs he were ſtark-mad, and wanted Hellebore, or the Advice of Archigenes, ~~the Phyſician~~? What ſignifies the Honour of his nimble Feet? Will a hungry Branch of Piſæan Olive, the Prize of Victory, fill his Belly? But ſay the Anger of the Gods is great, yet it is ſlow; and if they reſolve to puniſh all the guilty World, when will they come to me? Beſides, I may poſſibly find Favour with their Deities, they ſometimes pardon; many, we ſee, commit the ſame Crimes

[n] When a Man would put a Truſtee to his Oath, he brought him into the Temple, and there made him ſwear, laying his Hand upon the Altar.

[o] An Inſtrument uſed by the Prieſts in the Celebration of the Rites of Iſis; it was of a triangular Form, with little Rings upon each Side, which being ſtruck with a ſmall Iron Rod, gave a thrill Sound.

[p] Footman to Alexander the Great: his Swiftneſs was ſo great, that the Print of his Foot was not ſeen upon the Sand. His Statue was ſet up at Argos in the Temple of Venus, after he had won the Foot-Races in the Olympic Games.

Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato.
Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema.
Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ
Confirmant. tunc te ſacra ad delubra vocantem
Præcedit, trahere imò ultrò, ac vexare paratus.
Nam cùm magna malæ ſupereſt audacia cauſæ,
Creditur à multis fiducia: mimum agit ille,
Urbani qualem fugitivus ſcurra Catulli.
Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis,
Vel potiùs quantùm Gradivus Homericus: audis,
Jupiter, hæc? nec labra moves, cùm mittere vocem
Debueras, vel marmoreus, vel aheneus? aut cur
In carbone tuo chartâ pia thura ſolutâ
Ponimus, & ſectum vituli jecur, albaque porci
Omenta? ut video, nullum diſcrimen habendum eſt
Effigies inter veſtras, ſtatuamque Batylli.
Accipe, quæ contrà valeat ſolatia ferre,
Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoïca dogmata legit
A Cynicis tunicâ diſtantia; non Epicurum
Suſpicit exigui lætum plantaribus horti.

Curentur

Crimes with different Fate: one, for his Villainy, is crucified, another crowned. Thus they harden their Minds, tender at first, and trembling for fear of Guilt; thus confident, the Wretch you summon to the holy Altar, hurries away before you, he is ready to drag you along by force, and teazes you to bring him to his Oath; for when Impudence supports a wicked Cause, to some it looks like Innocence. He rails at you with such an Outcry as the run-away Buffoon makes in the [q] Vision of Catullus. Then you, poor Soul, exclaim so loud as to drown [r] Stentor's Noise; or rather, to exceed the Cry of wounded [s] Mars, described by Homer. Heares't thou, Jove, these things, and not one Word, when thou oughtest to threaten Vengeance, wert thou even made of Marble or of Brass? Or why, instead of empty Vows, upon thy burning Altars do we pour the sacred Frankincense, a Calf's slit Liver, or a Hog's white Cawl? As far as I perceive, there is no Difference between thy Images and the Statue of [t] Bathyllus the Musician.

Hear therefore what Comfort may be applied in your Case, by one who neither reads the Rules of the Cynic or Stoic Philosophers, differing from the other only in [u] Dress, by wearing a Coat less; by one who is no Admirer of [x] Epicurus, who pleased himself with the Herbs raised in his own small Garden. Patients who are in a desperate way, should be attended

q Urbanus Catullus was the Author of a Comedy, called, The Phantasm or Vision, where a Mimick is introduced making a hideous Noise. This Play is lost by Time, and so it is all Conjecture.

r A Grecian, who had as loud a Voice as fifty Men together.

s Mars, wounded by Diomedes, roared as loud as the Cry of ten thousand Men when they join Battle.

t His Statue was erected at Samos, in the Temple of Juno, by the Tyrant Polycrates.

u The Cynic and Stoic Philosophers differed more in their Clothes than in their Opinions, the Cynics wearing two Cloaks, the Stoics but one.

x A Philosopher of Athens, a temperate and sober Man, who lived upon Bread and Water, and Herbs; he placed the chief Happiness in the Tranquillity of the Mind.

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri,
Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.
Si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
Ostendis, taceo; nec pugnis cædere pectus
Te veto, nec planâ faciem contundere palmâ:
Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno,
Et majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu
Planguntur nummi quàm funera. nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris.
Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querelâ;
Si decies lectis diversâ parte tabellis,
Vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
Arguit ipsorum quos litera, gemmaque princeps
Sardonyches, loculis quæ custoditur eburnis:
Ten', ô delicias, extra communia censes
Ponendum? Qui tu gallinæ filius albæ,
Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis?
Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam,
Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina: Confer
Conductum latronem, incendia sulphure cæpta,
Atque dolo, primos cùm janua colligit ignes:
Confer & bos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
Pocula adorandæ rubiginis, & populorum
Dona, vel antiquo positas à rege coronas.
Hæc ibi si non sunt, minor extat sacrilegus, qui
Radat inaurati femur Herculis, & faciem ipsam
Neptuni, qui bracteolam de Castore ducat.
An dubitet, solitus totum conflare Tonantem?
Confer et artifices, mercatoremque veneni,

Et

tended by Phyſicians of Character, but you may truſt your Vein with Philip the Surgeon's Boy.

Could you ſhew no Example of ſo vile an Act in all the World, I have done, in God's Name beat your Breaſt with your Fiſt, and ſtrike your Face with your open Hands, ſhut up your Doors cloſe, in Sign of Mourning for your Loſs; for Money is lamented with much deeper Groans, and with a louder Noiſe of all the Family, than the Death of neareſt Friends; no one feigns Concern in ſuch a Caſe, or thinks it ſufficient to rend only the Border of his Gown, or rubs his Eyes to ſqueeze out forced Tears; no, loſt Money is deplored with real Grief. But if you ſhould ſee our Courts of Juſtice full of the like Complaints; if, when Writings have been read ten times over before many Witneſſes, and in divers Places, you find Men denying the Obligation of ſuch Deeds, tho' their own Hand, and their Seal, (cut upon a Sardonyx of Value, and kept in a choice Ivory Box) are plain Evidence againſt him; do you, ſweet Sir, think yourſelf exempt from the Stroke of ſuch common Accidents? How came you to be Fortune's Favourite, hatched as we ſay by a white Hen, and we a baſer Brood from unpropitious Eggs? You ſuffer but a Trifle to be borne with moderate Concern, if you do but turn your Eyes to greater Crimes about you. What think you of the hired Cut-throat, of Fires treacherouſly raiſed by Sulphur, that firſt ſets your Doors all in a Blaze? What think you of the Villain who ſpoils ſome antique Shrine of a huge Goblet of venerable Ruſt, a whole Nation's Offering, or of a Crown preſented by ſome ancient King? if there be none of theſe the little ſacrilegious Thief will ſcrape the gilded Thigh of Hercules, or Neptune's Beard, or peel the Leaf-gold laid upon Caſtor's Statue. What will not he dare, that has been uſed to ſteal Jove's Image, and even to melt the Thunderer down? What think you of the Compounders and Sellers of Poiſon, of Parricides thrown in an Ox

Hide

Et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo
Clauditur adversis innoxia simia satis.
Hæc quota pars scelerum, quæ custos Gallicus urbis
Usque à Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit?
Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti
Sufficit una domus; paucos consume dies, &
Dicere te miserum, postquàm illinc veneris, aude.
Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? Aut quis
In Meroë crasso majorem infante mamillam?
Cærula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
Cæsariem, & madido torquentem cornua cirro?
Nempè quòd hæc illis natura est omnibus una.
Ad subitas Thracum volucres, nubemque soneram
Pygmæus parvis currit bellator in armis:
Mox impar hosti, raptusque per aëra curvis
Unguibus à sævâ fertur grue: Si videas hoc
Gentibus in nostris, risu quatereris: sed illic,
Quanquàm eadem assiduè spectentur prælia, ridet
Nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.
Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudisque nefandæ
Pœna erit? abreptum crede hunc graviore catenâ
Protinus, & nostro (quid plus velit ira?) necari
Arbitrio. manet ille tamen jactura, nec unquam
Depositum tibi sospes erit: sed corpore truncо
Invidiosa dabit minimus solatia sanguis:
At vindictа bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ.
Nempe hic indoctі, quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum, aut levibus videas flagrantia causis,

Quem-

Hide into the Sea, with whom, hard Fate! the guiltleſs Ape is doomed to die? What Trifles are theſe Crimes, if once compared with ſuch as Gallicus the Præfect of the City hears, ſitting in Court from Break of Day till Night? If you deſire to know the Vices of Mankind, this Court alone will ſhew abundantly; do but attend a few Days here, and when you come away, dare, if you can, to call yourſelf unhappy. Who wonders on the [y] Alps, to ſee a hanging Throat? Who ſtares, in Meroë, at the Mother's Breaſt larger than the plump Infant? Who is ſurprized to meet a German with his blue Eyes and yellow Hair, twiſting his anointed Locks, like Horns, into a Curl? The Reaſon is becauſe Nature acts uniformly, and appears one and the ſame in all. When ſuddenly a Flight of Cranes deſcend like a dark Cloud, cruncling with dreadful Noiſe, the [z] Pygmy Warrior hurries to his Arms ſo ſmall; but ſoon o'erpower'd, and carried ſprawling thro' the Air, is borne away in the bent Claws of his moſt cruel Foe. If you were to ſee this in our Country, you would ſhake your Sides with Laughing: but there, where ſuch Battles are fought every Day, no one ſo much as ſmiles, and yet not a Soldier in the Army meaſures much above a Foot.

" But ſhall no Puniſhment purſue the perjured " Head, a Treachery horrid as this!" Suppoſe the Villain caſt into a Dungeon, loaded with heavieſt Chains, and tortured there at your own Will, (and what can Rage deſire more than this?) Your Loſs would ſtill remain the ſame, nor would your Pledge be ever the more ſafe. " But the leaſt Drop of Blood, " preſſed from his mangled Body, would give me " Comfort even to be envied; Revenge affords a " Pleaſure ſweeter than Life itſelf." Fools indeed think ſo, whoſe very Bowels are all on fire, ſometimes for nothing, or for the ſmalleſt Reaſon; any the

y The Inhabitants about the Alps have generally great Swellings in their Throat, occaſioned, it is ſuppoſed, by drinking the Snow-Water. z The Pygmies were a People of Thrace, not much above a Foot high, who had continual War with the Cranes.

Quantulacunque adeò eſt occaſio, ſufficit iræ.
Chryſippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique ſenex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare. Plurima felix
Paulatim vitia, atque errores exuit omnes,
Prima docens rectum ſapientia: quippe minuti
Semper & infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio. *continuò ſic collige, quòd vindicta*
Nemo magis gaudet, quàm fœmina. cur tamen hos tu
Evaſiſſe putes, quos diri conſcia facti
Mens habet attonitos, & ſurdo verbere cædit,
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo ſævior illis,
Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque ſuum geſtare in pectore teſtem.
• *Spartano cuidam reſpondit Pythia vatis,*
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quòd dubitaret
Depoſitum retinere, & fraudem jure tueri
Jurando: quærebat enim quæ numinis eſſet
Mens; & an hoc illi facinus ſuaderet Apollo.
Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; & tamen omnem
Vocem adyti dignam templo, veramque probavit,
Extinctus totâ pariter cum prole domoque,
Et quamvis longâ deductis gente propinquis.
Has patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas.
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet: *cedo, ſi conata peregit?*
Perpetua anxietas, nec menſæ tempore ceſſat;
Faucibus ut morbo ſiccis, interque volantes

Difficili

• The Poet alludes here to a Story related by Herodotus, of one Glaucus a Spartan, with whom a Milesian, in Confidence of his Honeſty, left a Sum of Money in Truſt; the Sons of this Milesian, ſome time after, came and demanded the Money; but Glaucus denied it, and ſent them away without it. Yet going to the Oracle to know whether he ſhould conſtantly deny it or not, he was anſwered, that if he forſwore the Money, he might eſcape for a time; but for his wicked Deſign, he and all his Family ſhould be utterly deſtroyed. Upon this Glaucus ſent for the Milesians, and paid them the whole Sum. But what the Oracle foretold came to paſs, for he and all his Kindred were ſoon exterminated.

the leaſt Occaſion is enough to raiſe their Paſſion: but ſo ſaid not Chryſippus, nor the forgiving Mind of Thales, nor old Socrates, a Neighbour to the ſweet Hymettus, who bound in cruel Chains, would not offer one Drop of the cold Hemlock to his Accuſer. Wiſdom that firſt informs us what is right, ſtrips us by Degrees of every Vice and every Error; Revenge is pleaſing only to a little, an abject, and a narrow Mind. This you may ſoon collect from hence, that no Creature is more delighted with Revenge than Woman. But why ſhould you ſuppoſe thoſe Wretches eſcape unpuniſhed, whoſe very Souls, conſcious of dreadful Crimes, are all Aſtoniſhment, are laſhed with Strokes unheard, Conſcience the Executioner ſhaking her ſecret Whip with Terror over them? To carry Night and Day within his Breaſt a Witneſs of his Guilt, is Vengeance more ſevere, ~~more terrible~~ than what the ſtern Cæditius, or Rhadamanthus ~~Judge of Hell~~, could e'er invent.

A certain Spartan was anſwered by the Pythian Propheteſs, that he ſhould not go unpuniſhed only for doubting whether he ſhould retain a Pledge left in his Hands, or defend the Fraud by a falſe Oath. He inquired what the Opinion of the Deity was, and whether Apollo approved of the Deceit; however, the Money he reſtored, more from a Principle of Fear than of Conſcience: yet the Event confirmed the Prediction of the Oracle to be true, and worthy of the Shrine from whence it came; for the Man, with his Children and Family, was utterly extirpated, with all his Relations, tho' deſcended from a long Train of Anceſtors. Thus was the meer Intention of doing ill, moſt juſtly puniſhed; for he, who in his Heart conceives a ſecret Villainy, has equal Guilt as if he did the Act. But had he finiſhed the Deſign, what would he ſuffer? Perpetual Torment, without reſpite even at his Meals, his Jaws parched as in a Fever, his Meat hard to ſwallow, and ſwelling be-

Revenge 297

tween

Difficili creſcente cibo. ſed vina miſellus
Exſpuit: Albani veteris pretioſa ſenectus
Diſplicet. oſtendas melius, denſiſſima ruga
Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.
Nocte brevem ſi fortè indulſit cura ſoporem,
Et toto verſata toro jam membra quieſcunt,
Continuò templum, & violati numinis aras,
Et (quod præcipuis mentem ſudoribus urget)
Te videt in ſomnis. tua ſacra & major imago
Humanâ turbat pavidum, cogitque fateri.
Hi ſunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,
Cùm tonat; exanimes primo quoque murmure cæli:
Non quaſi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, ſed
Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.
Illa nihil nocuit, curâ graviore timetur
Proxima tempeſtas; velut hoc dilata ſereno.
Præterea lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
Si cœpêre pati, miſſum ad ſua corpora morbum
Infeſto credunt à numine: ſaxa Deorum
Hæc, & tela putant. pecudem ſpondere ſacello
Balantem, & Laribus criſtam promittere galli
Non audent. quid enim ſperare nocentibus ægris
Conceſſum? vel quæ non dignior hoſtia vita?
Mobilis & varia eſt fermè natura malorum.
Cùm ſcelus admittunt, ſupereſt conſtantia: quid ſas,
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt ſentire, peractis
Criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos, fixa & mutari neſcia. nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attritâ de fronte ruborem?

Quiſnam

tween his Grinders. The miserable Wretch spues up his Wine, the precious Juice of the Albanian Grape, mellowed with Age, displeases; set before him Liquor of a nobler Flavour, he makes a sour Face all over Wrinkles, as if it were tart Falernan. If in the Night the Horror of his Mind allows him a short Repose, and his Limbs, tired with tossing o'er the Bed, enjoy some Rest, presently in his Dreams he sees the Temple, the Altars of the Deity profaned, and (which presses his dark Soul with Agonies not to be endured) he sees Thee, thy dreadful Figure of Gigantick Size, torments him quaking with fear, and frights him to confess; these are the Guilty that tremble at every Flash of Lightning, at every Thunder-clap, turn pale, are dying at the least Grumbling in the Air; the Fire he knows is not the Effect of Chance, or raised by Rage of Winds, but falls in Fury on the Earth, and comes full charged with Vengeance. This Stroke perhaps he escapes, but dreads the next with double Horror, as if delayed by one fair Day, only to fall the heavier. Besides, when they begin to feel a sharp Pleuretick Pain, attended by a wakeful Fever, the Disease inflicted on their Bodies, they believe, is sent by some enraged Deity. These are the Stones they think, the Artillery of the Gods to plague the Wicked. They dare not vow to offer at the Altar a bleating Lamb for their Recovery, nor promise a poor Cock's Crest as an Oblation to their Lares; what can such guilty Souls be allowed to hope for when they are sick? Or what Victim does not more deserve to live than they? The Nature of the Wicked is commonly wavering and timorous at first, but engaging in the Act, they become resolute. When the Pleasure of the Crime is over, they begin too late to reflect, to distinguish between Right and Wrong; but Nature soon returns to vitious Courses, in that she is fixed and unchangeable. For who engaged in Vice ever set bounds to his Pursuit of it? When did a Man recover his Modesty once banished

Torments of the guilty: & fear of the Gods

from

Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno.
Flagitio? dabit in laqueum vestigia noster
Perfidus, & nigri patietur carceris uncum,
Aut maris Ægæi rupem, scopulosque frequentes
Exulibus magnis. pœnâ gaudebis amarâ
Nominis invisi: tandemque fatebere lætus
Nec surdum, nec Tiresiam quenquam esse Deorum.

SATIRA XIV.

Plurima sunt, Fuscine, & famâ digna siniſtrâ,
Et nitidis maculam hæſuram figentia rebus,
Quæ monſtrant ipſi pueris traduntque parentes.
Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo:
Nec de ſe meliùs cuiquam ſperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terræ,
Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
Mergere ſicedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
Et canâ monſtrante gulâ. cum ſeptimus annus
Tranſierit puero, nondum omni dente renato,
Barbatos licet admoveas mille inde magiſtros,
Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu
Semper, & à magnâ non degenerare culina.

Item

from his harden'd Face? Where is he that contented himself with tasting a Sin but once? This cheating Villain of yours will never rest, till he has got his Legs into Fetters, and drags his Chain in some dark Dungeon, or is banished into a craggy Isle of the Ægean Sea, among the Rocks thronged with Exiles of the first Quality; then will you glory in the bitter Punishment of his hated Name; and then with Joy confess that no God is deaf, or, as [2] Tiresias, blind.

SATIRE XIV.

THERE are many Actions, Fuscinus, that are deservedly scandalous, and fix a lasting Stain and Blemish upon the most inoffensive Behaviour, which Parents themselves daily shew and recommend to their Children. If the fatal Dye be the favourite Pleasure of the Father, you will see the Son and Heir in Hanging-sleeves shaking his little Box, and engaging at the same Weapons. Nor does the Youth give any of his Relations a better Prospect of doing well, who has learnt to peel a Fungus, to pickle a Mushroom, and set the [a] Beccafico a swimming in the same Liquor; and this by the Instruction of the Epicure his Father, by the Example of Gluttony in grey Hairs. Take such a Lad just turned of seven, before his Sett of Teeth are all come again, and place a thousand of the gravest Tutors on one Side of him, and as many of the other, he will be always longing for an extravagant Supper, and never degenerate from the Luxury of his Father's Kitchen. Is,

[2] A blind Soothsayer of Thebes, fabled to be struck blind by Juno, for deciding a Dispute between her and her Husband, in favour of Jupiter, who in requital gave him the Gift of Prophecy.

[a] A delicious Bird called a Fig-eater, recommended by Apicius according to the wanton Cookery of those times. This was the only Bird, it seems, that was usually eaten all of it; for it was esteemed a Sign of a coarse vulgar Palate, to eat any more than the hinder Parts of other Birds.

Mitem animum, & mores, modicis erroribus æquos:
Præcipit, atque animas ſervorum, & corpora noſtra
Materiâ conſtare putat, paribuſque elementis;
An ſævire docet Rutilus? qui gaudet acerbo
Plagarum ſtrepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis
Comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus?
Tum felix, quoties aliquis tortore vocato
Uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro.
Quid ſuades juveni lætus ſtridore catenæ,
Quem mire afficiunt inſcripta ergaſtula, carcer
Ruſticus? Expectas, ut non ſit adultera Largæ
Filia, quæ nunquam maternos dicere mœchos
Tam citò, nec tanto poterit contexere curſu,
Ut non ter decies reſpiret? conſcia matri
Virgo fuit: ceras nunc hâc dictante puſillas
Implet, & ad mœchum dat eiſdem ferre cinædis.
Sic natura jubet: Velociùs & citiùs nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domeſtica, magnis
Cùm ſubeunt animos authoribus. *Unus & alter*
Forſitan hæc ſpernant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ,
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

Lord Temple 303

Sed

Is Rutilus capable of ſetting his Children an Example of a mild Diſpoſition, of a Temper that makes allowance for ſmall Faults? Does he think his Servants have Souls, and that their Bodies are made of Fleſh and Blood, and of the ſame Elements with his own? Does not he rather ſhew a Pattern of Cruelty? Does not he delight in the ſad Noiſe of Blows, and prefers the Crack of Whips to the Muſick of a Siren? Is he not a downright [b] Antiphates, a Polyphemus to his trembling Family? Never happy but when one of his Servants is [c] burnt by the Executioner with a hot Iron, for ſtealing ſuch a Trifle as a couple of Towels? What but Barbarity can a Father who is pleaſed with the rattling of Chains, recommend to his Son, whom he has taught to be wonderfully delighted with the Sight of Slaves branded, and with the Smell of a Country Jail? Do you expect that the Daughter of Larga ſhould not be a common Strumpet, who could not repeat the Names of her Mother's Adulterers, let her run over the Liſt ever ſo faſt, without taking breath at leaſt thirty times? The Girl was privy to her Mother's Lewdneſs, now ſhe is grown up to write her little Billetdoux, inſtructed by the old Bawd, and ſends them to her Gallant by the ſame Pimps; it was natural to do ſo, for Examples of Vice in the ſame Family corrupt the ſooneſt, eſpecially under the Influence of thoſe who have a Right to uſe Authority over us. One Youth perhaps among a thouſand may deſpiſe the Infection of his Father's Vices, but he muſt have been moulded with ſingular Art indeed, and his Contexture formed out of the fineſt Clay. But generally the

[b] A King of the Laeſtrigones, a ſavage People near Formiæ in Italy, Eaters of Man's Fleſh; Polyphemus the Cyclops lived upon the ſame Diet.

[c] It was the Cuſtom to brand their Slaves with deep Characters upon their Faces, being their Maſter's Mark by which they were known, that if they ran away they might be brought back again. The common Letter with which they were branded to expreſs their Flight, was the Greek Φ.

Sed reliquos fugienda patrum veſtigia ducunt;
Et monſtrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.
Abſtineas igitur damnandis: hujus enim vel
Una potens ratio eſt, ne crimina noſtra ſequantur
Ex nobis genita: quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus & pravis omnes ſumus; *& Catilinam*
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe:
Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus uſquam.
Nil dictu fœdum, viſuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer eſt. *procul hinc, procul inde puellæ*
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis paraſiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. *Si quid*
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contempſeris annos:
Sed peccaturo obſiſtat tibi filius infans.
Nam ſi quid dignum Cenſoris fecerit irâ,
(Quandoquidem ſimilem tibi ſe non corpore tantùm,
Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius) & cùm
Omnia deteriùs tua per veſtigia peccet,
Corripies nimirùm, & caſtigabis acerbo
Clamore, ac poſt hæc tabulas mutare parabis.
Unde tibi frontem, libertatemque parentis,
Cùm facias pejora ſenex? vacuumque cerebro
Jampridem caput hoc ventoſa cucurbita quærat?
Hoſpite venturo, ceſſabit nemo tuorum:
Verre pavimentum, nitidas oſtende columnas,
Arida cum totâ deſcendat aranea telâ:
Hic læve argentum, vaſa aſpera tergeat alter:
Vox domini fremit inſtantis, virgamque tenentis.

Ergo

the deteſtable Examples of Parents leave a laſting Impreſſion upon Children, and the beaten Track of Wickedneſs, conſtantly before their Eyes, draws them into the ſame Crimes. Refrain therefore from ill Actions, were it only for this one invincible Reaſon, leſt our Children ſhould follow us in the ſame Vices; for we are all of us too ready to imitate baſe and depraved Examples. You may ſee a Catiline in every Nation, in every Climate, but no where will you find a Brutus or a Cato. Nothing indecent to be ſaid or ſeen ſhould approach thoſe Doors where there are Children. Hence, far away, be gone you hired Whores, and filthy Catches of the Paraſite ſinging all Night for Bread. The greateſt Reverence is due to Youth. If you propoſe to commit a ſecret Sin, do not deſpiſe the tender Years of your Son, but let the Preſence of the little Boy check your Deſign, and ſtop you from the Act. If the Lad proves vicious, and falls under the Correction of the Cenſor, (for he is not to reſemble you in Perſon and in Face only, but will ſhew himſelf the Son of your Morals, and become much worſe by following you in all your Steps) no doubt, you will call him to a ſevere Account, and exclaim bitterly againſt him; and if he does not mend his Manners, you will alter your Will, and diſinherit him. With what Face can you aſſume the Look and Authority of a Father, when you, an old Fellow too, do much worſe? when that brainleſs Head of yours has long ſince called loud for a Cupping-glaſſes to ſet it right?

When a Friend intends you a Viſit, not one in the Family is idle; "Rub all the Floors, ſee the "Pillars are clean, bruſh the dead Spiders and the "Cobwebs down; you Sir, ſcour all the plain Plate, "and you, the figured:" The Maſter's bluſtering Voice, and the Whip in his Hand, keep them all to their

a The ancient Cupping-glaſſes were of Braſs and Horn; in a Phrenſy they uſed to trepan the Patient, or open the Fore-part of his Skull, and ſet on Cupping-glaſſes to take off the Fever, and bring him to ſleep.

Ergo miſer trepidas, ne ſtercore fœda canino
Atria diſpliceant oculis venientis amici?
Ne perfuſa luto ſit porticus: & tamen uno
Semodio ſcobis hæc emundet ſervulus unus:
Illud non agitas, ut ſanctam filius omni
Aſpiciat ſinè labe domum, vitioque carentem?
Gratum eſt, quòd patriæ civem populoque dediſti,
Si ſacis, ut patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis & bellorum, & pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimùm enim intererit, quibus artibus, & quibus hunc tu
Moribus inſtituas. *Serpente ciconia pullos*
Nutrit, & inventâ per devia rura lacertâ:
Illi eadem ſumptis quærunt animalia pennis.
Vultur jumento & canibus, crucibuſque relictis,
Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert.
Hinc eſt ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, & ſe
Paſcentis, propriâ cùm jam facit arbore nidos.
Sed leporem, aut capream, famulæ Jovis, & generoſæ
In ſaltu venantur aves: hinc præda cubili
Ponitur: inde autem, cùm ſe matura levârit
Progenies ſtimulante fame, feſtinat ad illam
Quam primùm rupto prædam guſtaverat ovo.
Ædificator erat Centronius, & modò curvo
Littore Cajetæ, ſummâ nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis, longéque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem;
Ut ſpado vincebat Capitolia noſtra Poſides.
Dum ſic ergo habitat Centronius, imminuit rem.

Fregit

their Work. Wretch! doſt thou tremble leſt thy Court-yard, fouled by ſome filthy Cur, ſhould diſtaſte the Eyes of thy expected Gueſt, leſt thy Gallery ſhould be covered with Dirt, when an ordinary Servant with half a Buſhel of ſcouring Duſt, would make every thing clean, and yet haſt no Concern that thy Son ſhould ſee a ſober Family at home, without Reproach, and free from Vice? It is commendable, I own, that you gave a Subject to your Country and the Roman People; but then you ſhould take care that he be worthy of his Country, that he underſtands the Buſineſs of the Field, that he is qualified to tranſact the Affairs of War and Peace; for it is of the utmoſt Conſequence, with what Principles, with what Morals you furniſh him in his Youth. The Stork feeds her Young with Serpents, and with Lizards ſhe finds in the wild Woods; they, when they can fly, purſue the ſame Creatures for their Food. The Vultur haſtens to his Brood with Horſe-fleſh, with Dogs, with Limbs from Gibbets, and brings part of the Carcaſe with her. The young, when grown up to feed themſelves, live upon the ſame Diet, and chuſe Trees to build Neſts of their own. But Jove's Eagle, and Birds of nobler Blood, hunt the Woods for the Hare or the Kid, from thence they bear their Prey home; and ſo their Young, when raiſed upon the Wing, and Hunger pinches, haſten to that Prey, which firſt they taſted when they burſt the Shell.

Centronius was a Builder; one while the lofty Tops of Palaces he raiſed upon * Cajeta's winding Shore; then at the Tower of Tibur, now on Praeneſte's Hills, with Grecian Marble, and far fetched, as much exceeding the Temple of Fortune and of Hercules, as † Poſides the Eunuch out-did the Fabrick of the Capitol; Centronius therefore living thus in Grandeur, leſſened his Fortune, impaired his Wealth, and

* A Sea-port in Campania, not far from Baiæ, built in Memory of Cajeta Nurſe to Æneas.

† A Freedman of Claudius Cæſar. He built at Baiæ that ſtately Fabrick called the Poſidonian Bath.

Fregit opes, nec parva tamen mensura relictæ
Partis erat; totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.
Quidam sortiti metuentem Sabbata patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & cæli numen adorant;
Nec distare putant humanâ carne suillam,
Quâ pater abstinuit; mox & præputia ponunt:
Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges,
Judaïcum ediscunt, & servant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses:
Non monstrare vias, eadem nisi sacra colenti;
Quæsitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.
Sed pater in causâ, cui septima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, & partem vitæ non attigit ullam.
Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera: solam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis, & umbrâ,
Cùm sit triste habitu, vultuque & veste severum.
Nec dubiè tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo, & rerum tutela suarum
Certa magis, quàm si fortunas servet easdem
Hesperidum serpens, aut Ponticus. adde quòd hunc, de
Quo loquor, egregium populus putat, atque verendum
Artificem: quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris.
Sed crescunt quocunque modo, majoraque fiunt
Incude assiduâ, semperque ardente camino.
Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati

Pauperis

and yet what he left of his great Eſtate, was no inconſiderable Part; all this however his mad Son run through, attempting to raiſe new Villas of more expenſive Marble.

There are ſome deſcended from a Father who dreads to break the Sabbath; theſe worſhip nothing but the Clouds, and one only God that dwells above. The Fleſh of Swine they hold as execrable to eat as human Bodies. Of this their Fathers never touched. They cut off the Foreſkin, and are uſed betimes to vilify the Roman Rites, they learn to keep the Jewiſh Rules, and fear no Laws, but what are publiſhed in the myſtic Volume by Moſes. They will not ſo much as ſhew the Way to one of a different Religion, nor lead a Stranger to a deſired Spring to drink, only their Brethren of the Circumciſion. And why? their Fathers taught them ſo, who every ſeventh Day kept idle, nor made it anſwer to any the leaſt Purpoſes of Life.

All other Vices Youth are ſond to imitate, but that of Avarice is forced upon them againſt their Will; this Vice deceives under the Pretence and Shade of Virtue; it has a reverend Outſide, its Face and Dreſs ſhew ſolemn and ſevere; no wonder then the Covetous is applauded as a frugal, as a thrifty Man, whoſe Money is ſecured more ſafely than if thoſe Bags were guarded by the g Heſperian or Pontic Serpent. Beſides, this very Man the People praiſe as excellent, and reſpect as a moſt ingenious Artiſt; for it is by Workmen ſuch as theſe Eſtates are raiſed, but raiſed they are, no matter how; by laying on the Anvil perpetually, and keeping the Forge hot, Fortunes are hammered out. The Father therefore believes the Covetous alone bleſt in their Minds, he admires their Wealth, and thinks there is no Example of a poor Man

g The Dragon that watched the Garden of the Heſperides, the Daughters of Atlas; from whence, notwithſtanding, Hercules ſtole the Golden Apples. Jaſon likewiſe carried off the Golden Fleece, guarded by the Dragon at Colchos in Pontus.

Avarice

Pauperiſ eſſe putat; juvenes hortatur, ut illam
Ire viam pergant, & eidem incumbere ſectæ.
Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa: his protinus illes
Imbuit, & cogit minimas ediſcere ſordes.
Mox acquirendi docet inſatiabile votum.
Servorum ventres modio caſtigat iniquo,
Ipſe quoque eſuriens: neque enim omnia ſuſtinet unquam
Mucida cærulei panis conſumere fruſta,
Heſternum ſolitus medio ſervare minutal
Septembri; nec non differre in tempora cænæ
Alterius, concben æſtivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique ſiluro,
Filaque ſectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negaret.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas?
Cùm furor haud dubius, cùm ſit manifeſta phreneſis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato?
Interea pleno cùm turget ſaeculus ore,
Creſcit amor nummi, quantùm ipſa pecunia creſcit;
Et minas hanc optat, qui non habet. ergo paratur
Altera villa tibi, cùm rus non ſufficit unum,
Et proferre libet fines: majorque videtur,
Et melior vicina ſeges: mercaris & hanc, &
Arbuſta, & denſâ montem qui canet olivâ:
Quorum ſi pretio, dominus non vincitur ullo,
Nocte boves macri, laſſoque famelica collo
Armenta ad virides hujus mittentur ariſtas;
Nec priùs inde domum, quàm tota novalia ſævos
In ventres abeant, ut credas ſulcibus actum.
Dicere vix poſſis, quàm multi talia plorent,
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.
Sed qui ſermones? quàm ſæda buccina famæ?

Quid

Man happy; his Sons he ſtrictly orders to go the ſame way, and follow cloſe that thriving Sect. There are certain Elements of Vice, with theſe he ſeaſons firſt their tender Years, and compels the Youth to learn the meaneſt, the moſt ſordid Stingineſs; than as they grow up, he opens to them the unbounded Scene of growing rich. He mortifies his Servants Bellies by ſhort Allowance, himſelf half-ſtarved, nor will he ſuffer all the mouldy Cruſts of his blue Bread to be devoured at once; he ſets by Part of the Haſh of yeſterday in the middle of September, and lays up for another Meal the Diſh of cold Beans with Scraps of Summer Fiſh ſealed up; nor does he forget to ſave half of a ſtinking Shad, and the Threads of a chop'd Leek, carefully counted leſt they ſhould be ſtolen. A Beggar on a Bridge invited here would ſcorn to come.

But to what End ſerve Riches heaped together with ſuch Plagues, ſince it is Madneſs beyond Diſpute, a Phrenzy moſt notorious to live poor, that you may die rich. Beſides, when your Bags are full up to the Mouth, your Love of Money grows as your Wealth increaſes; the Man that has none deſires it the leaſt. You look out then for another Farm, one is not enough, you want to extend your Boundaries; your Neighbour's Crop ſhews larger and better than your own, his Field therefore muſt be purchaſed, his Grove, and the Hill white with a Wood of Olives when in Bloom. If the Owner refuſes to ſell at any Price, your lean Oxen, and ſtarved Herd, with their tired Necks, are turned into his green Corn by Night, nor will they ſtir homewards, till the whole Crop be ſwallowed into their inſatiable Guts, that you would think the Field had been reaped with Sickles. It is incredible almoſt how many have ſuffered by ſuch Oppreſſion, how many, Injuries of this Nature have forced to ſell their Eſtates.

But what does the World ſay of you, what a foul Character you have abroad? "What does this hurt

me?

Quid nocet hoc? inquit. tunicam mihi malo lupini,
Quàm si me toto laudet vicinia pago
Exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem.
Scilicet & morbis & debilitate carebis,
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi post hæc fato meliore dabuntur;
Si tantum culti solus possederis agri,
Quantum sub Tatio populis Romanus arabat.
Mox etiam fractis ætate, ac Punica passis
Prælia, vel Pyrrhum immanem, gladiosque Molossos,
Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. merces ea sanguinis atque laboris
Nullis visa unquam meritis minor, aut ingratæ
Curta fides patriæ. saturabat glebula talis
Patrem ipsum, turbamque casæ, quâ sæta jacebat
Uxor, & infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
Vernula, tres domini: sed magnis fratribus horum
A scrobe vel sulco redeuntibus, altera cœna
Amplior, & grandes fumabant pultibus ollæ.
Nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.
Inde ferè scelerum causæ, nec plura venena
Miscuit, aut ferro grassatur sæpiùs ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quàm sæva cupido
Indomiti census. nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri. sed quæ reverentia legum?
Quis metus, aut pudor est unquam properantis avari?
Vivite contenti casulis & collibus istis,
O pueri, Marsus dicebat & Hernicus olim,
Vestinusque senex: panem quæramus aratro,
Qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope & auxilio, gratæ post munus aristæ,

Continguni

" me? he cries; I value the Husk of a Bean more " than to have the Praise of all the Town, if my " Farm be small, and affords but a poor Crop." No doubt, you will escape Distempers and Sickness, avoid all Sorrow and Care, and be allowed a long Stage of Life, attended with uncommon Happiness, provided you alone possessed as much ploughed Land as the whole Roman People cultivated in the Reign of Tatius Since those Times, the Soldier broken by Age, engaged in all the Punic Wars, who had felt the Rage of cruel Pyrrhus and Molossian Swords, was scarce at length rewarded with two Acres for his many Wounds; this Recompence for Blood and Toil, no one thought less than he deserved, or called his Country ungrateful, as if the Allotment were too scanty. So small a Share of Land maintained in Plenty the Father himself, the large Family of his Cottage, where his Wife lay big with Child, and four young Boys play'd upon the Ground, one a Slave, three free-born; but then a Mess larger than ordinary was provided for their lusty Brother's returning from the Ditch or Plough, then the largest Pot smoked with Pulse for Supper; but now so small a Piece of Ground would scarce serve for a Garden.

Hence commonly arise the Seeds of Villainy; for there is no Wickedness in the Heart of Man, that compounds more Poisons, or rages oftner with a murdering Sword, than the insatiable Desire of an unbounded Fortune. The Man that resolves to be wealthy, would be so soon; where is the Reverence of the Laws? Where are any Restraints of Fear or Shame upon a covetous Mind that hurries to be rich? " Live content, my Boys, with your Cottages and " your rugged Hills," said honest Marsus, Hernicus, and old Vestinus in former Days, " Let us get Bread " by the Plough sufficient for our Tables, the Rural " Gods applaud our Diligence: It was their Bounty " and Assistance that bestowed upon us the Use of " Corn,

Avarice & Frugality

Contingunt homini veteris faſtidia quercûs.
Nil vetitum feciſſe volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi; qui ſummovet Euros
Pellibus inverſis. peregrina, ignotaque nobis
Ad ſcelus atque nefas, quodcunque eſt, purpura ducit.
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus: at nunc
Poſt finem autumni mediâ de nocte ſupinum
Clamoſus juvenem pater excitat: accipe ceras,
Scribe, puer, vigila, cauſas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges, aut vitem poſce libello.
Sed caput intactum buxo, nareſque piloſas
Annotet, & grandes miretur Lælius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, caſtella Brigantûm
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi ſexageſimus annus
Afferat: aut longos caſtrorum ferre labores
Si piget, & trepido ſolvunt tibi cornua ventrem,
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere poſſis
Pluris dimidio, nec te faſtidia mercis
Ullius ſubeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra:
Nec credas ponendum aliquid diſcriminis inter
Unguenta, & corium. lucri bonus eſt odor ex re
Quâlibet. illa tuæ ſententia ſemper in ore
Verſetur, Diis atque ipſo Jove digna, poëtæ:
Unde habeas quærit nemo; ſed oportet habere.
Hoc monſtrant vetulæ pueris poſcentibus aſſem:

" Corn, and taught us to loath our old Food of " Acorns; the Poor who is not ashamed to wade " thro' Ice in his high Shoes, and keeps off the East " Wind by Skins turned Inside out, is an Enemy to " Vice; foreign Purple it was, unknown to us, that " led Men into Wickedness, into Crimes of every " sort." These Remarks those good old Men left to their Posterity. But now the bawling Father rouses his sleepy Son at the End of Autumn, and at Midnight; " Wake, Boy, take your Paper, write, " make a Motion in Court, turn over the red-let- " ter'd Titles of our old Law-Books, or else petition " to be a Captain; Lælius the General has his Eye " upon those uncombed Locks of your's, those hairy " Nostrils, and admires the Breadth of your Shoul- " ders; down then with the Tents of the Moors, " and the Castles of the Brigantes, that by Sixty " you may rise to the fat Post of a Standard-bearer. " But if you do not care for the long Fatigues of a " Camp; if the Trumpet or the Cornet's Sound set " you trembling, and throws you into a Lax, take " to a Shop; buy what you are sure to sell for Pro- " fit more than half; do not be nice in what Com- " modities you deal in, tho' fit for the other Side of " the [h] Tiber; and believe there is no manner of " Difference whether you are a Perfumer, or a " stinking Tanner; for the Smell of Gain is sweet, " whatever it comes from [i]; let that Maxim of the " Poet, worthy of the Gods, of Jupiter himself, be " always in your Mouth: [k] No one asks whence it " comes, but come it must;" This is the Lesson the old Women teach the Boys when they are begging

h Beyond the Tiber, Tanning and other noisome Trades were carried on to preserve the City sweet and healthy.

i He alludes to the Answer of Vespasian Cæsar made to his Son Titus, that was against the raising of Money by a Tax laid upon Urine. Vespasian, pulling out of his Pocket a new-minted Piece of Gold, asked, How smells it, Titus? He replied, Very well, Sir. Yet, said Vespasian, this came out of the Pis-pot.

k This whole Verse is quoted out of the old Poet Ennius.

Hoc discunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ.
Talibus instantem monitis quemcunque parentem
Sic possem affari: dic, ô vanissime, quis te
Festinare jubet? moliorem præsto magistro
Discipulum. Securus abi: Vircêris, ut Ajax
Præteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
Parcendum est tenerit: nondum implevêrè medullas
Nativæ mala nequitiæ: cùm pectere barbam
Cœperit, & longi mucronem admittere cultri,
Falsus erit testis, vendet perjuria summâ
Exiguâ, Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
Elatam jam crede nurum, si limina vestra
Mortiferâ cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur
Per somnum digitis? Nam quæ terrâque marique
Acquirenda putes, brevior via conferet illi.
Nullus enim magni sceleris labor. hæc ego nunquam
Mandavi, dices olim, nec tali suasi:
Mentis causa malæ tamen est, & origo penes te.
Nam quisquis magni censûs præcepit amorem,
Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros;
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare
Dat libertatem, totas effundit habenas
Curriculo; quem si revoces, subsistere nescit,
Et te contempto rapitur, metisque relictis.
Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum
Permittas: adeò indulgent sibi latiùs ipsi.
Cùm dicis juveni, stultum, qui donet amico,
Qui paupertatem levet, attollatque propinqui;

Alpha - Beta

Et

ging for Half-pence, this every little Girl learns before her Alphabet.

I would reply thus to any Parent ſeaſoning his Son with ſuch Principles: Tell me, vain Man, who bids you be in ſuch Haſte? The Scholar, I'll warrant him, will ſoon exceed the Maſter, don't trouble yourſelf, you will be outdone. Ajax, you know, was more than a Match for his Father Telamon, and ſo was Achilles for his. Make allowance for his Youth; the native Poiſon he received from you is not yet got into his Blood; have Patience till he begins to trim his Beard, and admit the ſharp Razor upon his Face, you will ſoon ſee him a forſworn Evidence, ſelling his Perjuries at a very low Price, and touching the Altar and the Foot of Ceres without Fear. Pronounce your Daughter-in-law dead, if ſhe comes within your Doors with a fatal large Fortune; how buſy his Fingers are to ſtrangle her in her Sleep? The Money you ſuppoſed would be acquired by trading by Sea and Land, but he knows how to come at it in a much ſhorter way; there is no great Labour in being a finiſhed Villain. You'll ſay perhaps when it is too late, I never gave him ſuch Orders, it was no Advice of mine. But you were the Cauſe of that wicked Diſpoſition of his, you were the Beginning of all: for whoever preſcribes the Love of unbounded Wealth, and tinctures his Children with the curſed Principles of Avarice, and allows them the Liberty of doubling their Eſtates by Fraud, throws the Reins looſe upon their Neck; it is in vain to call them back, they don't know where to ſtop, they laugh at your Advice, and are carried headlong beyond all Bounds. No one thinks it enough to ſin by Rule, to go as far as you allow, and no farther; they will indulge themſelves on without End, without Reſtraint or Controul. When you tutor your Son, and tell him that Fools only beſtow any thing upon a Friend, or relieve the Poverty of a Relation;

Avarice:

you

Et ſpoliare doces, & circumſcribere, & omni
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te eſt,
Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum
Delexit Thebas, ſi Græcia vera, Menœceus:
In quarum ſulcis legiones dentibus anguis
Cum clypeis naſcuntur, & horrida bella capeſſunt
Continuò, tanquam & tubicen ſurrexerat unà.
Ergo ignem, cujus ſcintillas ipſe dediſti,
Flagrantem latè, & rapientem cuncta videbis.
Nec tibe parcetur miſero, trepidumque magiſtrum
In caveâ magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
Nota mathematicis geneſis tua: ſed grave tardas
Expectare colos. morieris ſtamine nondum
Abrupto: jam nunc obſtas, & vota moraris;
Jam torquet juvenem longa & cervina ſenectus.
Ocius Archigenem quære, atque eme quod Mithridates
Compoſuit, ſi vis aliam decerpere ſicum,
Atque alias tractare roſas: medicamen habendum eſt,
Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut Rex.
Monſtro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
Nulla æquare queas Prætoris pulpita lauti,
Si ſpectes, quanto capitis diſcrimine conſtent
Incrementa domûs, æratâ multus in arcâ
Fiſcus, & ad vigilem ponendi Caſtora nummi,

you teach him at the ſame time to rob, to cheat, by the worſt of Crimes to get Money, which you follow with as ſtrong a Love as the brave [l] Decii ſhew'd to ſave their Country, or as [m] Menœceus bore for Thebes, if Greece ſays true. There, in the Furrows, armed Legions riſe from [n] Serpents Teeth, and wage horrid Wars continually, as if a Trumpeter had ſprung up with them, and ſounded the Alarm to Battle. You ſee then a Flame raiſed from a Spark blown up by your own Breath, that rages far and wide, and burns down all before it, not ſparing thy wretched ſelf; and thus the young Lion roaring in his Cage, devours his trembling Keeper.

The Aſtrologers, you ſay, have ſettled your Nativity; but 'tis irkſome to the Boy to wait the Work of that ſlow lazy Diſtaff: No, you muſt die, your Thread not yet cut off. You are in his Way, you delay his Wiſhes; that long and Hart-like Old-Age of your's puts him beyond all Patience. Send inſtantly for a Phyſician, buy a Doſe of Mithridate, if you have a mind to pluck another Fig, or ſmell a Roſe more; get an Antidote ready to take before you eat, fit for a wealthy Father, or a Tyrant King.

I'll ſhew you a diverting Scene; nothing repreſented upon the Stage, no Shew exhibited by a Prætor in his Robe of State can be compared to it. Obſerve only what deſperate Hazards attend the Increaſe of Wealth, and Treaſure locked up in a Cheſt of Braſs, and Money laid at watchful [o] Caſtor's Shrine to be ſecured; for Mars the Revenger has no Cuſtom now,

l Noble Romans, who devoted themſelves to Death, to ſave their Country.

m The Son of Creon King of Thebes. When the City was beſieged by the Argives, the Oracle promiſed it ſhould not be taken, if the laſt of the Family of Cadmus would voluntarily die: Menœceus, thinking himſelf concerned, fell upon his Sword.

n He alludes to the Story of Cadmus, who killing a great Serpent, took the Teeth and ſowed them in the Ground, from each of which ſprung an armed Man, who preſently fell to fighting, and diſpatched each other, except five, who eſcaped with their Life.

o The Ancients uſed to lay up their Treaſure in the Temples, as Places of Safety, being committed to the Cuſtody of the Gods.

Ex quo Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, & res
Non potuit ſervare ſuas. ergo omnia Floræ
Et Cereris licèt, & Cybeles aulæa relinquas,
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.
An magis obſtrictant animum jactata petauro
Corpora, quique ſolent rectum deſcendere funem?
Quàm tu, Coryciâ ſemper qui puppe moraris,
Atque habitas, Coro ſemper tollendus & Auſtro,
Perditus, ac vilis ſacci mercator olentis?
Qui gaudes pingue antiquæ de littore Cretæ
Paſſum & municipes Jovis advexiſſe lagenas?
Hic tamen ancipiti figens veſtigia plantâ
Victum illâ mercede parat, brumamque famemque
Illâ veſte cavet: tu propter mille talenta
Et centum villas temerarius. aſpice portus,
Et plenum magnis trabibus mare. plus hominum eſt jam
In pelago: veniet claſſis, quocunque vocârit
Spes lucri; nec Carpathium, Gætulaque tantùm
Æquora tranſiliet: ſed longè Calpe relictâ,
Audiet Herculeo ſtridentem gurgite ſolem.
Grande operæ pretium eſt, ut tenſo ſolle reverti
Inde domum poſſis, tumidâque ſuperbus aluſâ,
Oceani monſtra, & juvenes vidiſſe marinos.
Non unus mentes agitat furor. ille ſororis
In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur & igni.
Hic bove percuſſo mugire Agamemnona credit,
Aut Ithacum. parcat tunicis licèt atque lacernis,

Curatoris

now, e'er ſince he loſt his Golden Helmet, nor could preſerve what was his own. No more then run after the Plays of Flora, of Ceres, and of Cybele, the buſy World affords much more delight: Who makes the beſt Sport, a Fellow that dextrouſly throws his Body thro' a Hoop, or ſlips down a ſtrait Rope, or you who are ever on board in your [p] Corycian Ship, who live there ſubject to be toſſed by all the Winds, a baſe Wretch, a Merchant of vile ſtinking Wares, whoſe Pleaſure it is to import ſweet heavy Wine, and Jove's own Country Bottles from the old Cretan Shore: The Dancer, who with his twining Foot takes doubtful Hold, gets Bread, he eſcapes Cold and Famine by his Rope; but you venture raſhly, not for what you want, but for a thouſand Talents, an hundred Villas. See the Havens, the Seas covered with great Ships; whole Cities dwell upon the Water; a Fleet will ſoon arrive where-e'er the Hope of Gain invites; and not content to paſs the [q] Carpathian and [r] Gætulian Waves, but leaving Calpe far behind, will hear the Sun hiſſing in the Atlantic Ocean.

A Labour exceedingly worth while! to be able, when you return home with your Bags ſtretched, and ſtrutting with your ſwelled Purſe, to talk what Sea-Monſters, what Mermaids you had ſeen. Madneſs does not always ſhew itſelf in the ſame Shape; Oreſtes, tenderly cherished in his Siſter's Arms, was terrified, and took her for a Fury with her Torch. Ajax, in beating out a Bullock's Brains, thought Agamemnon or Ulyſſes roared. He as much wants a

p Corycium was a Promontory in Crete, where Jupiter was born. The Wine made there was called Paſſum by the Romans, made of withered Grapes dried in the Sun.

q The Carpathian Sea, lying between Rhodes and Egypt, ſo called from the Iſland Carpathus.

r The Straights of Gibraltar, where the two Herculean Pillars ſtand, Calpe on the Spaniſh Side, and Abyla on the African Coaſt. Theſe Pillars, in Juvenal's Time, were commonly believed to be the farthest weſt; if they ſailed beyond, they fancied they could, when the Sun ſet, hear his hiſſy Chariot hiſſing in the Sea.

Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet
Ad summum latas, & tabulâ distinguitur undâ;
Cùm sit causa mali tanti, & discriminis hujus,
Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
Occurrunt nubes & fulgura: solvite funem,
Frumenti dominus clamat, piperisque coëmptor;
Nil color hic cœli, nil fascia nigra minatur:
Æstivum tonat. Infelix, ac forsitan ipsâ
Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur
Obrutus, & zonam lævâ morsuve tenebit.
Sed, cujus votis modò non suffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus, & rutilâ volvit Pactolus arenâ,
Frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni,
Exiguusque cibus, mersâ rate naufragus assem
Dum petit, & pictâ se tempestate tuetur.
Tantis parta malis, curâ majore metuque
Servantur. misera est magni custodia censûs.
Dispositis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro, signisque suis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
Atque ebore, & latâ testudine: dolia nudi
Non ardent Cynici: si fregeris, altera fiet

Gold — The Tagus & Pactolus — [illegible] in Lusitania & Lydia famous for their golden Sands —

Cras

Riches often make men unhappy

a Keeper (tho' he does not tear his Clothes to pieces) who loads a Ship with Merchandise up to the utmost Edge, and has put a Plank between him and the Waves; and the Cause of all this Evil, of all this Hazard that he runs, is Silver stampt with Titles, and some doughty Monarch's puny Face. The Clouds, the Lightning threatens, "Weigh Anchor, "(cries this Corn, this Pepper-Merchant) that Co-"lour of the Sky, that black Cloud forebodes no "Harm; 'tis Summer-Thunder." Unhappy Wretch! when perhaps this very Night the Vessel splits, and down he plunges in the Sea, deep o'erwhelm'd with Waves. His Purse aloft he bears in his Left-Hand, or else between his Teeth. This mighty Man, unsatisfied but now with all the Gold, that Tagus or Pactolus rolls within its yellow Sand, must now take up with Rags to cover his cold Thighs, his Belly poorly fed. And thus our Merchant shipwreck'd, and his Vessel sunk, begs Farthings, and supports himself, shewing a Tempest painted on a † Board. Riches acquired by so great Misfortunes are secured with Care and Fear much greater. 'Tis a miserable Life to keep guard o'er Heaps of Money, 'tis worse than to hunger.

Rich Licinus commands his Troop of Slaves, to watch all Night, and have their Water-Buckets ready, quite distracted lest he should lose his Amber, his Statues, Phrygian Columns, his Ivory and large Shells; yet the naked ‡ Cynic's Tub fears no Fire,

at

† It was the Custom for a poor Man that was shipwreck'd, to have his Misfortune painted upon a Board, and to hang it before his Breast, to move Compassion, as our Beggars now hang their Certificates.

‡ Diogenes's Tub is scarce more known than mistaken; the Word in the common Acceptation, implying a Vessel of Wood, whereas his was of Earth baked, and consequently in no danger of Fire. But the difficulty seems to be in repairing it if it was broken. This was done with a Solder of Lead or Pewter tempered together. I have seen an Earthen cracked Vessel artificially sewed up with a small Wire drawn through little Holes made with a Drill, and the Holes and Seams afterwards cloised up with a sort of Cement, so as to hold any Liquor.

Cras domus; aut eadem plumbo commissa manebit.
Sensit Alexander, testâ cùm vidit in illâ
Magnum habitatorem, quantò felicior hic, qui
Nil cuperet, quàm qui totum sibi posceret orbem,
Passurus gestis æquanda pericula rebus.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam. mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat censûs, si quis me consulat, edam.
In quantum sitis atque fames & frigora poscunt:
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis:
Quantum Socratici ceperunt antè Penates.
Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
Acribus exemplis videor te claudere; misce
Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus; effice summam,
Bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
Hæc quoque si rugam trahit, extenditque labellum,
Sume duos Equites, fac tertia quadringenta:
Si nondum implevi gremium, si panditur ultrà:
Nec Cræsi fortuna unquam, nec Persica regna
Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narcissi,
Indulsit Cæsar cui Claudius omnia, cujus
Paruit imperiis, uxorem occidere jussus.

SATIRA

if you break it he may have another Houſe To-morrow, or the ſame may ſerve again ſoder'd with Lead. Alexander, when in that Cell he ſaw the great Inhabitant, perceived how much more happy was the Man who wiſhed for nothing, than he who ſought the Empire of the World, expoſed to certain Dangers, equal to the Glory he acquired. O Fortune! did we act right, thou wouldſt have no Divinity about thee; we make thee a Goddeſs.

Yet if my Opinion was aſked, what I call a competent Eſtate, my Anſwer is, as much as would provide againſt Thirſt, and Hunger, and Cold; as much as ſatisfied you, Epicurus, in your little Garden; as much as contented Socrates before; Nature and Wiſdom always agree in teaching us the ſame Leſſon. I ſeem perhaps by theſe Examples to be too ſcanty in my Allowance, then add ſomething upon the Account of the Extravagancy of the Age we live in; take what the Roſcian Law calls a [a] Knight's Eſtate; if this Sum makes you frown and hang the Lip, be as rich as two Knights; if you will, as three. If yet I have not thrown into your Lap ſufficient, if it ſpreads out wide for more, neither the Wealth of Crœſus or the Perſian Empire, would ſatisfy your Mind, not the Riches of Narciſſus, a Favourite ſo much indulged in every thing by Claudius Cæſar, that at this Prime Miniſter's Command he killed his Wife.

[a] A Knight's Eſtate, by Otho's Law, was about 3125 l. yearly Revenue.

Moderation, and Avarice.

SATIRA XV.

QUIS neſcit, Voluſi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc: illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin.
Effigies ſacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicæ reſonant ubi Memnone chordæ, 5
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Illic cæruleos, hic piſcem fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam,
Porrum & cæpe nefas violare, aut frangere morſu.

SATIRE XV.

WHO knows not, Volusius of Bithynia, what strange Monsters the distracted Egyptians worship? One Sect adores the [a] Crocodile, another trembles before the Bird [b] Ibis, that preys upon Serpents; the Golden Image of a sacred Monkey is the bright Deity where the Magic Harp, in the Hand of the broken Statue of [c] Memnon, resounds; and where the ancient City of Thebes lies ruined with her hundred Gates; here they pay Homage to Sea-Fish, there to Fish in the Rivers: Whole Towns worship a [d] Hound, none bow before [e] Diana, the Huntress. 'Tis a horrid Impiety so much as to bruise or bite a Leek

a A Serpent of the River Nilus, that from an Egg no bigger than a Goose-Egg, grows to be above two and twenty Cubits long. The Egyptians know how high the River Nile will rise that Year, by the Place where this Egg is hatched. He was worshipped with divine Honours, because he killed the Libyan and Arabian Robbers, that swam over the River, and destroyed the Inhabitants.

b A filthy Bird somewhat like a Stork, with stiff Thighs and a horny Beak. They preserve the Egyptians from the Plague, by watching and killing the flying Serpents which the South-west Wind brings out of the Libyan Desarts.

c The Statue of Memnon at Thebes in Egypt, gave a sound at the rising of the Sun, when it was still struck with its Rays, till Cambyses ruined the City, and caused the Statue to be broken about the Middle, imagining that the Sound proceeded from some Mathematical Springs and Wheels within; but nothing was found. From this Time the Musick was thought to be magical. Strabo says, that he and others heard the Vocal Marble about one in the Afternoon, but confesses he could not understand the Cause.

d Anubis, the Son of Isis and Osiris, gave the Hound for his Arms, or the Impress of his Shield, and was therefore worshipped in the Shape of that Creature.

e The Poet seems not to have been very exact in the Nature of the Egyptian Worship; for Herodotus observes, that Diana was worshipped in that Country under the name of Boubatis; which Adoration under another Name might perhaps induce our Author to say that she was not worshipped at all.

O ſanctas gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina! lanatis animalibus abſtinet omnis
Menſa. nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ;
Carnibus humanis veſci licet. attonito cùm
Tale ſuper cœnam facinus narraret Ulyſſes
Alcinöo, bilem aut riſum fortaſſe quibuſdam
Moverat, ut mendax Aretalogus. in mare nemo
Hunc abjicit, ſævâ dignum veràque Charybdi,
Pingentem immanes Læſtrygonas atque Cyclopas?
Nam citiùs Scyllam, vel concurrentia ſaxa
Cyanea, plenos & tempeſtatibus utres
Crediderem, aut tenui percuſſum verbere Circes,
Et cum remigibus grunniſſe Elpenora porcis.
Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit?
Sic aliquis meritò nondum ebrius, & minimum qui
De Corcyræâ temetum duxerat urnâ:
Solus enim hoc Ithacus nullo ſub teſte canebat.
Nos miranda quidem, ſed nuper conſule Junio
Geſta, ſuper calidæ referemus mœnia Copti;

Nos

f Leek or an Onion. O bleſſed Nations, whoſe Gods ſpring up in their Gardens! Every one at his Table refrains from eating Mutton or Lamb, 'tis Wickedneſs among them to kill a Kid, but lawful to feed upon Man's Fleſh.

When g Ulyſſes at Supper, ſurprized Alcinous with the Story of ſuch a Barbarity, no doubt this pleaſant Romancer moved the Spleen of ſome, and the Mirth of others of the Company. Does no-body, cries one, throw this Lyar into the Sea, that deſerves to be really daſhed againſt a Rock, dreadful as the Charybdis he now invents, for impoſing upon us with Stories of Læſtrigonians and Cyclops's, that eat Man's Fleſh? I would ſooner believe the Fictions concerning Scylla, the floating Rocks of Cyene ſtriking one againſt another, the Bladders of Æolus filled with Wind, and that Elpenor with his Ship's Crew were turned into Swine, by a gentle Stroke of Circe's Wand; does he think we Phæacians are a People ſo empty-headed? Thus with Reaſon might a Phæac reply over a Corcyræan Glaſs of generous Wine, before the Liquor has got into his Head; for Ulyſſes, you muſt know, told this Story upon his own Credit without one Voucher. I have my Wonders likewiſe to tell of what happened lately when Junius was Conſul; the Scene of Action was nigh the Walls of Coptus,

f Leeks and Onions were not eaten by the Egyptians, becauſe they were ſuppoſed to croſs the Influences of the Moon, decreaſing when ſhe increaſed, and increaſing when ſhe wained. Mutton, &c. was the Fleſh of a moſt lazy Creature; for which reaſon they hated a Garment of Wool, it being a filthy Excrement.

g Ulyſſes arriving at the Iſland Phæacia, or Corcyra, (now Corfu) was entertained by Alcinous the King, to whom he made a Relation of his Travels, and recited ſuch monſtrous Incredibilities concerning the Læſtrigonians and the Cyclops eating Men, that the reſt of his Adventures, ſuch as the Stories of Scylla and Charybdis, that Neptune gave him Bladders full of Wind, that Circe turned his Men into Hogs, &c. might be eaſily believed as pardonable Fictions. That Men, ſhould eat Men, was thought by our Author to be ſo incredible a Lye, that he wonders no Phæac perfectly in his Senſes did not kill him, for impoſing upon him.

Nos vulgi scelus, & cunctis graviora cothurnis.
Nam scelus, à Pyrrhâ quanquam omnia syrmata volvas,
Nullus apud Tragicos populus facit. accipe nostro
Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit ævo.

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
Immortale odium, & nunquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Ombus & Tentyra. summos utrinque
Inde furor vulgo, quòd numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus; cùm solos credat habendos
Esse Deos, quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
Alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
Visa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus; ne
Lætum hilaremque diem, ne magnæ gaudia cœnæ
Sentirent, positis ad templa & compita mensis,
Pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce jacentem
Septimus interdum Sol invenit. horrida sunt

Ombus & Tentyra

Contest about their Gods
the Crocodile & this

Ægyptus

[h] Coptus, ſcorched by the Sun's Heat. The Impiety I am ſpeaking of was committed by a whole People, and more flagitious than is to be found in the deepeſt Tragedies; for if you turn over all the Tragick Strains ſince the Days of Pyrrha, you will find no Poet repreſenting a Barbarity as the Act of a whole Nation; hear then an Inſtance of ſavage Ferity, perpetrated in the Age we now live in.

There was a Grudge of a very long ſtanding kept up between two neighbouring Cities, it became at laſt an immortal Hatred, a Wound never to be cured; this Heart-burning raged among the Citizens of [i] Ombos and Tentyra. The Fury of theſe People began from the Hatred that each bore to his Neighbour's Gods, for both thought the only true Deities were thoſe worſhipped by themſelves. All the Leaders and chief Men of the hoſtile Tentyrites reſolved to ſeize upon a proper Opportunity to revenge themſelves at a public Feſtival celebrated by the other Nation; for they determined their Enemies ſhould have no merry Day of it, but ſhould be balk'd of the Jollity they propoſed from ſo profuſe Entertainments: for the Ombites had ſpread their Tables plentifully near their Temples ~~of their God the Crocodile~~, and in the Highways their Couches were fixed, where they lay revelling without Sleep Night and Day, for [k] ſeven Days together. A wretched Part of Egypt truly! but this barbarous Crew,

h A Metropolitan City of Egypt, over which the Sun at Noon is almoſt in his Vertical Point.

i It is obſerved by Diodorus Siculus, that the Quarrels between the People of their two Cities were kept up by the Egyptian Kings out of Policy, ſo as to ſecure the Inhabitants being ridiculouſly divided from the Danger of Conſpiracies.

k The Egyptians held the Number Seven to be ſacred, and more eſpecially believed, that during their Feſtival of ſeven Days, the Crocodiles loſt their natural Cruelty. The Cuſtom of feaſting ſeven Days and ſeven Nights was obſerved for the happy Overflowing of the Nile. The Poet adds, that tho' the Egyptians, where he was, were but barbarous, yet they were as luxurious as the Canopians; here he aims at Criſpinus, who in the Beginning of theſe Satires is called Verna Canopi.

Ægyptus: ſed luxuriâ, quantum ipſe notavi,
Barbara famoſo non cedit turba Canopo.
Adde quòd & facilis victoria de madidis, &
Blæſis, atque mero titubantibus. inde virorum
Saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacunque
Unguenta, & flores, mulieque in fronte coronæ:
Hinc jejunum odium. ſed jurgia prima ſonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus: hæc tuba rixæ.
Dein clamore pari concurritur, & vice teli
Sævit nuda manus: paucæ ſine vulnere malæ:
Vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine naſus
Integer. aſpiceres jam cuncta per agmina vultus
Dimidios, alias facies, & hiantia ruptis
Oſſa genis, plenos oculorum ſanguine pugnos.
Ludere ſe credunt ipſi tamen, & pueriles
Exercere acies, quòd nulla cadavera calcent:
Et ſanè quò tot rixantis millia turbæ,
Si vivunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus, & jam
Saxa reclinatis per humum quæſita lacertis
Incipiunt torquere, domeſtica ſeditiones
Tela; nec hos lapides, quales & Turnus, & Ajax,
Vel quo Tydides percuſſit pondere coxam
Æneæ; ſed quos valeant emittere dextræ
Illis diſſimiles, & noſtro tempore natæ.
Nam genus hoc vivo jam decreſcebat Homero.
Terra malos homines nunc educat atque puſillos.
Ergo Deus quicunque aſpexit, ridet, & odit.

A diverticulo

Crew, as far as I obſerved, is not inferior to the infamous City of Canopus for Lewdneſs. Beſides, the Tentyrites thought the Victory would be eaſily purchaſed over a Company of drunken ſtammering reeling Fellows. The Ombites, for their Part, begin to dance, with a Negro Piper at the Head of them, daubed over with Ointments that came firſt to hand, and their Temples were ſurrrounded with Chaplets of many ſorts of Flowers. On the other ſide, the Tentyrites had their Malice whetted by an empty Stomach; but their Minds were firſt inflamed by loud Brawlings on both Sides, their Tongues were the Trumpeters of the Fray. Then they engage with loud Shouts, and inſtead of Weapons they fall to it heartily with Handy-cuffs. Few Cheeks there were without Scratches; ſcarce a Man, if any of them, throughout the Battle had a whole Noſe upon his Face; you might ſee among all the Rout, Fellows with half their Viſage torn off, with quite different Countenances, Jaw-bones ſtaring through broken Cheeks, Fiſts full of Blood drawn from the Eyes of the Enemy. Yet hitherto they think themſelves in Jeſt, acting of Children's Play, for they could feel no dead Bodies under their Feet; and, cry they, to what Purpoſe ſhould ſo many thouſands of us go together by the Ears, if we all eſcape with Life? Their Fury therefore grows ſharper, and now they ſtoop down to look for Stones, and hurl them with all their Force; ready Weapons in ſuch Diſputes. But theſe Stones, you muſt know, were not ſuch as Turnus or Ajax threw, or of the Weight of that with which Diomedes bruiſed the Hip of Æneas, but ſuch as Men of our times are able to wield, not near ſo ſtrong as thoſe old Heroes. For the Size of Men decreaſed mightily ſince Homer was living, and the Earth now produces a wretched ſort of Mortals, a Pigmy Race. If any Deity looked down upon this Battle, he could not avoid laughing, and at the ſame time abhorring the Combatants.

Battle – Degeneracy of Mankind

But

A diverticulo repetatur fabula. postquam
Subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum
Audet, & infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis:
Terga fugæ celeri præstantibus hostibus instant,
Qui vicina colunt umbrosæ Tentyra palmæ.
Labitur hic quidam, nimiâ formidine cursum
Præcipitans, capiturque; ast illum in plurima sectum
Frustra ac particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
Sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
Victrix turba: nec ardenti decoxit aheno,
Aut verubus: longum usque adeò, tardumque putavit
Expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.
Hinc gaudere libet, quòd non violaverit ignem,
Quem summâ cæli raptum de parte Prometheus
Donavit terris. elemento gratulor, & te
Exsultare reor. sed qui mordere cadaver
Sustinuit, nihil unquam hâc carne libentius edit.
Nam scelere in tanto ne quæras, aut dubites, an
Prima voluptatem gula senserit. ultimus autem
Qui stetit absumpto jam toto corpore, ductis
Per terram digitis, aliquid de sang[illegible] gustat.
Vascones (ut fama est) alimentis talibus usi
Produxêre animas: sed res diversa: sed illic
Fortunæ invidia est, bellorumque ultima, casus
Extremi, longæ dira obsidionis egestas.

Demora in Tentyra

Hujus

But to recover our Story from this Digreſſion; when the Tentyrites ~~(ſo called from an adjacent Mountain they~~ inhabit, covered with ſhady Palm-trees, were increaſed by Supplies, they had the Courage to draw their Swords, and to renew the Fight with deadly Arrows. They preſs hard upon the Backs of their Enemies, who ran with all their Speed; and among thoſe that fled, a poor Ombite, hurried headlong, by his Over-fear falls down and is taken. The Conquerors chop their Captive into Bits and Morſels, that they might all have a Taſte of him; in ſhort, they eat him all up, and gnaw his very Bones, without the Ceremony of putting on the Pot, or uſing a Spit about him. They had not Patience to ſtay till a Fire could be made, they were content with the Carcaſe, raw as it was. Here, my Friend, we may well rejoice that theſe Tentyrites offered no Pollution to the Fire (by dreſſing of human Fleſh) which Prometheus ſtole from Heaven, and beſtowed upon the Earth. I congratulate the Element itſelf upon the Occaſion, and you, I fancy, muſt be wonderfully pleaſed; but theſe Barbarians, who could bear the gnawing of this Carcaſe, never eat any thing more willingly; for to ſave you the trouble of enquiring or doubting, whether the firſt who taſted ſwallowed it with any Pleaſure, I aſſure you the laſt of them who ſtood by, and found that the Body was quite devoured, obſerving ſome clotted Gore upon the Ground, dipt his Fingers in it, and ſucked them with the utmoſt Satisfaction.

The Vaſcons (a People of Spain) as the Story goes, ſupported their Lives by uſing ſuch Diet; for they were compelled by the Malice of Fortune, by the Extremity of War, the laſt Effort, the dreadful ~~Poverty~~ attending upon a long Siege. This Conſequence

[1] They were a People of the ancient Cantabrians in the North eaſt of Spain; they were beſieged by Metellus and Pompey, and reduced to ſuch extreme Neceſſity, that the Living were forced to eat the Dead, but were at laſt relieved by Sertorius.

Hujus enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet
Exemplum esse cibi: Sicut modò dicta mihi gens
Post omnes herbas, post cuncta animalia, quicquid
Cogebat vacui ventris furor, hostibus ipsis
Pallorem, ac maciem, & tenues miserantibus artus,
Membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
Et sua. quisnam hominum veniam dare, quisve Deorum
Viribus abnuerit dira atque immania pastis;
Et quibus ipsorum poterant ignoscere manes,
Quorum corporibus vescebantur? melius nos
Zenonis præcepta monent: nec enim omnia, quædam
Pro vitâ facienda putat. *sed Cantaber unde*
Stoicus, antiqui præsertim ætate Metelli?
Nunc totus Graias, nostrasque habet orbis Athenas.
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos:
De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.
Nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus; & pur
Virtute atque fide, sed major clade Saguntus
Tale quid excusat. Maeotide sævior arâ
Ægyptus: quippe illi nefandi Taurica sacri
Inventrix homines (ut jam, quæ carmina tradunt,
Digna fide credas) tantùm immolat, ulterius nil,
Aut gravius cultro timet hostia. quis modò casus
Impulit hos? quæ tanta fames, infestaque vallo

Arma

quence of Famine we are ſpeaking of ought to be conſidered as a lamentable Caſe, for after they had conſumed all ſorts of Herbs, all living Creatures, and whatever the Rage of Hunger could provoke them to eat, inſomuch that their very Enemies pitied their pale lean Faces and emaciated Bodies, they fell upon the Limbs of others, ready to devour their own. For what Man, or which of the Gods is there, that can refuſe Pardon to Cities ſuffering ſo ſad and terrible Diſtreſs? the very Ghoſts of them upon thoſe Bodies they fed, muſt excuſe them. 'Tis true, the Precepts of the Philoſopher Zeno ſupply us Romans with better Principles, he thought that Life itſelf was not to be purchaſed at too dear a Price, but how could a poor Vaſcon become a Stoic? eſpecially in the unlearned time of old Metellus? Now indeed the whole World receives the Benefit of the Grecian and Roman Literature; the Eloquence of the Gauls taught the Britiſh Lawyers how to plead, and ~~the barbarous Iſland of~~ Thulè now talks of hiring ~~a maſterly~~ Orator, ~~to inſtruct her Youth~~. However, the Vaſcons we are ſpeaking of, behaved themſelves nobly, and the Caſe of the [m] Saguntines, who were equal to them in Valour and Fidelity, but more unfortunate, might excuſe ſuch a barbarous Practice as eating of Man's Fleſh. But theſe Egyptians ſhew more Cruelty than the Altar ſacred to Diana, near the Lake of [n] Mœotis, for this Deity of ~~Mount Tauri-~~ ~~ca~~ to prove that what Poets ſay may be believed, expects only the Sacrifices of Men, the Victim has nothing farther or more grievous to fear than the Knife. What Calamity now could force theſe Egyptians? what great Famine could they lie under? what

m Saguntum was a City of Spain beyond the River Ebro, a moſt faithful Ally to the Romans; for when they had held out againſt Hannibal, and were reduced to Skeletons by Famine, rather than ſubmit, they choſe to burn themſelves, Wives and Children; which was the Cauſe of the ſecond Punic War.

n Here every tenth Stranger was ſacrificed to Diana, which bloody Ceremony continued till the Arrival of Pylades and Oreſtes.

The Egyptians

Arma coëgerunt tam deteſtabile monſtrum
Audere? anne aliam, terrâ Memphitide ſiccâ,
Invidiam facerent nolenti ſurgere Nilo?
Quâ nec terribiles Cimbri, nec Britones unquam,
Sauromataeque truces, aut immanes Agathyrſi,
Hâc ſævit rabie imbelle & inutile vulgus,
Parvula fictilibus ſolitum dare vela phaſelis,
Et brevibus pictæ remis incumbere teſtæ.
Nec pœnam ſceleri invenies, nec digna parabis
Supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares ſunt
Et ſimiles ira atque fames. Molliſſima corda
Humano generi dare ſe natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit: hæc noſtri pars optima ſenſûs.
Plorare ergo jubet caſum lugentis amici,
Squallioremque rei, pupillum ad jura vocantem
Circumſcriptorem, cujus manantia fletu
Ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
Naturæ imperio gemimus, cûm funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans,
Et minor igne rogi. Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult eſſe ſacerdos.
Ulla aliena ſibi credat mala? Separat hoc nos
A grege brutorum, atque ideo venerabile ſoli
Sortiti ingenium, divinorumque capaces,
Atque exercendis capiendiſque artibus apti,

Senſum

what Enemy beſieged them, to compel them to perpetrate ſo horrid a Barbarity? what worſe Impiety could they commit to provoke the Nile to ſtay within her Banks, when the Country of Egypt is chopt with Drought? An Impiety more ſavage than was ever acted by the cruel Cimbrians, which the Britons never thought of, nor the fierce Scythians, nor the wild Sarmatians; and acted too by the Rage of a baſe good-for-nothing Rabble, uſed to venture with their ſmall Sails upon the Water in earthen Boats, and to row their poor painted Skiffs with ſhort Oars: Nor can you find a Puniſhment or Torture ſuited to the Crime of theſe Wretches, whoſe Minds were inflamed with an equal Proportion of Rage and Hunger.

Nature confeſſes, that ſhe has beſtowed the moſt tender Hearts upon the Human Race, for ſhe has given them Tears, and this compaſſionate Quality is the beſt Accompliſhment of our Minds. She it is therefore that commands us to lament the Misfortunes of an afflicted Friend, to pity the dirty Rags of a Criminal, and the Fate of an Orphan obliged to cite his Guardian before a Court of Juſtice, whoſe Hair, like a Girl's moiſtened with Tears, make it doubtful of what Sex he is. We ſigh, by the Command of Nature, when we meet the Funeral of a Virgin ripe for Marriage, or ſee an [o] Infant laid in the Earth, too young to be conſumed upon a Pile; for what good Man, or qualified by his Virtue to be admitted by the Prieſt of Ceres, to celebrate the ſacred Myſteries, can avoid thinking another's Misfortune to be of ſome Concern to himſelf? This Humanity ſeparates us from the Race of Brutes, and therefore we alone are allotted that venerable Diſtinction of Reaſon, are capable of apprehending divine Things, and fit to underſtand and exerciſe the Uſe

[o] It was the Cuſtom of the Ancients to bury the Bodies of Infants that died before they had Teeth, that is, about ſeven Months old.

Senſum à cæleſti demiſſum traximus arce,
Cujus egent prona, & terram ſpectantia. mundi
Principio indulſit communis conditor illis
Tantùm animas, nobis animum quoque mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere auxilium, & præſtare juberet
Diſperſos trahere in populum, migrare vetuſto
De nemore, & proavis habitatas linquere ſylvas:
Ædificare domos, Laribus conjurgere noſtris
Teclum aliud, tutos vicino limine ſomnos
Ut collata daret fiducia: protegere armis
Lapſum, aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem;
Communi dare ſigna tubâ, defendier iſdem
Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri.
Sed jam ſerpentum major concordia: parcit
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera. quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.
At homini ferrum letbale incude nefandâ
Produxiſſe parum eſt; cùm raſtra & ſarcula tantùm
Aſſueti coquere, & marris ac vomere laſſi
Neſcierint primi gladios excudere fabri.
Aſpicimus populos, quorum non ſufficit iræ
Occidiſſe aliquem: ſed pectora, bracbia, vultum
Crediderint genus eſſe cibi. quid diceret ergo,
Vel quò non fugeret, ſi nunc hæc monſtra videret
Pythagoras?

Uſe of all Arts. This Reaſon of ours deſcended, and is derived to us from Heaven, which Brutes with their Eyes groveling upon the Ground, have nothing of. The common Creator of the Univerſe, in the Beginning, indulged them with a ſenſitive, but us with a rational Soul; that a mutual Affection might incline us to require and to afford Help to one another, to collect the ſcattered People into Society, to draw them out of the old Woods, and perſuade them to leave the Groves inhabited by their Progenitors, to build Houſes, to place their Buildings contiguous to ours, that by a joint Confidence every one might ſleep in Security, under the Protection of his Neighbour, to defend the Oppreſſed by Arms, or ſave a Citizen falling and ſtaggering with his Wounds, to fight under one common Standard, to be ſecured by the ſame Fortifications, to be incloſed within the ſame Walls, and locked in with the ſame Key.

But now-a-days there is more Amity between Serpents than among us. The Leopard ſpares thoſe of his own ſpotted kind. When did you hear of a weak Lion killed by the ſtronger? In what Foreſt did one Boar ever die by the Tuſks of another mightier than himſelf? No! the Indian Tigers live together in perpetual Peace, and the fiercer Bears never fall out. But Man makes light of hammering out fatal Poignards on that curſed Anvil, on which their Forefathers uſed only to forge Rakes and Spades, and knew nothing of the Art or the Uſe of beating out Swords.

We have here taken a View of a People, that ſo far from glutting their Rage with the Death of their Priſoner, thought his Breaſt, his Arms, his Face proper to make a Meal of. What, I beſeech you, would Pythagoras have ſaid, or whither would he not have fled, if he had been a Witneſs of this monſtrous Barbarity? A Philoſopher who

Pythagoras? cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
Tanquam homine, & ventri indulsit non omne legumen.

SATIRA XVI.

QUIS numerare queat felicis præmia, Galle,
Militiæ? nam si subeantur prospera castra,
Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta secundo
Sidere. plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quàm si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti, 5

Et

to eat the Flesh of any living Creature with the same Religion as if it had been a Man, and would not allow it innocent to indulge his Palate with all kinds of [p] Pulse.

SATIRE XVI.

[a] WHO, my Gallus, can recite the Advantages that attend a fortunate Campaign? To succeed happily in Arms, I would (fearful as I am, and raw in War) wish to enter into the Service under the Influence of some propitious Planet. One Hour of good Fortune is of more use than if Venus sent

[p] Pythagoras and his Followers abstained from Beans, the Reason of which was kept as a great Secret, as appears by a Story in his Life written by Jamblicus; it seems that Dionysius the Tyrant, the younger, having a great Desire to know the Secret, caused two of this Sect to be brought before him, one Myllias a Crotonian, and his Wife Timycha a Lacedæmonian; but the Man being asked the Reason, made answer, that the Pythagoreans indeed did chuse to die rather than to eat Beans, and I, said he, will rather die than reveal the Reason; upon which, says the Author, he was with Indignation sent away. The Woman now, unsupported by the Encouragement of her Husband, threatened also with Tortures, to declare the Reason, was urged with the same Question; but being, it seems, more Pythagorean than Woman, she bit out her Tongue, and spit it in the Tyrant's Face. The same Author in general tells us, that it was, "for "many sacred and natural Causes concerning the Soul." Diogenes Laertius asserts, that Pythagoras abstained from Beans, among other Reasons, "quod Pudendis similes sunt," &c. but the most probable Account is, that this Philosopher, learnt this Doctrine from the Egyptian Priests, when he was in that Country, who abstained from Beans, and judged it unlawful to eat, to sow, or to look upon them.

[a] The Poet is supposed to have written this Satire when he was sent into Egypt by a sort of honourable Banishment, by Paris the Pantomime; and according to some, it ought to be placed in Order before the preceding one, tho' others assert this Satire not to be Juvenal's, it being omitted in the most ancient Manuscripts. It seems indeed to be rather the first Draught or Design of a Satire, than to be a finished Piece. The Intention is a continued Irony upon the Licentiousness of the Soldiery, upon their Insolence, and the Difficulty of obtaining Justice against them.

Et Samiâ genitrix quæ delectatur arenâ.
Commoda tractemus primùm communia, quorum
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare Togatus
Audeat: imo etsi pulsetur, dissimulet, nec
Audeat excussos Prætori ostendere dentes,
Et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam,
Atque oculos medico nil promittente relictos.
Bardiacus Judex datur hæc punire volenti,
Calceus & grandes magna ad subsellia suræ,
Legibus antiquis castrorum, & more Camilli
Servato, miles ne vallum litiget extrà,
Et procul à signis. Justissima Centurionum
Cognitio est igitur de milite; nec mihi deerit
Ultio; si justæ defertur causa querelæ,
Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
Consensu magno officiunt. curabitis ut sit
Vindicta gravior quàm injuria. dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinensis corde Vagelli,
Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot calligatos,
Millia clavorum. Quis tam procul absit ab urbe?
Præterea quis tam Pilades, molem aggeris ultra
Ut veniat? lachrymæ siccentur protinus, & se
Excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos.

Da

ſent a recommending Letter by me to her beloved Mars, or if Juno, that delights in ſandy Samos, ſhould ſpeak in my favour. To mention ſomething firſt of common Privileges, it is not the leaſt, that no Citizen muſt preſume to ſtrike a Soldier; nay, if you are ever ſo beaten, you are forced to conceal your Reſentment, you dare not ſhew your Teeth daſhed out of your Head, to the Prætor. The Bump black and blue in your ſwelled Face, and your Eyes given over by the Surgeon for loſt, procure no Redreſs. Your Cauſe comes before a military Judge, who, ſitting conſpicuous upon his Seat with his Gaulish Caſſock, Shoes, and large Buſkins, proceeds ſtrictly by the old Martial Law in the Times of [b] Camillus, who enjoyned that no Soldier ſhould be tried without the Trenches, or at a Diſtance from his Standard. A Man cannot fail of full Satisfaction when a Centurion is Judge: I ſhall have ample Revenge againſt the Soldier no doubt, if the Cauſe of my Complaint be juſt, eſpecially when the whole Regiment, and all the Companies, are againſt me, and with one Conſent obſtruct the Courſe of Juſtice. They cry, "You Citizens will "take Care to have Redreſs ſuperior to the Injury "received." A Man muſt have the Impudence of [c] Vagellius the bawling Lawyer of Mutina, to engage in ſo deſperate a Diſpute. Would you with your two Legs only expoſe them to be kick'd by ſo many Soldiers with ſo many thouſand Hobnails in their Shoes? Do you know ſo little of the World? Beſides, where will you find ſo true a Friend that dares venture within the Trenches to plead in your Defence? Dry up your Tears at once, and no more ſollicit your Acquaintance, who will always have

b He made a Law at the Siege of Veii, that a Soldier ſhould not be compelled to leave his Colours for any Suit in Law; and the Reaſon was, that no Soldier might be absent from the publick Service upon a private Man's Complaint.

c A brawling Lawyer, who in the ſe days for Money would venture upon the moſt deſperate Cauſes.

Da teſtem, Judex cùm dixerit : audeat ille
Neſcio quis, pugnos vidit qui, dicere, vidi ;
Et credam dignum barbâ, dignumque capillis
Majorum. citiùs falſum producere teſtem
Contra paganum poſſis, quàm vera loquentem
Contra fortunam armati, contraque pudorem.
Præmia nunc alia, atque alia emolumenta notemus
Sacramentorum. Convallem ruris aviti
Improbus, aut compum mihi ſi vicinus ademit,
Aut ſacrum effodit medio de limite ſaxum,
Quam mea cum vetulo coluit plus annua libo,
Debitor aut ſumptos pergit non reddere nummos,
Vana ſupervacui dicens chirographa ligni ;
Expectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus
Totius populi : ſed tunc quisque mille ſerenda
Tædia, mille moræ ; totiès ſubſellia tantùm
Sternuntur ; jam facundo ponente lacernas
Cæditio, & Puſco jam mitturiente, parati
Digredimur, lentáque fori pugnamus arenâ.
Aſt illis, quis arma tegunt, & balteus ambit,
Quod placitum eſt, illis præſtatur tempus agendi,
Nec res atteritur longo ſufflamine litis.
Solis præterea teſtandi militibus jus,
Vivo patre datur : Nam quæ ſunt parta labore

Militiæ,

have Excuſes ready to avoid the Trouble. When the Judge calls upon you to produce your Evidence, let any Man, no matter who, that ſaw the Blows given, dare to ſay, "I ſaw it"? And ſhall I pronounce him worthy of the Blood of our upright and worthy Anceſtors? It is much ſafer to produce a falſe Evidence againſt a common Perſon, than to depoſe a Truth againſt the Property or the Honour of one of theſe terrible Men at Arms.

Let us now enquire into ſome other Benefits and Emoluments that depend upon a military Life; if a wicked Neighbour keeps me out of Part of my paternal Eſtate, or enters upon my Land by Force, or removes the [d] Boundary between us (that ſacred Stone which every Year I cover with an Offering of Pulſe and a large Cake;) or if a Perſon in my Debt delays to pay the Money, and makes the Bond void by denying his own Hand, I may wait a Year before all the Judges meet and my Cauſe comes to a Hearing; and when the Day is fixed, there are a thouſand Delays, a thouſand Difficulties. Indeed the Seats are ſet in order, and the Cuſhions are laid, and that's all; one Judge learned in the Law cannot bear his Gown for the Heat; another goes out to piſs, ſo that we are forced to go home again, tho' Council were fee'd; and by ſuch ſlow Motions of the Court, we ſcarce ever hope to ſee an End of the Suit. But theſe Buff and Belt-men may bring their Cauſe on when they pleaſe, and not ſpend their Fortune by long and vexatious Delays.

Beſides, the [e] Soldier alone has the Privilege of making his Will while his Father is living; for what he has ſaved in the Service, the Law thinks fit

[d] The Ancients eſteemed their Land-marks to be ſacred; this Stone they adorned with Chaplets, and upon it they every Year offered a Sacrifice of Pulſe, Honey, Meal, and Oil.

[e] The Soldier by his military Oath became free, and had a Right to diſpoſe of what he acquired in the Service of his Country.

Militiæ, placuit non esse in corpore censûs,
Omne tenet cujus regimen pater. ergo Coranum
Signorum comitem, castrorumque æra merentem,
Quamvis jam tremulus captat pater. hunc labor æquus
Provehit, & pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
Ipsius certè ducis hoc referre videtur,
Ut qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem;
Ut læti phaleris omnes, & torquibus omnes.

13 JY 63

FINIS.

fit to exclude from being judged a Part of what the Father claims the whole Diſpoſal of in his own Right: For this Reaſon the Father of Coranus, (who kept cloſe to the Colours, and well deſerved his Pay) tho' trembling with Age, fawns upon his Son, in hopes of being his Heir. The regular Diſcharge of his Duty raiſed this Man, and procured him Rewards equal to his worthy Service. It ſhould certainly be the principal Study of a General, that the moſt brave ſhould be the moſt happy, ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by military Honours, and all of them glory in their rich Trappings and their Golden Chains.

FINIS.

THE INDEX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ACænitus	*Page* 186
Accius	114
Acestes	185
Achilles	33, 71, 211, 258
Acilius Glabrio	84
Actium	208
Actor	36
Æacus	5
Ædiles	61, 63, 234
Ægean *Sea*	303
Ægypt	191
Ælian	113
Ælius Lamia	82
Æmilian *Bridge*	109
Æmilius Scaurus	29
Æmilii	187
Æmus	125
Æneas	95
Æolian *Rocks*	5
Æson	181
Æthiop	191
Africa	237
Aganippe	167
Agave	261
Agrippa	121
Agrippina	163
Ajax	231, 323, 335
Alabanda	53
Alba	81
Albane *Hills*	93
Alceste	165
Alcinous	103, 331
Alcithoe	169
Alecto	173
Alexander	327
Alledius	101
Allobroges	189
Alps	237
Ambrosius	*Page* 115
Amphion	123
Amydon	51
Ancona	79
Ancus	95
Ancylia	39
Andros	53
Andromache	151
Antæus	53
Anti-Cato	137
Antilochus	245
Antiphates	288
Antonius	29, 197, 235
Anubis	153
Apicius	77, 255
Apis	153
Apollo	299
Apollo's *Temple*	19, 123
Appula	113
Apulia	215
Aquinum	73
Arachne	31
Archemorus	185
Archigenes	129, 191
Areopagus	221
Aristotle	25
Arpinum	207
Artaxata	43
Arturius	47
Arviragus	87
Aruspex	37, 159
Asparagus	261
Assaracus	245
Astrologer	159
Asturius	65
Asyllus	131
Asylum	211
Atellan *Interlude*	113

Athos

INDEX.

Athos Page 339
Atlas 257, 286
Atreus 173
Atticus 255
Atys 37
Aufidius 213
Aurelia 99
Automedon 13
Autonoe 113

Bacchanals 25
Bacchus 25
Baiæ 45, 259
Barbel 77
Bareas 57
Bareæ 175
Baſilus 179, 243
Batavi 191
Bathyllus 293
Batyllus 113
Beccaſico 303
Bedriacum 37
Belides 167
Bellerophon 251
Bellona 151
Beneventine *Cobler*, 95
Berenice 121
Bibula 121
Boccher 99
Beſt, Golden and Leathern 105
Brigantes 317
Britannicus 119
British *Baſkets* 275
British *Lawyers* 339
British *Sea* 89
British *Whale* 225
Britons 48
Brutidius 231
Brutus 85, 209

C.

Cacus 101
Cadmus 321
Caditius 299
Caſonia 163
Cajeta 31
Caius Marcellus 309
Caius Scantinius 31
Calcs 13, 225
Caligula 9
Calliope 79
Calpe 323
Calvina 57
Calvinus 383
Camerini 175
Camerinus 191
Camillus 43, 347
Campus Martius 39
Campus Sceleratus 75
Cannæ 43. 179, 239, 269
Canopus 115
Canopian *Slave* 5
Canuſian *Sheep* 121
Capito 195
Capreæ 231, 233
Carſinia 33
Carpathus 323
Carpophorus 125
Carthage 247
Carus 5
Caſſandra 245
Caſtanets 267
Caſtor 321
Catamites 215
Catiena 57
Catiline 207
Cato 29, 265
Catti 19
Catullus 85, 203, 273
Cecrops 191
Cenſor 37, 307
Centronius 309
Ceres 111
Ceres Elvina 73
Ceſennia 119
Cethegus 29, 207
Chærippus 195
Chaldæan *Fortune-tellers* 233
Charybdis 99, 331
Charles's Wain 93
Charon 41, 69
Chryſippus 25
Chryſogonus 113, 181
Cimbri 247
Cimbrians 207
Cinnamus 243
Circe 331
Circenſian *Games* 269
Circus 51, 159, 197, 205, 269
Claudius 103, 119, 317
Clælia 209
Cleanthes 25
Cleopatra 37
Client 25
Clio 167

INDEX.

Clitumnus Page 273
Clodius 29, 139
Clotho 223
Cluvia 31
Cluvienus 15
Clytemnestra 167
Cocles 209
Codrus 3, 65
Collacia 135
Colline *Gate* 135
Commagena 157
Conful 13
Coptus 333
Coranus 349
Corbulo 69
Corfu 331
Corinth 197
Corinthus 203
Cornelia 123
Corvinus 71, 226
Corycium 323
Corydon 221
Corytha 193
Cofmus 195
Coffus 73, 179, 189, 241
Cotta 101
Cotytto 36
Crœfus 247
Cremera 43
Crepereius Pollio 211
Crete 11
Creticus 191
Crifpinus 7, 75, 77, 85
Crifpus 83
Crocodile 329
Crown, Parſley 205
——— *Oaken* 141
Cumæ 46
Curian *Family* 25
Curii 187
Currus 133
Curtius 257
Cyane 201
Cybele 37, 69, 213
Cybele's *Prieſt* 201, 217
Cyclades 167
Cynarus 8
Cynthia 107
Cygno v. D.
Dædalus 47
Decii 209
Decius 201
Delphos Page 155
Demetrius 55
Democritus 227
Demoſthenes 235
Deucalion 15
Diana 75, 329
Diomedes 11
Diphilus 57
Dolphin's *Pillars* 161
Domitian 29, 77
Domitian's *Law* 11
Drusus 67

E.

Echion 115
Egeria 47
Egnatius 57
Electra 205
Elephants 279
Elpenor 231
Elvis 75
Endymion 249
Enthymeme 147
Epicurus 293, 327
Eriphyla 167
Erymanthus 57
Eſquiline *Mount* 53
Evander 259
Euganean *Lamb* 189
Euphranor 65

F.

Fabii 41
Fabius 189
Fabius Gurges 131
Fabrateria 67
Fabricius 223
Fabulla 33
Fæſidius 286
Falernian *Wine* 87, 121
Fidenæ 111
Flaminian *Way* 13
Flavian *Family* 79
Flora 138
Fonteius 286
Forum 19
Fronto 6
Fuſcinus 303
Fuſcus 85

G.

Gabii 111
Galba 37, 91, 187
Galli 19
Gallinarian *Wood* 73
Gallus

INDEX.

Gallus Page 345
Ganges 225
Ganymede 93, 287
Gourane *Oysters* 195
Gibraltar 323
Gillo 9
Glaphyrus 115
Golden Fleece 5
Good Goddess 35
Gorgon 271
Gracchus 37, 41
Grove of Mars 5

H.

Hæmus 55
Hamillus 243
Hannibal 123, 133, 237, 239
Hebe 287
Hedymeles 141
Heliades 95
Heliodorus 139
Helvidius 93
Hercules 11, 53
Hermione 205
Hesperian *Serpent* 311
Hesperides 103
Hiarbas 95
Hippia 115, 117
Hippo 31
Hippolitus 251
Hippona 201
Hirpinus 193
Hispulla 113, 271
Homer 145, 185, 335
Horace 11, 171
Hortensius 21
Hyacinthus 117
Hylas 23

J.

Janus 141
Jason 5, 121
Ibis 329
Iphigenia 281
Ilæus 53
Ilis 151, 153, 391
Ister Pacuvius 281
Julia 29
Julian *Law* 33
Julus 277
Jupiter 107, 263, 287
Juverna 43
Ixion 286

L.

Lacerta Page 175
Lachesis 47, 223
Ladas 291
Lælius 231
Laertes 245
Læstrigonians 331
Lagus 115
Larga 305
Laronia 29
Lateran Family 227
Latinus 9, 111
Latona 123, 249
Lausella 137, 221
Lavinum 277
Laureolus 203
Leda 113
Lenas 99
Lepidi 187
Lepidus 29
Lesbia 107
Liburnians 67
Licini 19
Licinus 325
Lictor 57
Ligurian *Stones* 69
Lipara 286
Locusta 13
Longinus 225
Lucan 173
Lucilius 7, 21, 23
Lucius Metellus 59
Lucretia 249
Lucrine *Rocks* 89
Luperci 41
Lyde 39

M.

Machæra 169
Maculonus 171
Mæconas 13
Mæotis 79, 331
Mævia 7
Manilia 129
Manlii 41
Marcelli ib.
Marius 207, 247
Marius Priscus 9
Marsyans 61
Marsyos 211
Massa 9
Matho 7, 177

Maura

INDEX.

Maura Page 135
Mauritanian Gorgon 271
Medea 165
Medullina 137
Megalesian Games 113, 262
Meleager 101
Memnon 329
Menæceus 321
Menalippe 207
Mentor 197
Mercury 191
Meroe 253
Messalina 251
Metellus Creticus 33
Micale 103
Milo 29, 225
Mithridate 321
Mithridates 167, 247
Montanus 85, 87
Monychus 6
Moles 311
Mutius 21, 209

N.

Nævolus 211
Narcissus 327
Neptune 241
Nero 203, 269, 249, 341
Nestor 245
Nile 341
Niobe 123
Nyphates 143
Numa 47
Narcia 231

O.

Octavius 207
Ogulnia 139
Ombos 333
Orcades 43
Orestes 3, 205, 323
Orontes 51
Osiris 289
Otho 35, 61

P.

Pactolus 325
Palæmon 185
Pallas 19
Paris 125, 175
Parnassus 15
Parrhasius 195
Pasiphae 11
Patroclus 71
Pedo 177
Pegasus 57, 83
Peleus 245
Pelia 239
Penelope 31
Peribonius 27
Persicus 259
Petosiris 159
Phæacians 331
Phalaris 193
Phiale 253
Philip 275
Pholus 275
Phydias 195
Picus 199
Pittacus 25
Pollio 141, 181
Polycletus 65, 197
Polyphemus 277
Polyxena 245
Pompey 233, 247
Pontic Serpent 311
Pontifex Maximus 79
Portico 75
Porticus 187, 193
Poppæan Ointment 147
Pollides 309
Posthumus 109
Prænestæ 63
Prætor 17, 227, 283, 347
Priapus 35
Prician's Head 147
Prothoys 45
Procula 65
Proculeius 9
Progne 165
Prometheus 86, 199, 337
Protogenes 57
Psecas 249
Pygmies 297
Pyrrha 15
Pyrrhus 315
Pythagoreans 67

Q.

Quintilian 115, 133, 181, 183
Quintus Catulus 207

R.

Ravola 211
Retiarius 41
Rhadamanthus 299
Rhetor's Prize 9
Rhodope 311
Richborough 89
Romulus

INDEX.

Romulus Page 51
Roſcian *Law* 327
Rubellius Plautus 191
Rubrenus Lappa 173
Rubrius 85
Ruffus 185
Rutila 249
Rutilus 255, 305

S.

Sabbath 311
Sabellians 61
Saguntine *Stone-Pot* 93
Saguntum 339
Salarnis 239
Salli 161
Samos 347
Samothracian *Gods* 59
Sardanapalus 255
Sarmatia 25
Sarmentus 91
Saturn 287
Scantinian *Law* 31
Scauri 29
Scipio 43
Secundus Carrinas 183
Secutor 205
Sejanus 231, 233
Seleucus 157, 243
Semiramis 37
Seneca 205, 225
Sergius 115, 117
Seriphus 157, 239
Serpents Teeth 321
Sertorius 121
Servius Tullius 209
Seſtertium *and* Seſtertius 15
Setine *Hills* 93
Sextus 27
Sibyl 45
Sicambri 89
Sicilian *Bumice* 189
Silius 251
Siſirum 291
Siſyphus 286
Socrates 183, 327
Sophocles 163
Soſtratus 239
Spaniſh *Currants* 267
Sportula 17, 69
Sporus 13
Statius 173
Stator 293
Sthenobæa Page 251
Stratocles 55
Stygian *Lake* 41
Styx 69
Suburra 45, 99, 237
Summom Bonum 145
Sylla 5
Syphax 123

T.

Tabracha 241
Tædia 31
Tagus 51, 325
Talmud 155
Tanaquil 157
Tarſus 57
Tatius 315
Taurominian *Rocks* 99
Tax-Gatherer 19
Talamon 319
Telephus 3
Teleſinus 169
Tentyra 333
Thebes 285
Themiſon 243
Theodorus 181
Therſites 211, 157
Theſeis 3
Thraſeas 93
Thraſyllus 159
Thyeſtes 207
Thymele 9, 113
Thyrſus 171
Tiber 51, 317
Tigellinus 21
Tireſias 303
Titans 199
Tongillus 177
Trebius 91
Trials at Law 283
Tribunes 19
Trypherus 265
Tuccia 113
Tullia 135
Tully 235
Tullus 95
Turnus 36
Tuſcan *Calendars* 288

V.

Varillus 27
Valcons 337
Ucalegon 65
Vectius 179
Veiento

Veiento	*Page* 65, 85	Umbritius	*Page* 47
Venafrum	99	Volſinium	63
Ventidius	257	Voluſius	329
Verres	29, 40	*Votive Tablets*	273
Veſta	61, 141	Urſidius	111
Veſtal Virgin	75	Vulcan	211, 287
Viminal *Hill*	53	Vulcan's *Cave*	
Vindicius	209	X.	5
Virgil	145, 185	Xerxes	239
Virginia	249	Z.	
Virro	93, 95, 213 219	Zelates	43
Ulubræ	233	Zeno	339
Ulyſſes	217, 223, 331		

13 JY 63

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